W. C. Sawyer

New Year's Day, Los Angeles Harbor, with the Palos Verdes Hills in the background

VOL. LXIII

NO. 2

YACHTING

FEBRUARY

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YACHTING, published monthly at 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H., by Kennedy Brothers, Inc.; Editorial, Circulation and Advertising Offices, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. John Clarke Kennedy, *President;* James C. Kennedy, Jr., *Vice-President;* Earle D. Grimm, *Secretary and Treasurer;* Walter J. Masterson, Jr., *Advertising Manager.* Subscription price, $4.00 a year; single copies, 50 cents; foreign subscription, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $4.50. Changes of address must reach the Circulation Offices four weeks before they are to be effective; old and new addresses must always be given. Entered as Second Class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1938, by Kennedy Brothers, Inc. Title registered U. S. Patent Office. European agent: The International News Company, Ltd., Bream's Building, London, England.

Hot Times at Gibson Island

REPARATION of the damage done by fire to the clubhouse of the Gibson Island Yacht Squadron is well under way, and the squadron expects to be able to move in in May. The fire was not an unmitigated evil, as the house was sufficiently covered by insurance, while the new arrangements will embody several improvements which experience has suggested. The most valuable addition in the new plan is a large dance floor which has been designed to take full advantage of outdoor breezes and yet to afford ample protection from rain. In wishing the squadron success with its reconstruction work, this department begs leave to urge it to go heavy on fireproofing materials. The warmth of southern hospitality is proverbial, and New London-Gibson Island racers in particular have reason to remember the need for a high combustion point.

\+ + +

Uncle Bill Retires

At the last general meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, of Lake St. Louis, Quebec, Honorary Commodore William Copeland Finley tendered his resignation after serving continuously since 1925. Commodore Finley (the "ex" doesn't stick among the friends of Uncle Bill) served as commodore of the club in 1903 and 1904 and again in 1923 and 1924, and ought to be asked to head the ticket in 1943 and 1944. Having worked in one capacity or another for the club for the last fifty years, he has also found occasion to help the sport of yachting outside his home waters. He was instrumental two years ago in inducing the Royal St. Lawrence to offer a cup for "old-type" Bermuda racers, and the understanding is that another cup is being offered for pre-rule competitors in the forthcoming race.

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Larchmont Dinghy Regatta Planned

The North American Dinghy Association is putting its shoulder to the job of helping the Larchmont Yacht Club launch the biggest dinghy regatta ever. Appeals are flying up and down the Sound, and by the time March 26th and 27th roll around there will probably be from 75 to 100 entries for the regatta. Besides races for owners of Class X boats, "B" One-Designs and "D's," there will be mixed racing for boats that do not fit in any of these categories. It is also expected that an intercollegiate regatta with crews representing the various universities will add sparkle to the proceedings.

CALENDAR

Power

February 5–6 — Regatta, Jacksonville, Fla.
February 11 — Regatta, Cocoa-Rockledge, Fla.
February 13 — Regatta, New Smyrna, Fla.
February 21–22 — Regatta, Palm Beach, Fla.
February 25–26 — Regatta, Lakeland, Fla.
March 5–6 — Regatta, Bradenton, Fla.
March 19–20 — Twenty-fifth Annual Biscayne Bay Regatta, Miami, Fla.
May 15 — Albany-New York Marathon.
May 22 — Passaic River Marathon.
May 30 — Race around Absecon Island, Atlantic City, N. J.
June 12 — New Jersey Outboard Championships, Carlstadt, N. J.
June 25–26 — Intercollegiate Championships, Cooperstown, N. Y.
July 3–4 — Virginia Gold Cup, Hampton, Va.
July 4 — Trenton Y. C.
July 9 — N.Y.A.C. Block Island Cruiser Race.
July 9–10 — New York State Outboard Championships, Geneva, N. Y.
August 4–6 — Miles River Y. C., St. Michael's, Md.
August 6–7 — Central New England Regatta Association, Boston, Mass.
August 13–14 — National Sweepstakes, Red Bank, N. J.
September 2–5 — Gold Cup, Detroit.
September 4 — Mid-West Outboard Association, DePue, Ill.
September 9–10 — Eastern Outboard Championships, Philadelphia, Pa.
September 23–25 — President's Cup, Washington, D. C.

Sail

February 5 — Lipton Trophy Race, Biscayne Bay Y. C., Miami, Fla.
February 6 — Regatta, Miami Y. C., Miami, Fla.
February 8 — Fifth Annual Miami-Nassau Race, Miami, Fla.
February 12 — Governor's Race, Nassau, B. W. I.
Frbruary 19 — Roney Plaza Regatta, Miami, Fla.
February 19–22 — Twelfth Annual Mid-Winter Regatta, San Pedro, Calif.
February 20 — Regatta, Miami Y. C., Miami, Fla.
February 20–22 — Eighth Annual Mid-Winter Regatta, Palm Beach, Fla.
February 20–26 — Sunburn Dinghy Regatta, Biscayne Bay Y. C., Miami, Fla.
February 25–27 — Third Annual Snipe Regatta, Clearwater Y. C., Clearwater, Fla.
February 27–28 — Around Catalina Island Race, San Pedro, Calif.
March 5 — Ninth Annual St. Petersburg-Habana Race, St. Petersburg, Fla.
March 6 — Regatta, Miami Y. C., Miami, Fla.
March 13 — Seventh Annual Regatta, Miami Y. C., Miami, Fla.
March 20 — Regatta, Miami Y. C., Miami, Fla.
March 26–27 — Dinghy Regatta, Larchmont Y. C., Larchmont, N. Y.
April 3 — Regatta, Miami Y. C., Miami, Fla.
June 3 — Heligoland and Maas Races, Royal Ocean Racing Club, England.
July 1 — Chicago-Milwaukee Race, George O. Clinch and Col. Robert E. Morse Trophies, Chicago Y. C.
July 2–4 — Eleventh Annual Regatta, Hampton Y. C., Hampton, Va.
July 3 — Lake Michigan Yachting Association Regatta, Chicago, Ill.
July 19 — Dover to Kristiansand, Royal Ocean Racing Club.
July 19 — Kristiansand to Copenhagen, Royal Ocean Racing Club.
July 24 — Copenhagen to Warnemunde, Royal Ocean Racing Club.
July 26 — Warnemunde-Bornholm–Kiel Race, Kreuzer-Abteilung Deutscher Seglerverband.
July 29 — Channel Race, Royal Ocean Racing Club.
August 6 — Cowes-Dinard Race, Royal Ocean Racing Club.
August 27 — Scandinavian Gold Cup Six-Metre Races, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., Oyster Bay, L. I.
August 29 — Sears Bowl Races, Pequot Y. C., Southport, Conn.

Star Class

February 19–22 — Southern California Yachting Association Regatta, Los Angeles.
March 23–29 — Spring Championship Series, Nassau, B. W. I. Santa Maria Trophy and Johnny Walker Trophy.
July 2–4 — Santa Barbara Lipton Series, Santa Barbara, Calif.
July 5–7 — Pacific Coast Championship, Santa Barbara, Calif.
July 15–21 — European Championhipss, Kiel.
July 22–24 — J. Rulon Miller Memorial Series, Chesapeake Bay, Gibson Island Yacht Squadron.
July 30–August 7 — Holland Week, on Zuyderzee and Loosdrecht Lakes, Royal Netherlands Y. C. and Royal Loosdrecht Y. C.
August 15–19 — Inter-Lake Yachting Association Regatta, Put-in-Bay, Ohio.
August 22–27 — Atlantic Coast Championships, Western Long Island Sound.
August 27 — Monhegan Island Race, Portland Y. C., Portland, Maine.
September 3–5 — Tenth Annual Jersey Coast Challenge Series, Barnegat Bay, Seaside, N. J.
September 12–18 — (Tentative) World Championship and Annual Meeting, San Diego, Calif.

Gunk Holing in Maine, Etc.

In continuing its interesting series of "Dog Watch" dinners the Boston Yacht Club announces a number of speakers who will take the sting out of cold winter evenings and speed the return of sailing weather. Among those included on the speakers' list are Frank H. Conant, of the M.I.T. photographic service, Jack Woods, sailing master at the same institute, E. B. Rideout, with authoritative information on weather forecasting, Herbert L. Stone, and Warwick Tompkins. Evenings scheduled for the "Dog Watch" dinners are odd Mondays in February and March and the first Tuesday in April. One of the evenings will be devoted to a sprightly talk on "Gunk Holing in Maine."

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A.P.B.A. Moves to Home of the Initials

At a recent meeting of the council of the American Power Boat Association it was announced that the executive offices of the association will be located in Room 524, Shoreham Building, Washington, D. C. John A. Remon, newly elected president of the A.P.B.A., announced also that Ivan A. Bickelhaupt, of Washington, had been appointed executive secretary in charge of the offices. At the same meeting Charles F. Chapman, Everett B. Morris, Leonard H. Thomson, J. G. Thwing, and Lynn S. Nichols were elected active vice presidents.

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Recent Elections

At the recent annual meeting of the Sands Point Yacht Club, of Sands Point, Long Island, the following officers were elected to serve during 1938: Commodore William J. Gottlieb, Vice Commodore Henry R. Christ, Rear Commodore A. Novick, Secretary Lester F. Gibb (re-elected), and Treasurer August Mischler, Jr.

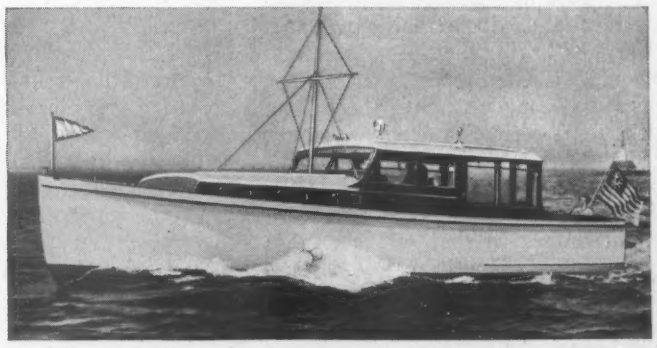
At its annual meeting held January 5th, the Harlem Yacht Club, of City Island, N. Y., elected the following: Commodore R. S. Kellogg, Vice Commodore Tracy Costigan, Rear Commodore H. H. C. Wiegand, Treasurer E. F. Studely, Financial Secretary Dr. J. M. Brophy, Recording Secretary Thomas A. Guy, and Trustees Sidney J. Treat, Rudolph Hepp, and Joseph F. Kelley.

Spend your summer ~~by~~ on the sea

The 1938 Motor Yacht 53 (above) has luxurious accommodations for an owner's party of 6. There are three separate cabins below decks. The light, airy deck saloon is big enough to hold a dance in, and is completely free from mechanical equipment. All controls on flying bridge. Quarters for crew of 2 and galley forward. Gasoline or Diesel power; speeds up to 26 m.p.h. From $25,900.

● ● ●

1938 Custom Cruisette 38 (below)... one of Elco's most popular models... with many new refinements and features. As rugged and seaworthy as she is graceful in design, the "38" is a favorite for extended cruising. She is extra-spacious throughout, with two splendid cabins sleeping 6 to 8, and a grand galley. Available with various power installations and speeds up to 24 m.p.h. From $8,525.



● Why tie yourself down to *one* place—when you can visit Newport... run up to Bar Harbor . . . drop in at Martha's Vineyard . . . fish off Montauk... when you like, for as long as you like, on your Elco Motor Yacht 53?

Life afloat is luxuriously pleasant on this beautiful, modern yacht. Designed and constructed to the most exacting standards, embodying all the fine points and features developed during Elco's 46 years of boat-building experience, she is superior to more costly specially-built yachts. Her performance is proved. Her style, her lavish appointments, her many special features you can see for yourself.

You are cordially invited to inspect the 1938 Motor Yacht 53 at Port Elco, where she is on display together with Elco's newest cruiser models. Or write today for the new illustrated 1938 Elco Fleet catalogue.

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Just a Tank Dream

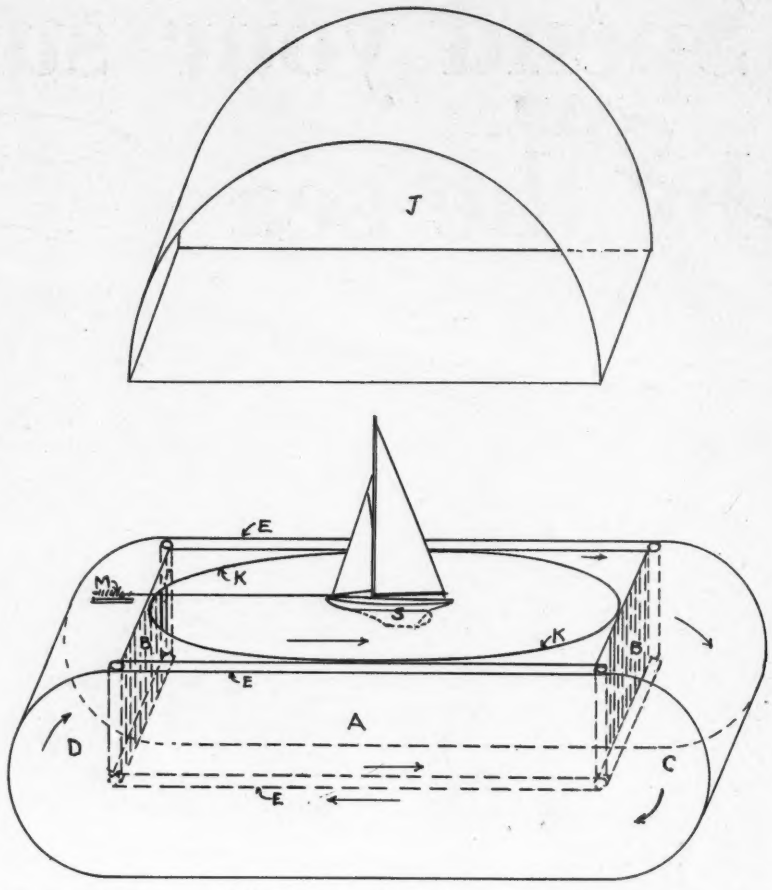
FOOLS rush in where angels fear to tread. And amateurs rush with equal enthusiasm into places where experts walk with cautious feet. In fact, it frequently seems that the qualification for discussing anything is complete ignorance of the subject involved. I, therefore, have no hesitation in offering to an unexpectant public a suggestion which, by the foregoing standard, I am completely qualified to discuss. The suggestion which I am about to offer involves a complete understanding of naval architecture, hydraulics, aerodynamics and mathematics so advanced that I probably could not even give the correct name for it. So here is where I lay my head on the block with every suspicion that I shall be told that the word "block" in the foregoing sentence should really be moored three words to the eastward of its present position.

Though I have done some desultory reading about model testing in tanks and aeroplane testing in wind tunnels, I have never seen either a wind tunnel or a testing tank. Unhandicapped, therefore, by any knowledge of the prior art, as the patent attorneys say, it dawned upon me one day, with the suddenness with which a cunner strips a clam from the hook, that the aeroplane engineers do not build 1000-foot tunnels to fly their model planes in, but that they keep their model planes stationary and let the wind blow through their whiskers. "Aha!" said I. "Why not make a testing tank where the model is stationary and the water goes by, just as the wind goes by the aeroplane model?" It seemed to me that by this plan small tanks could be built for engineering schools and shipyards where it would not be feasible to construct full sized towing tanks. Perhaps by this plan the equivalent of a 1000-foot tank could be crowded into a building 25 feet square. After chewing my pencil for some time, I evolved some diagrams showing how this pocket size tank might be built.

It would be just big enough so that in the center there would be an adequate space where the water could be made to flow without eddies at any required speed. Turbulence of the current might be controlled by screens at the entrance and exit ends of the tank and, if necessary, by having the sides of the tank built like old fashioned roller towels so that the walls could be made to move at the same speed as the water, thereby eliminating drag at the sides and the bottom. This tank might well be combined with a wind tunnel in the form of a half cylinder, the tunnel to revolve on a circular track so that sailing models could be made to go directly against the current on every point of sailing.

Anyone who has ever tried to sail into Woods Hole against the tide and seen how a sail boat, stationary in relation to the shore, can show all the signs of being as fast as *Ranger*, so far as the water is concerned, will accept my statement that water going past a boat develops the same bow wave and wake as a boat going past the water.

The simple diagram reproduced here makes no pretense of solving any of the mechanical problems involved in the construction of my proposed tank. Maybe some real bottled-in-bond engineer can tell offhand whether the plan I have proposed can be made to simplify tank testing or not. As far as I can see, my plan would create new difficulties in the form of current production and control but would eliminate all apparatus for towing and, furthermore, allow free sailing experiments which cannot now be conducted at all. Comparative figures in free sailing experiments could be secured directly from fan and pump revolutions.



"A," testing tank. "B," current straightening grid. "C," exit space. "D," entrance space. "E," moving belts. "J," wind tunnel. "K," track for wind tunnel. "M," towing instruments. "S," model.

HAROLD T. PULSIFER

East Harpswell, Maine

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"Anahita" Calls at Papeete

EARLY in the morning of May 3rd, 1937, the ten-ton yacht *Anahita* drifted into the harbor of Papeete, the capital of Tahiti. She was manned by her captain and owner, Bernicot, who had sailed her single-handed from France. After a dinner and reception at which the governor of the French possessions of Oceania was present, the little yacht shoved off on the next leg of her 'round the world voyage, leaving on May 25th for the homeward bound voyage through Torres Straits via Malaya, round the Cape of Good Hope and then to France.

Anahita, which carries a 10 horse power motor for use in an emergency, was built in Finisterre and left Morlaix, France, on August 11th, 1936. She arrived at Funchal, Madeira, on September 6th, leaving next day for Mar del Plata, Argentina, which she reached on December 11th. On the 21st, the lone captain shoved off for the Straits of Magellan where he lost his mainsail in a williwaw and was roughly handled. The yacht arrived at Rikitea on April 5th, 1937, and went on from there to Papeete.

F. G. BOWERS

Papeete, Tahiti

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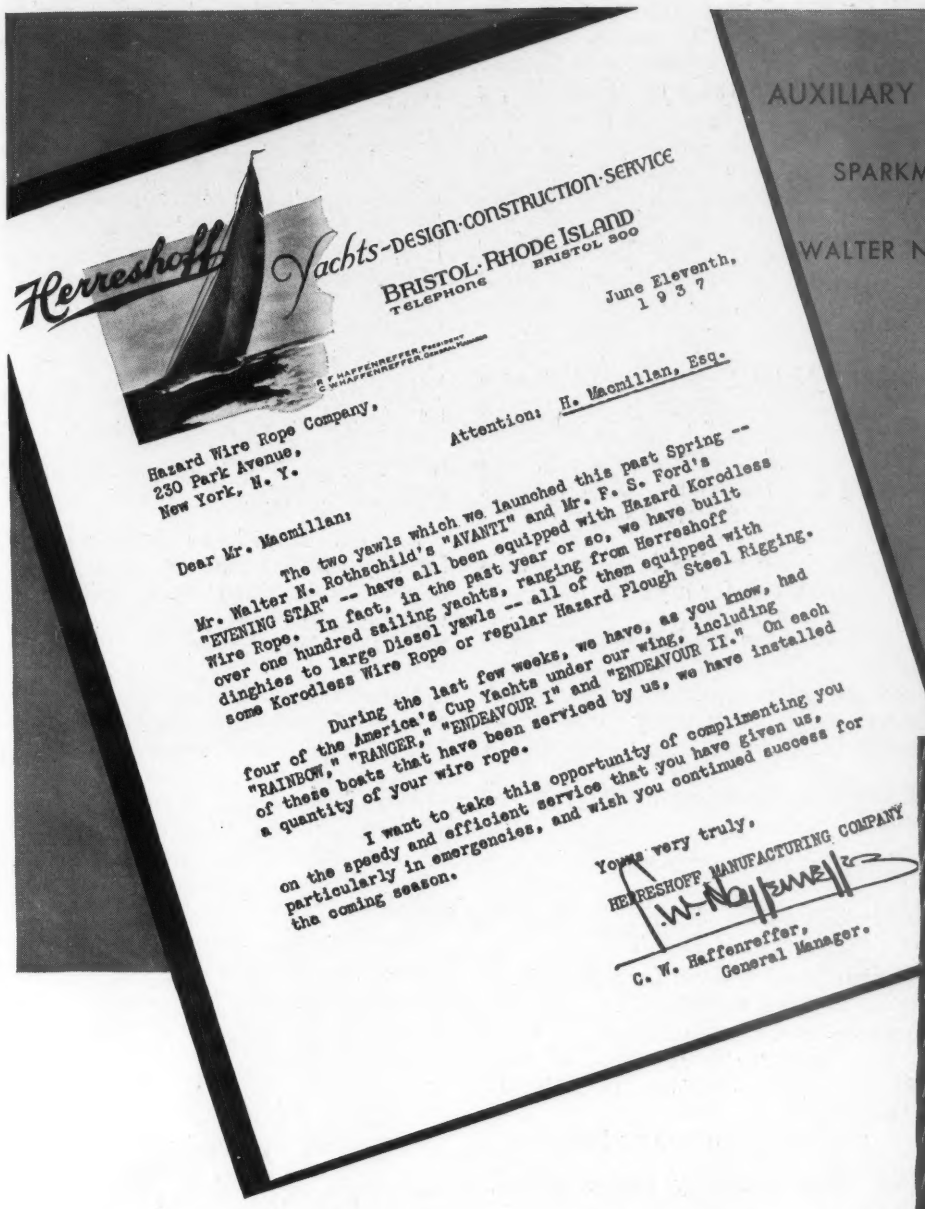
A Suggested Rig

I HAVE long nurtured the hope of building a small knockabout to replace my nearly defunct cat; something suited to inland lake sailing and trailer transportation. It seems that those "in the know" regard the jib or, more properly, the jib-type sail, as more efficient than one with its foot fast to a boom.

Now, why not make use of a double permanent backstay with a length of brass rod fastened, sheerpole fashion, above the turnbuckles, this rod serving as a traveler for a mainsheet which also acts as a clew outhaul, thus entirely eliminating the boom? The block at the clew should be light to avoid weighting down the clew in light air. It might also be necessary, when running before the wind, to boom out the main with a pole resting in a socket on the cockpit coaming. I should think the sheerpole traveler could be so located as to haul out the sail properly and, at the same time, flatten it down. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to reef with such a rig, so that it would be necessary to carry storm sails. However, we seldom reef out here in the hinterland; not that we, like the Gloucestermen, "put 'em on and leave it for God A'mighty to take 'em off" but that, at the first signs of a dusting we "high-tail" for home and mother.

BERT LEIFER

Fort Wayne, Indiana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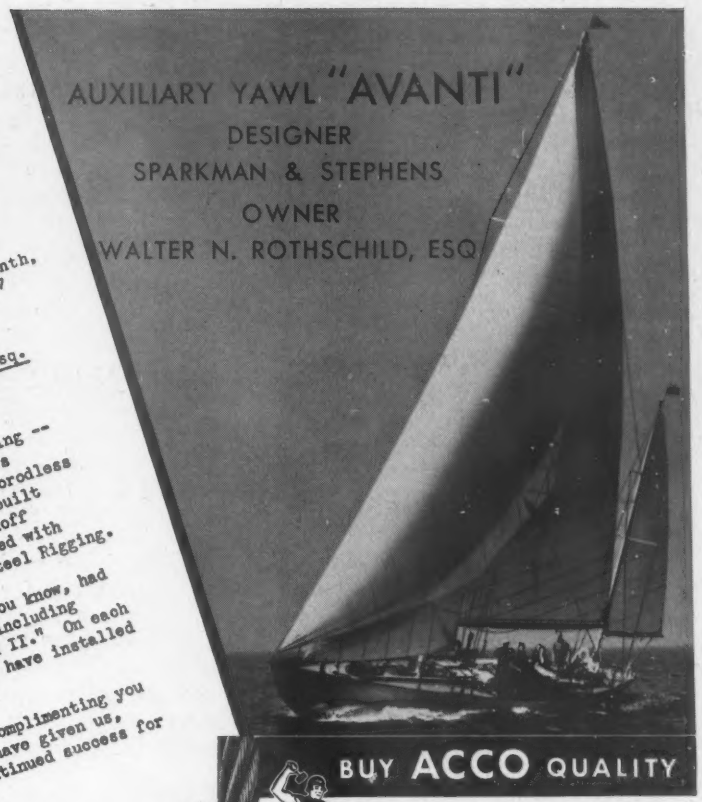
C. F. HAFFENREFFER, President
C. W. HAFFENREFFER, General Manager
June Eleventh,
1937
Hazard Wire Rope Company,
230 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.
Attention: H. Macmillan, Esq.
Dear Mr. Macmillan:
The two yawls which we launched this past Spring -- Mr. Walter N. Rothschild's "AVANTI" and Mr. F. S. Ford's "EVENING STAR" -- have all been equipped with Hazard Korodless Wire Rope. In fact, in the past year or so, we have built over one hundred sailing yachts, ranging from Herreshoff dinghies to large Diesel yawls -- all of them equipped with some Korodless Wire Rope or regular Hazard Plough Steel Rigging.
During the last few weeks, we have, as you know, had four of the America's Cup Yachts under our wing, including "RAINBOW," "RANGER," "ENDEAVOUR I" and "ENDEAVOUR II." On each of these boats that have been serviced by us, we have installed a quantity of your wire rope.
I want to take this opportunity of complimenting you on the speedy and efficient service that you have given us, particularly in emergencies, and wish you continued success for the coming season.
Yours very truly,
HERRESHOFF MANUFACTURING COMPANY
C. W. Haffenreffer,
General Manager.



● Here is further evidence that Hazard "KORŌDLESS" is the accepted standard of excellence in yacht rigging. For three reasons:—1st: "KORŌDLESS" affords the yacht owner absolute proof against corrosion. It can't rust because it is 18/8 stainless steel through and through—2nd: Being preformed "KORŌDLESS" handles easier and has remarkable fatigue resistance—3rd: Hazard service is always "speedy and efficient."

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HAZARD "KORŌDLESS" MARINE ROPES

IN THE WIND

JACK MAHONY, of Miami, suggests that I record for posterity some high lights in the rhapsodic description of Alfred V. du Pont's yacht, from the inspired pen of a staff writer for the *Miami Herald*. . . .

"Tied up in the Miami River at the Royal Palm docks is a motor sailer that has few equals, if any. The *Devshir*, 65-foot, white-hulled 'floating palace' of Alfred V. du Pont, who likes to sail in style.

"Built in a V-shape to keep her rolling in rough seas, and not break her back, she is what might be called a symphony in inlaid wood. There's a

table with a map of the world inlaid in various colors; bordered with a blue wood from Australia. The walls are of inlaid English oak. The floors are inlaid short joints. . . .

"The cook in the galley has reason to live a long life — a gas range, electric range and fuel range are at his hands. This, on a boat, is 'something.'

"But, too, the *Devshir* can sail. 'We brought her down through that bad storm off Charleston,' said Archie Binnie, steward. . . . 'The *Devshir*,' he explained, 'rolled with the waves instead of leaping through them, and didn't strain a timber.'"

Mr. du Pont and his cousin, Felix, both lean towards motor sailers, our journalist concludes.

Presumably *with* the roll.

Culled from YACHTING's toll of telephoned queries: "What's the period of the flash of Morro Castle Light?"

I have a *macabre* paragraph from *The Harbormaster* of the Wilmette Harbor Association:

"In pleading for the establishment of his home port as an essential harbor of refuge for the Chicago area, Judge Advocate of the Jackson Park Yacht Club directed attention of the Army Engineers December 14th hearing to eight ambulance-service hospitals within a five-mile radius of the proposed breakwater. If any down east baggy wrinkle winder wants to see a real rocking chair fleet in action, drop around during a good nor'easter and watch the Jaypeers loading mangled canaries into eight (count 'em) horizontal wagons."

A couple of yachting tyros, seeking an anchorage for the night, dropped their hook in what seemed to them a likely spot. To their consternation, a committee boat functioning at a race then in progress, informed them in rude, impassioned terms that their position would seriously interfere with the finish.

"And then," recited the aggrieved guy who told the yarn, "they just went off and left us parked right there on the goal line."

British Motor Boating records that a Humber River keel (the local type of barge) went aground on one of those treacherous Humber sand banks, was engulfed for ten years, then spewed forth in a state of perfect preservation.

Think of the saving in storage bills that would mean for a yacht.

Can you, dear reader, without consulting a reference work, name me the masts in a seven-masted schooner? Maybe there was only one — the *Thomas W. Lawson*. . . .

From San Francisco comes the following:

"Thought the headline

'HER GIRLISH HAND TILLED DEATH BOAT'

"might be of interest for your collection of litterae curiosae . . . I've always wondered — why 'tiller'?

"You have no doubt read of this pleasant cruise, but the headline is probably local."

(Signed) CONSTANT READER

The yacht probably had a wheel, anyway.

No ordinary pick-up to the Coast Guard was a young "gentleman of leisure who did not like it," resolutely paddling his own canoe bound for Florida via the Inland Coastal Waterway when his voyage was interrupted (permanently, he fears) by one of forty cutters that had been searching for him since his surreptitious departure in the frail 18-foot bark from Darien, Conn.

"I was disappointed in having to halt the trip," piped 17-year-old Dick Heurtley, Jr., manfully, "but I've always been interested in inspecting one of those little Coast Guard boats." . . . Thus patronizingly he referred to CG 833 which had ranged alongside him off Rocky Point, L. I., some 30 miles from Darien. . . . The youthful Magellan who had been averaging about five miles a day on his course showed no reluctance to surrender at the invitation of Boatswain's Mate Ralph McCurdy and immediately pitched into a repast of bacon and eggs, milk and cookies in his host's quarters. . . .

Dick, who entered Harvard at 15 after winning a $1,000 prize for proficiency in Greek at Exeter and remained long enough at the famed football shrine to cop another award — this for a mere $500 — for looking alive in his conquest of the same dead language, is none the less a real sailor man. . . . Supplies found in his canoe included half a pail of apples, three loaves of pumpernickel, a bar of chocolate, three pounds of bacon, a saucepan of snow water, a tarpaulin under which he slept, a dunnage bag containing extra clothing, charts, cooking utensils, candles, rope, a grapnel, two fishing lines and a seine for catching minnows for bait. . . .

"Chocolate," Dick declared seriously, "is not a cheap item but it's nourishing." . . .

Sherman Hoyt has a happy definition for any of that class of racing boats, hopelessly strained from driving, in which one went pumping. . . . He calls them the "leakabouts."

Ralph Wiley, the Oxford (Md.) playboy and raconteur, went to Hervey Allen's Yule party prepared to touch off the Log — only to find it was a frail timber done up in Xmas wrappings with three sedate candles burning on it. . . . "And I thought I was goin' to a fire," said Ralph, who is allergic to symbolism . . .

According to Ralph, the way that Oxford Group down there provided

wassail for the Holiday Season was to administer to a cow a crate of eggs, a gallon of likker — chase her around the pasture and then milk her. . . . Result — eggnog for all hands . . .

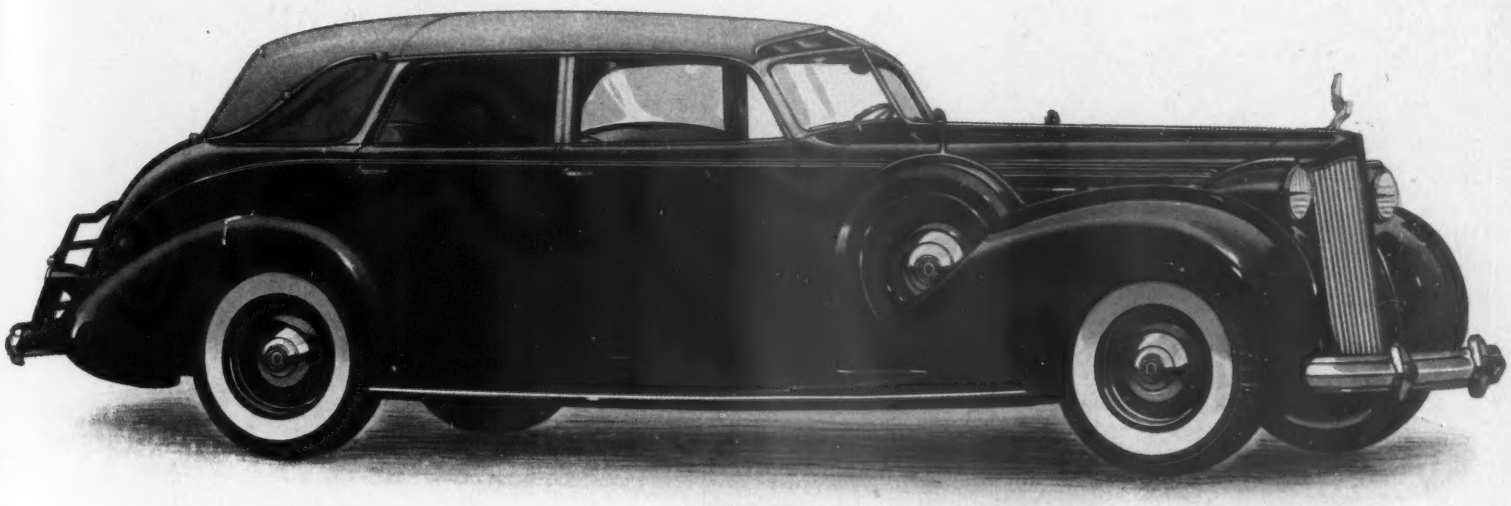
Ken Fessenden, of Bermuda and Madison, Conn., writes me:

"If you want a bit of very mild sailing this summer, drop in on me. I am having one of those 21-foot Mallard auxiliary cruisers built for me this winter — just a sort of glorified knockabout with some added freeboard and a small cabin, good enough for overnight runs. They say this model has gone to Nova Scotia and back so it must be fairly seaworthy."

I'll be glad to, Ken . . . Let's see if she's good enough to go to Bermuda — and the hell with back.

TELLTALE

SOCIALLY—AMERICA'S *FIRST* MOTOR CAR



PACKARD 12 TOURING CABRIOLET—BODY BY BRUNN

TO MEN WHOSE JUDGMENT THE WORLD CALLS GOOD

MORE than anything else, the thing that has put you where you are is your ability to weigh several courses of action and to choose the soundest.

This isn't flattery, because few men rise high in American business or professional life unless they possess this keen analytical faculty.

It is to this type of judgment that Packard presents its cars for 1938. For obviously, only the more successful can afford to buy a Packard 12 or a Packard Super 8.

Packard is quite content to trust your judgment as to which of America's large, fine motor cars you will prefer.

So certain are we that a Packard itself, and by itself, can prove its superiority more eloquently than words, that we ask you to accept this offer:

Let us lend you, without any obligation whatsoever, a 1938 Packard 12 or Super 8. Use it as you would your own car—put it to any test you care to make.

Let the car itself tell you why nearly half of all the men in your position who buy large fine cars, buy Packards.

Compare the appearance of the Packard with other makes of fine cars you meet. Ask yourself if any other car has lines as distinguished as Packard's—or is as easily identified.

Honestly question if any other fine car can give you the superb comfort, the astonishing quiet, the degree of safety, the mechanical excellence, you enjoy in a Packard.

Then compare the costs. It may surprise you to learn that a 1938 Packard 12 or Super 8 will actually cost hundreds of dollars less than any comparable car you can buy, foreign or domestic.

Frankly, we suggest that you make this candid trial of a Packard because we are completely confident of the car's inherent ability, without benefit of salesmanship, to make you determined to *be* the man who owns one.

PACKARD

The 12

The Super 8

*

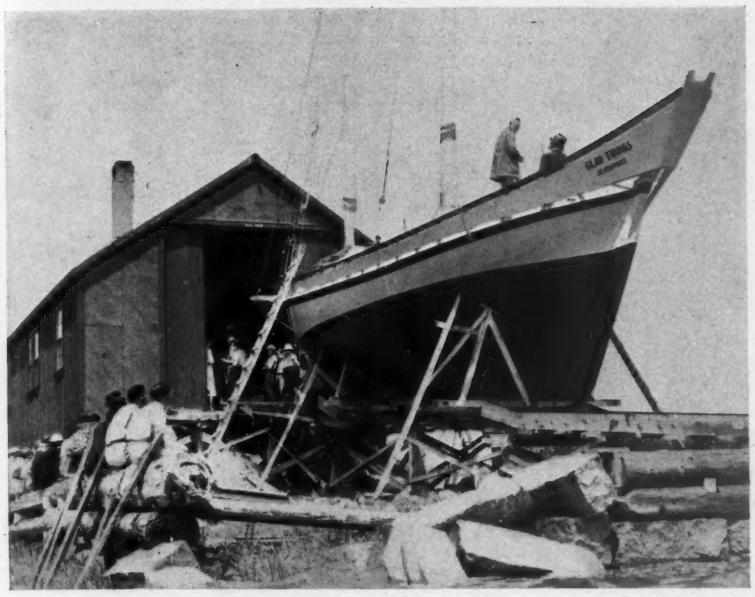
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

CUTTING BAIT. MAINE COAST FISHING SLOOP

From a Painting by James Verrier

YACHTING

Volume LXIII FEBRUARY + 1938 Number II



THE RETURN OF THE PINKY

A Nautical Historian Builds Himself a Replica of the Old Fishing Craft

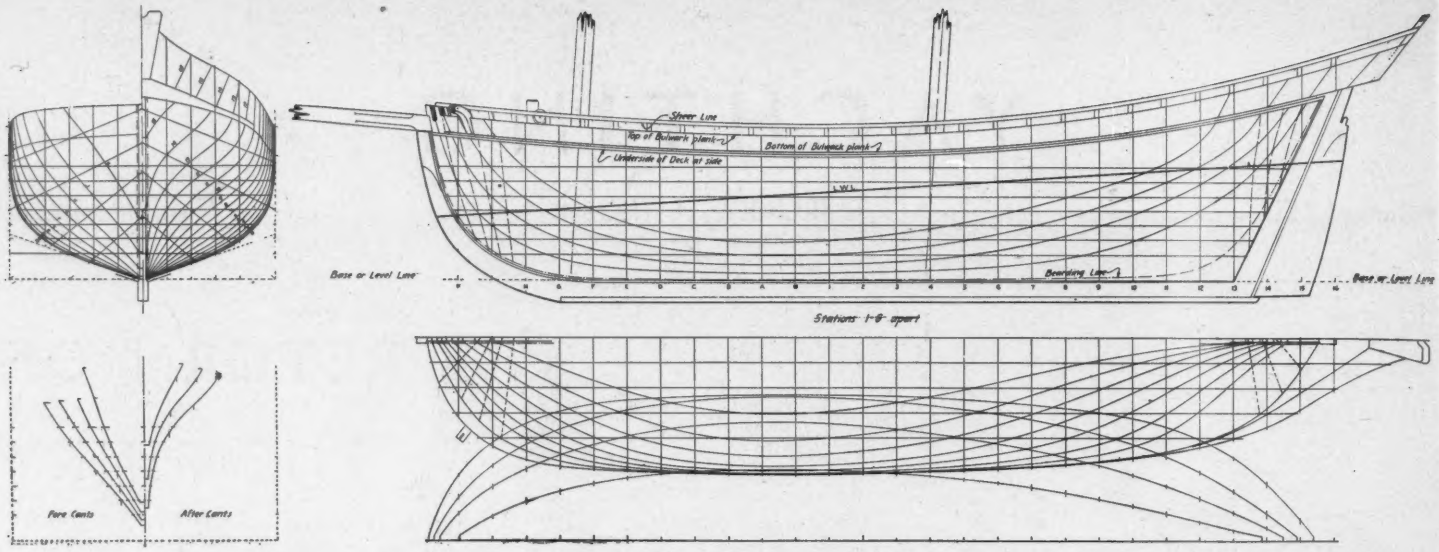
Hauled out of the building shed at Millbridge and ready to go overboard. Below, the pinky under sail, showing the traditional arrangement of the "tombstone" and the bulwarks

Photos by Wayne Buxton

By HOWARD I. CHAPELLE

IN THE fall of 1936, I decided to design a regular New England fishing pinky for my own use. She was to be as near as possible in model and rig to the vanished type, yet was to have the accommodations of a cruising yacht of the same general dimensions. In the following winter I had her built and have since tried her out. No doubt you are wondering why anyone would want to build so obsolete a type of boat when there are so many modern types from which to choose. Well, offhand, I can't think of a wholly satisfactory answer but can probably figure something out by the time the lads who have homes built in such architectural styles as "Colonial," "Cape Cod," "Tudor," etc., get through explaining to you the reasons for their choice — for there is "modern" architecture in houses, as well as in boats.

Having expressed in YACHTING opinions concerning the possible advantages of certain obsolete types of boats in comparison with modern yachts, I felt that I ought to take a dose of my own medicine, at my own expense, before prescribing it for others with so much enthusiasm. Of the numerous obsolete types, the pinky was chosen because it seemed possible to get a great deal of boat for a little money and also because she would meet the requirements of accommodation and cruising grounds I had in mind. These requirements were that the boat must berth four, have an enclosed toilet space, full headroom, a drawing board and plenty of stowage space. There had to be good natural light and ventilation in the cabin. As our plans called for use during the fall, there had to be a good heating stove in addition to a coal burning galley range. Though there was no idea of going deep water, nevertheless it was thought best to arrange the deck layout so that a small tender might be carried on deck. You can see that a houseboat was what the requirements really called for. Sketches showed that these accommodations could be obtained only in a boat about 40 feet long on deck. The sum of money set aside to build this boat was only about a third of what a regular schooner yacht

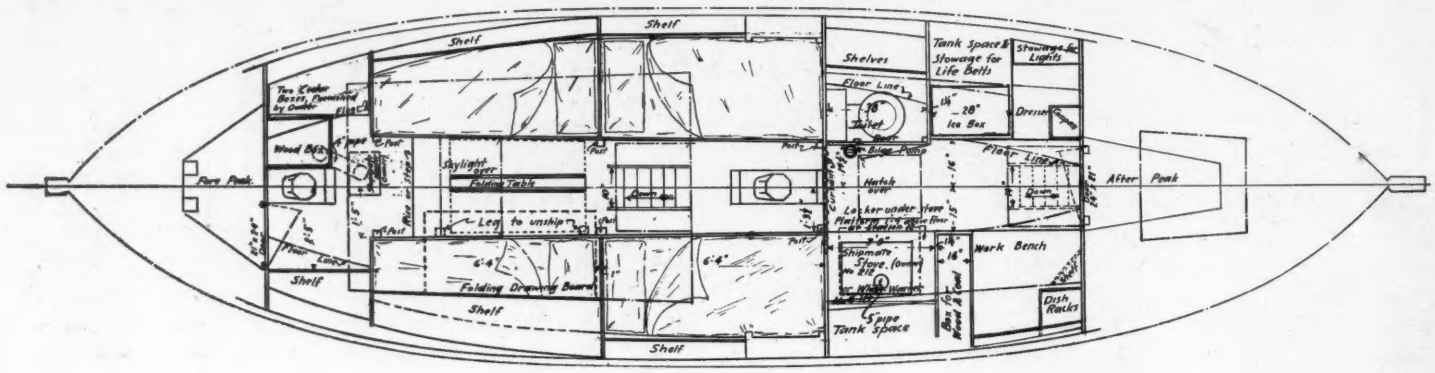


The bids on this boat were much higher than on the one shown below which is of much finer form

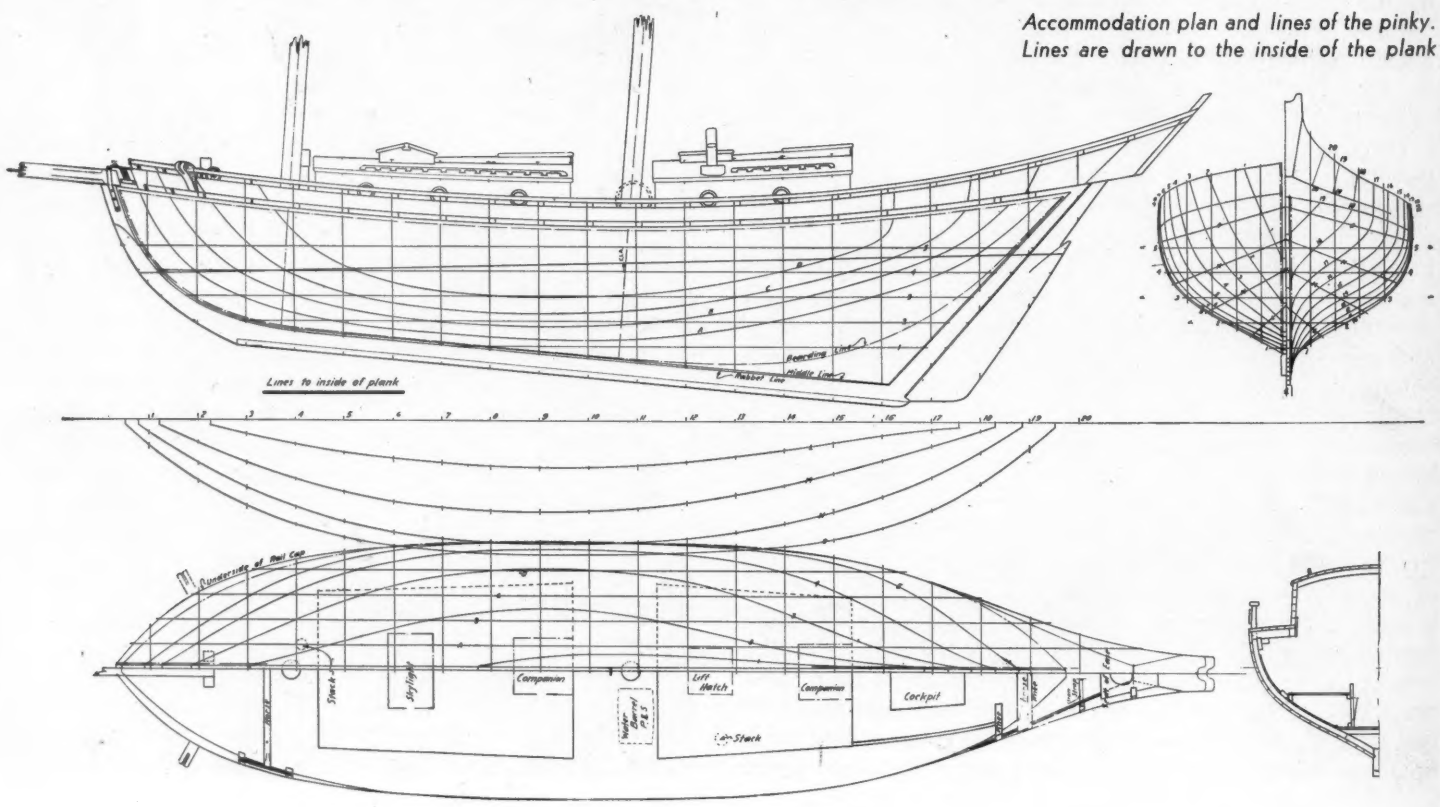
would cost to build; therefore, finish had to be rough and such expensive items as yacht sails, outside ballast and the moulded keel it requires, auxiliary power and modern rigging would have to be omitted. The boat's cruising ground would extend from Cape Cod to Nova Scotia; that stretch of water can get dusty, so a seaworthy boat, and a weatherly one, was absolutely necessary.

It was understood that the boat would be in the nature of an experiment, for no examples were known to be afloat, and few data on the design were to be had. Naturally, the basic idea was to follow the original model "whole hog" so that definite information on the capabilities of the type could be discovered. It happened that two models were available, one of a full-ended but sweetly moulded boat of about the same size as the new yacht, the other of a sharper and smaller boat whose lines would have to be enlarged to be suitable for the job. Both models were builder's half-models of uncertain date, giving good suggestions as to the hull but nothing as to rig.

As the easiest method of procedure, the full model was



Accommodation plan and lines of the pinky. Lines are drawn to the inside of the plank



"Glad Tidings" hustling along on the starboard tack, towing a Maine "pea pod"

first worked up. Making a few slight modifications in the lines of the original half-model, the lines of Design No. 1 were drawn up, along with a rough construction plan and a sail plan. These were sent to nearby builders for bids. About this time a client also became interested in the type so more bids were obtained from Maine and the Maritime Provinces. While the bids returned were reasonable, all of them were higher than the fixed price limit I had set because the builders feared the full bow would be hard to plank and also because the sawn frames required a good deal of work in the yard. It was now apparent that the full-ended model would not do. Of course, the sawn frames could be replaced by steam bent ones, thus overcoming the most serious item of cost. There was one serious objection to this, however; the original displacement was large, to take care of the heavy weights of the sawn frame construction; if the displacement were unchanged and steam bent frames used, the difference in weight would have to be made up in the inside ballast. Such a move would seriously reduce the space inside the hull, affecting headroom particularly. Also, this would not remove the objections to the full bow of the original design.

The sharp model was then taken in hand and a new design drawn, enlarging the original from 34 to 39 feet deck length and altering the other dimensions in proportion. This model had a rather full bow, it is true, but was far sharper than Design No. 1. The displacement was nearly two tons less on the same draft of water. Design No. 2 was sent out for bids and it was discovered that the new design was nearly a thousand dollars cheaper than the original. Roger I. Sawyer was given the contract and work began in his yard at Millbridge, Maine. As the boat could not be used until July, work was not hurried through the winter. Launching day finally arrived, July 12th, and the boat, christened *Glad Tidings* after an old-timer (with good New England rum on her bow and some in the gullets of those present), went off the ways without a hitch. It took a little over ten days to complete and fit her out.

The plans speak for themselves but there are a few things that deserve special mention. The boat was built of native Maine timber, frames, keel and deadwood were of oak, planking white cedar, and the deck, deck joinerwork and cabin furniture were of pine. It is only justice to the builder to put on record that the whole vessel was splendidly built and put together; the plans were followed faithfully in all respects. The rigging was as simple and as cheap as possible, the sails being of work boat quality, made by Cutler, of Bath, Maine. Except for the cabin trunks, the deck layout and fittings were the same as those in the original type. The only omission was the typical raised deck forward generally employed in the fishing pinkies; I rather wish I had retained this feature, too, as the additional room in the fore peak would be useful. Below, the cabin arrangement was worked out so that it would be both serviceable and cheap to construct. Perhaps it is somewhat unorthodox but experience has shown it to be most satisfactory. If there is any objection to the cabin fittings it is to the chemical toilet, which was used instead of the standard marine plumbing. While I am sure the principle of the chemical toilet is practical for marine use, the chemical toilets now on the market are too large and rather flimsy. The main advantage of the chemical toilet undoubtedly is its low cost.

It will be noticed that there is neither sink nor washbowl; plumbing was omitted because of cost and also to avoid the nuisance of having freeze-ups; the boat can be laid up afloat in any New England winter with no danger of burst pipes and plumbing, and without the labor of draining or plugging outlets. The only underwater pipe fittings are for the cockpit drains; these are sea cocks with hose connection to the cockpit, so are easily taken care of in laying up. The outlet to the bilge pump is above water so there is little danger of a freeze-up there; the pump also has hose connections.

The ice box is a standard mail order house ice chest and is most efficient. It holds 75 pounds of ice and is removable so that it can be taken on deck for scalding, cleaning and airing. A flat tank was built to go under the ice chest to

(Continued on page 114)

FISHING ON HAWAII'S KONA COAST

By

HARLAN MAJOR

H, we have bigger marlin than that around here! That one is only the largest any of us has been able to stop!"

The statement gave me a jolt, coming as it did in the middle of some aimless window shopping in Honolulu. I was on my way home after several months fishing at Guam, Wake and Midway. Having made my return reservations, I was enjoying my never ending search for unusual trinkets when I found myself face to face with one of the largest black marlin I had ever seen. The sign under it stated its weight as 620 pounds! It was in the window of a sporting goods store, and in no time at all I was talking to Jim Harvey, the man who had taken it. My eyes told me that Harvey was a man a little past middle age but, as I turned to look at that fish again, I realized that anyone who had taken it could never be measured by years.

I asked so many questions that Harvey invited me back to his office where he opened a book full of fish lore. "Look here," he continued, as he pointed to an entry made in November, 1932. It read: "Marlin weighed in at fish market; weight, 1346 pounds." My eyes bulged as I followed his finger down to another entry made that same month: "Marlin weighed 1413 pounds." Not satisfied, he turned a few pages until he came to an entry made December 4th, 1936. I could hardly believe my eyes: "Marlin weighed at market 1540 pounds with bill and tail cut off."

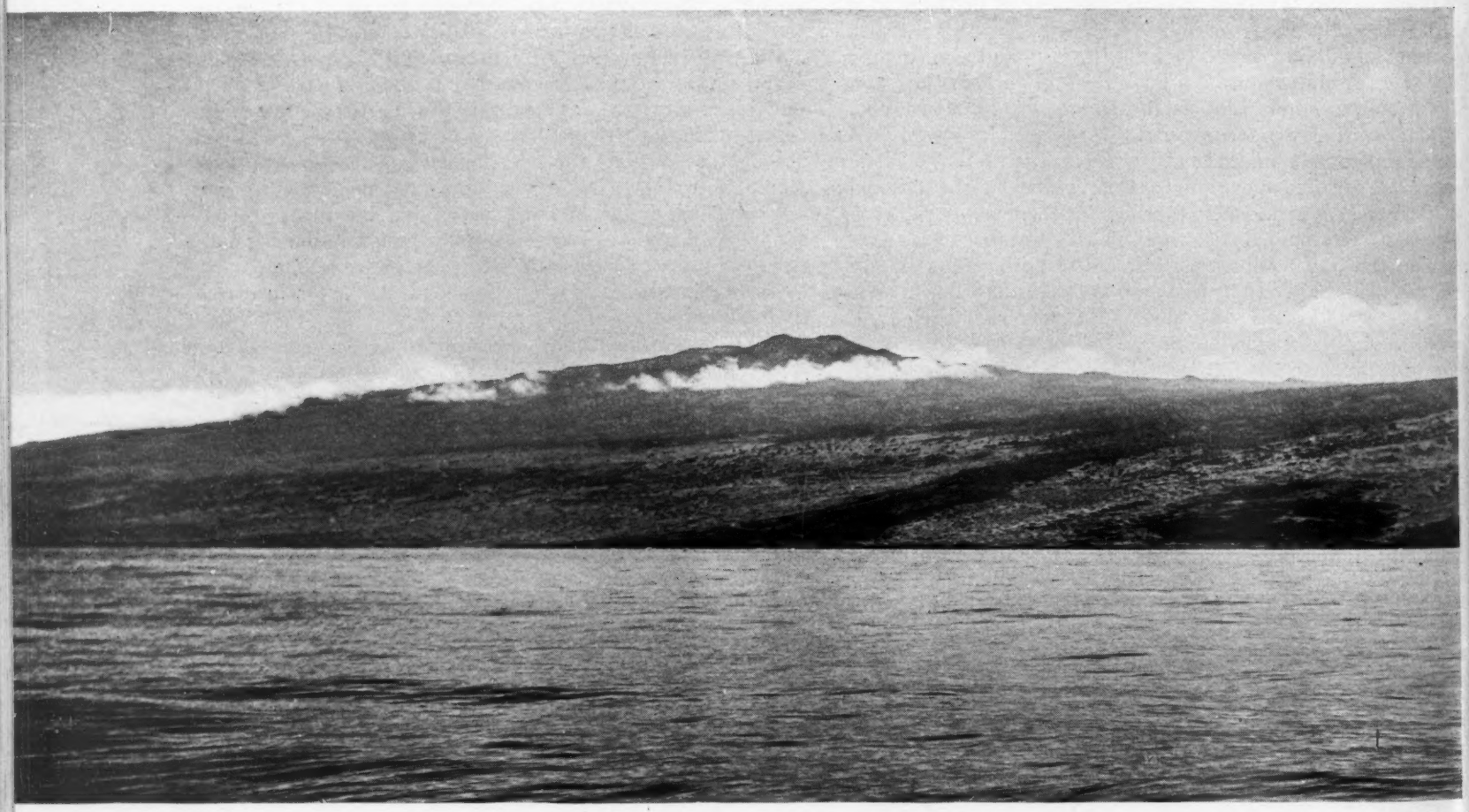
"I saw all these fish weighed," he continued, "and if you want to get an idea of what kind of fish we have out here in the middle of the Pacific, I'll gladly take you to see the fish market."

The open air building covered a large city block, most of which was divided into stalls. On counters were the smaller fish, sorted, it seemed, by color — which ran from one end of the rainbow to the other. The larger varieties were in piles at the far end of the building. There I saw tuna, the bluefin, the yellowfin and the Allison with its long powerful fins. Their weights ran from 160 to 230 pounds. Next, we came to the marlin, both the striped and the black. Some of these weighed as little as 25 pounds, and from there to 540 pounds. "It is an off day for large ones," commented Harvey, but I was already on my way to the steamship offices to cancel my reservation for home.

By noon of the next day, I was aboard the *Humuula* on my way to the Kona Coast. Although there is fishing in many parts of the Hawaiian Islands, the most talked of fishing resort is the Kona Inn, in the village of Kailua on the Island of Hawaii. I was not the only fisherman on board as Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tilney, of New York, were combining fishing with honeymooning, and we talked of "big ones" we had seen in many waters. The harbor at Kailua is an open one, and the next morning we were transferred from the anchored ship to shore boats.

While I unpacked, the Tilneys fished. Late in the afternoon I saw their boat come in flying two white flags and, needless to say, I met them at the dock. Tilney had taken a

Cloud-capped Mount Hualalai furnishes a lee to the Kona Coast along which many large fish are taken



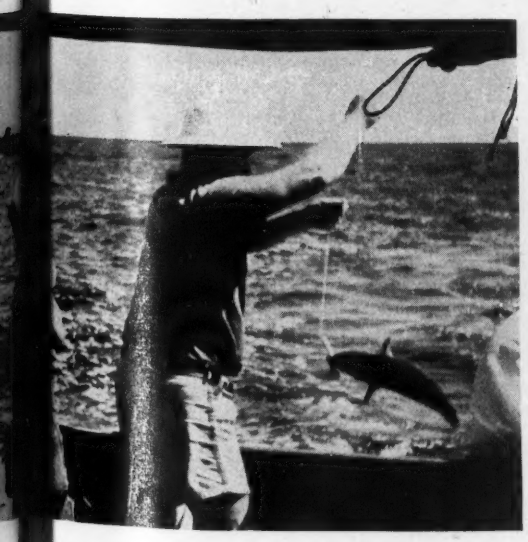
marlin which we weighed at 162 pounds. Then Mrs. Tilney had hooked one, but this fish was larger and insisted on trying to leave for parts unknown. The fish had taken the offensive from the start but Mrs. Tilney managed to hold on for an hour when she turned the rod over to her husband. If he had harbored any ideas that the fish had not been worked hard enough, he soon changed his mind, and it was an hour and a half more before the fish was ready to gaff. They were about to haul it aboard when sharks appeared, and before it had been pulled into the boat the sharks had torn off several large chunks. They were disappointed about the shark's interference, but the fish was a fine specimen and weighed 451 pounds.

Satisfied with prospects, it was not long before I was making arrangements with Charley Finlayson for a boat. Finlayson's business is structural steel and this may have influenced him in acquiring his first fishing boat. He fell in love with a steel job and his doom was sealed when he tried some fishing from her and took a 380-pound marlin. From that time, he was a fisherman and, like all fishermen, he wanted to improve his boat. He was convinced that his boat should be longer and, as if he were working on a steel structure, he cut his boat in two with a torch and welded in another 12-foot section. For a while, he used this longer boat, but a conflict was forming, a conflict between his old love (steel) and his new love (fishing) and his new love directed that he build a new boat and build her of wood.

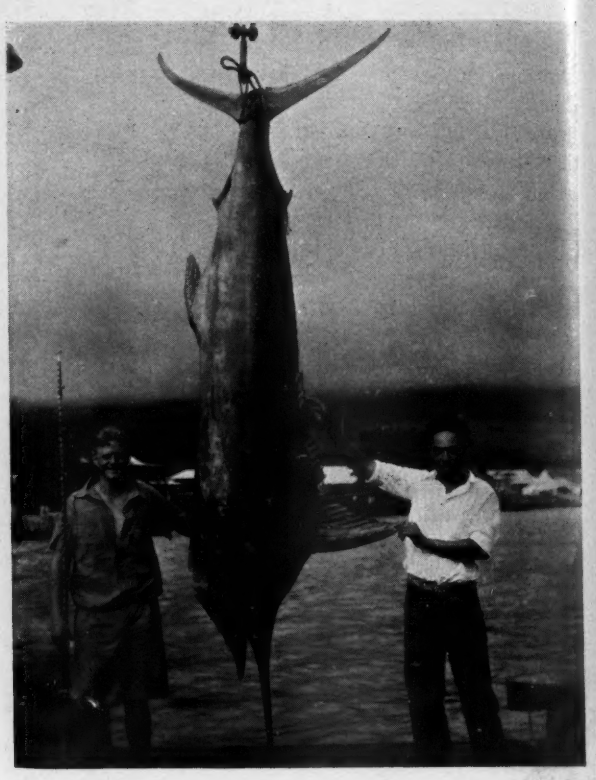
For months, Finlayson drew plans. Fishing from Kailua, he did not need a speed of over ten knots, as the fishing grounds were at his very door. For the same reason, he could do away with living quarters and galley. This made room for a fish box large enough to hold two marlin. He figured that he would return too early in the day if he could not keep at least two marlin out of his way. He also had room for a bunk, a full-sized one with a mattress, right out in the open air. The peaks of Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa and Mt. Hualalai keep troublesome winds from disturbing his fishing waters, but Charley's training for maximum safety directed that his boat should have ample draft and beam.

His final plans pleased him so much that he built two boats instead of one, and then he realized that he would need help to keep both boats busy. In the meantime, Kona Inn had been harboring more and more fishermen, but could furnish no boats. So it was not long before Finlayson joined forces with the inn — an ideal plan for the fishermen.

It would be impossible to tell the story of the two boats without mentioning their names. Most names in the Hawaiian language are derived from other words in the same tongue, and



Top, he moved into high gear when he felt the hook. Next, the marlin gave us a good splashing as Eddie gaffed him. Bottom, a big fellow is landed at last. Left, we took bonito for bait by trolling with "pearls", the native lure



The results of the first day's fishing. They were almost twins. Right, "Tacks" Waldron has taken the largest marlin along the Kona coast. This fish, weighing 568 pounds, was taken on 24-thread line, until recently the heaviest tackle which has ever been used in these delightful waters

the names of the boats, *Malia* and *Aukaka*, tell the local story of fishing. *Malia* means smooth, quiet, peaceful. *Aukaka* means the place where people meet to fish. *Malia Aukaka*, a smooth, peaceful place to fish.

Seven o'clock next morning saw George and Eddie, who were to be my crew, loading my tackle and cameras into the *Malia*. My gear was no sooner ready than we had arrived at the Makalawena grounds just off Keahole Point. The crew were busy at once catching bonito for bait. The lure for bonito is called a pearl, and is made of mother of pearl to which a barbless hook has been attached. A good pearl is a Hawaiian fisherman's most treasured possession and for this reason the hook is not only attached lightly, but is made of rather soft wire. Thus, if a large fish takes it, the hook will either straighten or pull off and the fish is lost instead of the bait. With the aid of a stout bamboo pole, these pearls are skipped on the surface of the water directly in the wake of the boat.

Wishing to observe the local method of baiting, I asked George to rig the first one. Choosing a bonito of about four pounds, he hooked it through the lips from the under side and let out about 100 feet of line. This we trolled about three miles an hour, which was slow enough to keep the bait under the surface. It behaved rather badly, twisting and untwisting the line, but George assured me that everyone at Kona used the same method. In less than half an hour, we could see a fin following our bait. As the marlin moved through the water, it seemed more curious than covetous. Our fat bonito was absolutely fresh, but it was with more or less indifference that the marlin finally hit it with his bill and, turning, made off with it. So far the fish was seemingly demonstrating in slow motion, but when he felt that hook, all action moved into high gear! He was in the air so much I had difficulty in keeping a tight line. But the hook held and, after he had taken about 300 yards of line, he settled down to some first class pulling. We broke about even in this; first he gained some line, and then I took it back. Not being satisfied with results, he went back to more jumping. Then he attempted to sound but the jumps had taken too much out of him. He did, however, save enough energy to give us a good splashing as Eddie made fast with the gaff.

He was surprisingly small considering the fight he had made. Although this one was a black marlin, the stripes along the back were nearly as light as those of the striped variety. The coloring on the under side, instead of being the usual aluminum color, resembled brightly polished copper. I had found this same type of marlin in both Wake and Guam. Whether or not this is another type of marlin or whether some element in the waters adjacent to the mid-Pacific islands causes this additional pigmentation, I have been unable to learn.

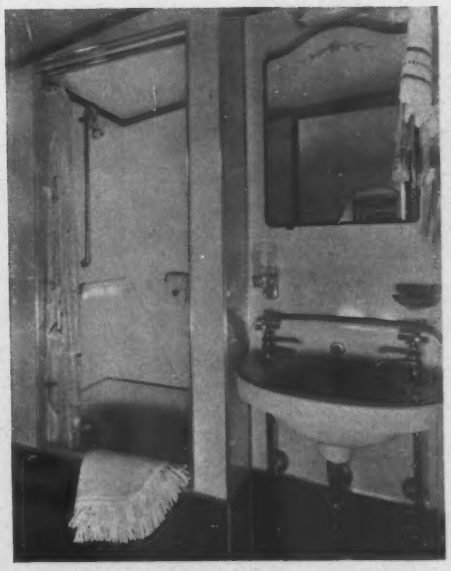
The enormous fish box engulfed the marlin and then the sprinklers were turned on. Oh, yes, this was a modern fish box in which the contents are kept cool by a constant spraying of water. I also noticed the lack of the aroma usually associated with other fish containers.

Another bonito was soon doing its best to tempt more marlin. Like the first, it appeared clumsy in the water and, also like the first, soon had a dorsal fin cutting the water behind it. This fish wanted to observe our bait from all sides and kept pace with it, first on one side and then on the other, then dropping back for another rear view. After fully five minutes of this, I tried to get some action by dropping the bait back to the fish, and then pulling it away. The distance between them, however, did not vary. When the bait dropped back, the fish moved back, and when I shortened the line, the fish followed. There is unquestionably a thrill when a fish is teasing this way but it is the sort of thrill which encourages profanity. George, Eddie and I were all doing our best to insult the fish, and maybe this is the reason why he finally knocked the bait clear out of the water and then, without the slightest sign of haste, took it. Again the prick of the hook started the fireworks and again the air seemed full of fish. He seemed to take out line, not so much by swimming but by walking away from it — in mid-air — on his tail! He took out 350 yards of line and gained most of this distance on his tail. From then on, most of his efforts were confined to underwater attempts which were equally powerful. In forty minutes, Eddie reached him with the gaff and he joined our first catch in the fish box.

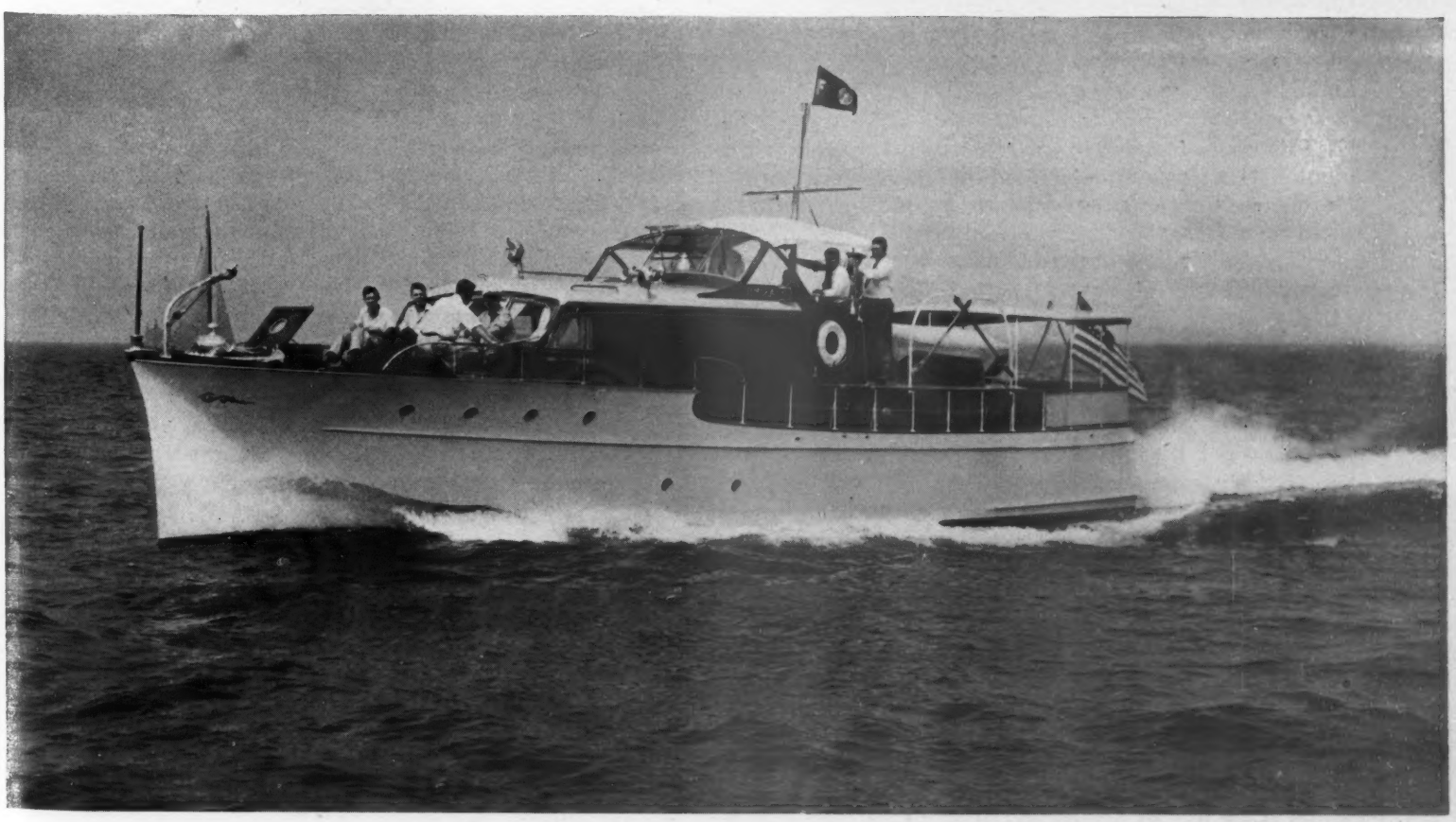
Kona Inn has one of the finest spots for fishermen to ponder on the day's successes or failures. This bar is a replica of a native dugout canoe. The paddles are crossed within

(Continued on page 118)

"JIMSEA"



Henry C. Grebe & Co., Inc., designed and built this attractive motor yacht for L. G. Ferris, of Kenosha, Wis. "Jimsea" is 54' 0" in length over all, 52' 6" on the water line, 13' 0" beam and 3' 6" draft. A pair of Buda Diesel engines, developing 110 horse power each and driving through reduction gear, give the yacht a maximum speed of 15 miles per hour.



Hill's Arm, Doubtful Sound, deep close to the shore. Right, "Igdrasil"

CRUISING AROUND NEW ZEALAND

Part III—From Milford Sound Around South Island

By ROGER S. STROUT

IN THE face of an adverse weather report, I took *Igdrasil* out of Harrison's Cove, in Milford Sound, confident that a change for the better was setting in. Such a change would come from the southwest and so hit this coast before affecting the rest of the Dominion. When the *Tamatea* appeared from Freshwater Basin, I knew that Captain Hamilton backed up my opinion with the weight of his years of experience on the coast. We were right, the weather outside had moderated, so that a passage south was possible.

When an onshore wind strikes a coast where mountains rise from the water's edge, it seldom reaches home. Instead, there is a band of calm, or even an offshore breeze, close to the coast. By keeping within sound of the breakers, I took advantage of this and had a comparatively comfortable jump of twenty-odd miles to the entrance of George Sound. Though most of this was at night, there was no danger of getting too close in the deceptive moonlight, for the shore is steep-to and the five-cell flashlight would show a spot on the cliffs before there was danger of hitting anything.

George Sound runs some twelve miles inland, with a slight crook about half way in. The usual anchorage at the head is in 17 fathoms and far too exposed for small craft, so we followed Captain Hamilton's directions and went in past the 200-foot waterfall and pulled stern first into a small cove, with an anchor out ahead. After a ramble ashore, we were ready to leave the next day but the weather wasn't ready to let us, for another northwest gale was beginning. It began with rain and I hastily got out more shore lines in a deluge such that the dinghy had to be bailed every ten minutes to keep it afloat! I abandoned the usual bailing can for a three-gallon bucket. The little trickle of water that entered the cove soon developed into a rushing torrent thirty feet across, draining a whole mountain side. The stern line had real work to do holding the boat against the outrush.

The gale stopped as suddenly as it began, the barometer went up with a bang and the weather was fine. Though we turned out at 3:30 a.m., it took two hours to get our mooring gear cleared and stowed, so it was nearly daylight before we left. This was a mistake for, with twelve miles to the entrance, the morning was well advanced before we started down the coast. During fine weather the wind is light southwest at night, freshening in the morning and becoming strong in the afternoon. We had scarcely made half the distance to the next sound when the wind became too strong to make any progress beating and we had to return eighteen miles to our previous anchorage.

Turning out before one o'clock the next morning, we had better luck, being out of the sound and well down the coast before sunrise. Caswell was astern and Charles Sound abeam

Cascade Falls pour down into the waters of Preservation Inlet

before the increasing wind stopped further progress. So we visited Charles Sound unintentionally! This sound trends southeast, directly open to the frequent northwest gales whose force and constancy is attested by the trees at the entrance that all grow inward and hug the rocks, like the stunted trees at timber line in the mountains.

After seeing those trees, I wanted good protection and found it at a point marked "landing for boats" on the chart. A tremendous block of rock had split off from the mainland, leaving a channel some thirty feet wide with high rock walls and a depth of four fathoms, quite a change from the hundred fathoms out in the sound. Though trees met overhead, a little axe work would have permitted us to pull completely into the pocket in case of necessity. But the weather remained fine and I left the "aerial dredging" for the next visitor.

With the night's retreat located, we spent the day cruising the sound. Though the scenery here is less rugged than at Milford, the near-by mountains reach 4000 feet and there are many small waterfalls, one about 600 feet high, that apparently hasn't even a name! The defacing hand of civilization has touched this country not at all.

Turning out at 1:00 a.m., we sailed quietly down the sound in the moonlight under headsails and mizzen. Gorgeous as this scenery is in the daytime, I am almost convinced it is even finer at night. With such an early start we were off Thompson Sound by daylight, bucking a strong wind out of the entrance. Mid-morning found us rounding the eastern end of Secretary Island, where lies the one and only aid to navigation in the whole stretch of the sound country from Milford to Preservation Inlet, a black painted beer barrel marking a submerged pinnacle rock. We lunched in Snug Cove, at the head of First Arm, with 3000-foot mountains all around us, then went out through Gaol Passage to the open sea once more.

Daggs Sound, the next inlet down the coast, with a greatest depth of 90 fathoms, is small and seldom visited. Though much shallower than the other sounds, it is no easier to find an anchorage and we were uncomfortably close to the beach at the head of Anchorage Arm before finding any depths that my ground tackle could reach. We had come twenty-two miles from Snug Cove, yet our anchorage was only two miles, air line, from the head of First Arm! Here again steep mountain walls surrounded us yet, according to the survey party, there is a low altitude pass between these two inlets though there is no sign of it from the water. We wanted to hunt for it, but we dared not spend the time ashore. It was the 18th of March, long days were a thing of the past, nights were sometimes cold enough to put frost on the sails and there was the unpleasant necessity of getting around the south end of the Dominion before winter set in.

Another reason for curtailing shore excursions is the sand flies. I have heard an ordinarily veracious Englishman declare that if a person stayed in one place for fifteen minutes, just wiping the flies off his face, there would be a pile a foot deep at his feet at the end of that time! I can't check his figures, never having stood still that long, but the flies certainly *are* bad.

Turning out, as usual, at 1:00 a.m., we were out of the sound early and down the coast in fine weather. Here it is necessary to keep a little farther offshore than previously, for many of the points have a descending series of offlying rocks marching down into the water. The chart does not state how far the series is continued under water, and I didn't care to find out! The early start was fortunate, for we made Breaksea Sound just in time, at 7:00 a.m., with rain and thick weather rolling in behind us from the northwest. Though it completely shut out the entrance, the rest of the sound remained clear and we were favored with brilliant sunshine for the whole 20-mile run up Broughton Arm. This sound has a number of side valleys of extraordinary

Looking out over Dusky Sound, in the South Island of New Zealand. Anchorages are found only at the heads of the coves

dimensions opening off it and the scenery is so completely mountainous that the boat, when viewed from a distance, looked entirely out of place. Returning down the sound, we anchored in Beach Harbor. Even here, though the depths were moderate, the gusty winds made a line ashore advisable. While I took on water from a stream my wife took our Galapagos tortoises ashore for a run. Though normally quite contented aboard, the little reptiles weren't appreciating the cold weather, but a sunny hillside revived their spirits, temporarily.

Thick weather continued offshore, but Acheron Passage was clear and we had an easy five-hour run to Pickersgill Harbor in Dusky Sound. Most of the early survey work in the sounds was done in ship's boats, but this passage was frequently made in larger vessels, when it took days of fighting under sail. For us the only inconvenience was going ahead in the dinghy to pick a safe passage between the rocks separating Long and Indian Islands.

Pickersgill Harbor is such a fine port that Captain Cook used it as a place in which to refit, but when another northwest gale developed I wanted more protection than was given by the main cove. A tiny hole on Crayfish Island offered just what I wanted for, once inside, there wasn't a hundred yards of water in sight in any direction. Here, with an anchor ahead and, for the first time, five lines ashore, we caught up on sleep while the gale blew itself out quite unheeded. So Pickersgill was added to that select list of anchorages of which a major memory is the stowing of 600 feet of wet inch and a quarter diameter manila!

The pleasure of night passages had waned with the waning of the moon but there remained one more that had to be made in the quieter weather of the darker hours. We left the harbor at 11:00 p.m. and ran out of the sound, checking our position by the shadowy bulk of islands that loomed out of the murk to starboard. The coast was a blur of black and the inlet invisible before we turned south, for low land and offlying dangers call for a good offing here. Soon we picked up the blink of Puysegur Point Light, on the extreme southwestern tip of the Dominion, and kept our bearings on it the rest of the night. By early morning we were threading our way between the rocks off Gulches Head and the breakers on Bellamy Reef at the entrance to Preservation Inlet. Unlike the northern sounds, these southern inlets have many rocks, none of them marked, so night navigation is not convenient.

Rounding Coal and Steep-to Islands, we anchored behind the bar of Otagos Retreat and rowed ashore to the lighthouse landing. Visitors at the light are rare and no one had seen the boat enter, so our arrival caused much excitement. Back aboard, we followed the tortuous channel up the sound, anchoring just at dark in Last Cove. Having been up all the previous night, I was thoroughly sleepy but the weather report is major business in these parts and I sat down to copy it. Some time later my wife awakened me. With the radio set going and the phones on my head, I had gone to sleep and missed the report!

The next day we moved on to Cascade Basin, at the head of the sound, where we found two fine streams, a beautiful waterfall, plenty of wild ducks and, best of all, a good mud bottom in six fathoms. It was the first anchorage in a month where a stern line ashore was not required. It was a quiet anchorage, with nothing more than light airs, while the clouds scurrying by over the mountain tops bore out the radio report of Force 8 winds at the lighthouse, only twenty miles away.

We waited till the gale was over before starting down the sound, for the Pilot Book says that "Northwest winds blow with violence round this portion of South Island and raise so heavy a sea that only full powered steamers can make head to the westward!" Even with a moderate wind, the seas at the entrance were all my 10-horse engine could push against as we left this, the last of the New Zealand Sounds.

Romantic yachtsmen often long for the days when iron men in wooden ships visited ports untouched by civilization. Few such remain, but this uninhabited coast remains the

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SMOKE GETS IN HIS EYES?

Or Does This Aristotle Really See a Fundamental Error in Measurement Rules?

By

GIDGE GANDY

HE WAS a yachtsman of good intent, with theories of naval architecture, seamanship and racing tactics more or less acceptable to other club porch philosophers. Simple of soul and pure of heart was he, until — he stumbled from the beaten path *we* tread, into the mire of measurement rules for ocean races as conceived in this calculating machine age.

Alas and alack! His personality disintegrated as he gathered more alphabetical combinations than Washington or Moscow ever knew, bushels of plus and minus signs, gallons of arbitrary factors, an assortment of percentages, excesses, deficiencies, ratios and *if-and-but* formulas. Sad is the story for, as he assembled this material into a conglomerate whole, his algebra textbook wore down to paper pulp, his slide rule overheated and his collegiate haircut grew to the length of Dr. Einstein's.

Our seagoin' scientist became a changed boy and his shipmates and club fellows no longer hailed him with a jovial: "Hi, Toots!" but gazed morosely upon him and asked: "Old Man, do you *feel* all right?"

He did not, for his soul was uneasy and his spirit low. Although his only mathematical inaccuracy was the omission of the third dimension of a galley skillet, he lacked confidence because a wee, small voice seemed to infer he was committing sin, if not crime. Having once been a lad who pestered school teachers with questions, his inquisitive "Why?" subconsciously undermined his scientific "How?" and his mental anguish continued until a bright day came when he threw his calculations to leeward with a shout: "What th' hell's it all about, anyhow!"

Why should yachts be handicapped?

Because some have greater speed than others? Would not the faster craft of a one-design class be handicapped?

Because some inequality, due to larger size, would give certain yachts unfair advantage? If so, then *what* inequality should be equalized by time allowance? Does a large *hull* possess more speed than a small one? Does a hull possess *any* speed or does it merely offer *resistance?* Does a large hull offer *more* resistance than a small one? Do *sails*, and sails alone, produce *speed?* Does a large sail area produce greater speed than a small one? Is there a proportional relationship between the speeds produced by a large sail area and by a small one?

Now, our Aristotle asks: If yachts are rated by a measurement rule which includes dimensions of *hulls* as well as areas of *sails*, are they not rated according to the size of their source of *resistance* as well as their source of *speed?*

Has not this confusion of basic principles caused the discarding of a simple allowance and made necessary the invention of a *table of allowances?* Because sail areas and hull dimensions (*speed* factors and *resistance* factors) do not increase in the same ratio as the sizes of yachts increase, was not this invention of a table of allowances a clever way to correct a primary error?

Is this confusion of principles the reason why race fleets had to be subdivided into two or three classes — to disguise the fact that wide variation in ratings emphasized the injustice of the handicaps?

Is this also the reason why cunning little "if" formulas were added to each biennial crop of measurement rules? Is it the reason why no measurement rule yet adopted has proved satisfactory and skippers wonder whether rules are perpetrated for the edification of committeemen or the stupefaction of skippers?

It is obvious that our doughty analyst had, by this stage of the game, become a skeptic of the lowest order. He even suspected race committees of having confused *restrictions* with the principles of rating and handicapping! It seemed to him that unseaworthy qualities of hull had become tangled with speed factors and the simple-minded fellow could not understand such intricate justice.

He considered that countless little formulas based upon minute hull dimensions, plus attempts to define seaworthiness and other qualities by measurement rule, tended to develop a fixed type of yacht and restrict freedom of design and thereby handicap advancement of the sport itself. He was so unorthodox as to believe that *any* yacht properly suited to a given course should sail without being penalized because of her individuality, but that a craft unsuited to said course should be *disqualified* — not handicapped.

Like folks of his kind, he was a sentimentalist and his heart ached for hopeful owners, smart designers and honest builders who turned out sweet ships according to an established measurement rule only to learn that, the following season, the rule would be changed by the very committee which had established it before they built.

Are the lowly motor boatmen far out ahead of us sailormen with their apparently permanent measurement rule? Piston displacement as a basis of rating or classification, and hull *restrictions*.

Although his sophistry had soared to daring heights, his

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"Catherine S" hauled out on the marine railway at Jacksonville, Florida

AROUND THE CAROLINA CAPES

By

FRANCES T. REID

IN JANUARY, 1935, my husband and I left Baltimore for our first cruise to Florida in our 41-foot motor boat, the *Catherine S*, a trunk cabin cruiser with open cockpit. From the Chesapeake Bay entrance the voyage was made entirely by ocean — that is, around Capes Henry, Hatteras, Lookout, Fear, and Romaine, and thence on down the coast. At Hampton, Virginia, we took on fuel, and left at 3:00 a.m., January 18th, bound for Oregon Inlet, N. C., which is about 100 miles from Hampton and about 80 miles below Cape Henry. We entered Oregon Inlet about one o'clock that afternoon.

The channel into Oregon Inlet is narrow, crooked, and shifting, and runs across a shallow bar. The tidal currents are strong, and with fresh easterly winds the entire inlet mouth is covered with seething breakers through which even the local fishermen dare not take their boats. During the evening of the 18th a northeaster set in, and by next morning the passage out to sea was completely blocked by surf, which kept us there in port for the next two days.

On the morning of Monday, the 21st, the wind had become light SW, the skies were clear, and the air was comfortably warm. At 8:20 a.m. we cast loose our lines, and before nine o'clock we were across the bar and on our way to Ocracoke Inlet, a distance of about 60 miles.

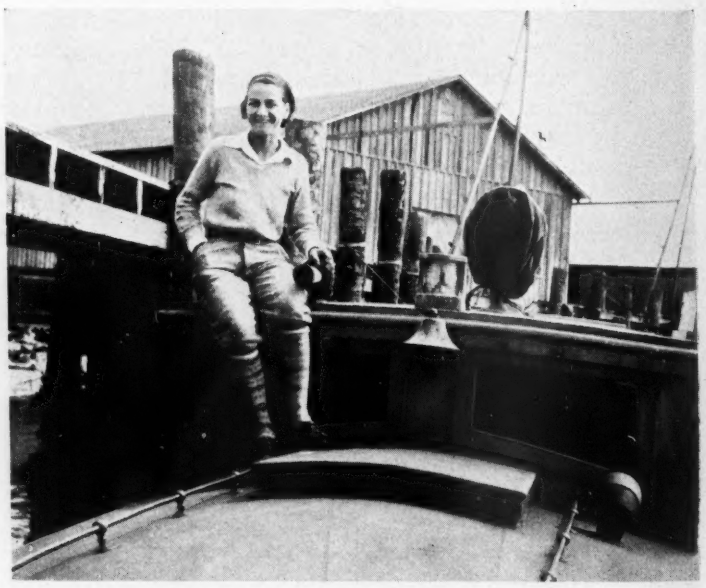
There was quite a heavy following ground swell, and after I had had the wheel for half an hour, I began to feel seasick, and relinquished it to Dr. Reid. As things turned out, he kept it, with only occasional momentary relief, until 11:30 a.m. the next day.

Cape Hatteras Lighthouse was sighted at 11:45 a.m. The shoals which extend from this cape are in two main parts — Diamond Shoals, which are contiguous to the shore, and Outer Shoals, farther seaward. Between them is a wide slue through which vessels may pass in moderate weather. The depths in this slue vary for the most part between 24 and 30 feet, with a few 14- and 16-foot spots; but the proximity of very shallow areas, and the many cross currents, are apt to make things rough. When we entered the slue a little before 1:00 p.m. the wind had freshened. As the coast line changes from south to southwest at Cape Hatteras, we were deprived of some shelter we had had from the shore. To port and to starboard, on Outer and on Diamond Shoals, breakers were churning and splashing, and at certain places were leaping upward in geyser-like forms. In the slue itself, the seas were steep, often peaked, and sometimes slopping over. The motion of the boat was decidedly unpleasant.

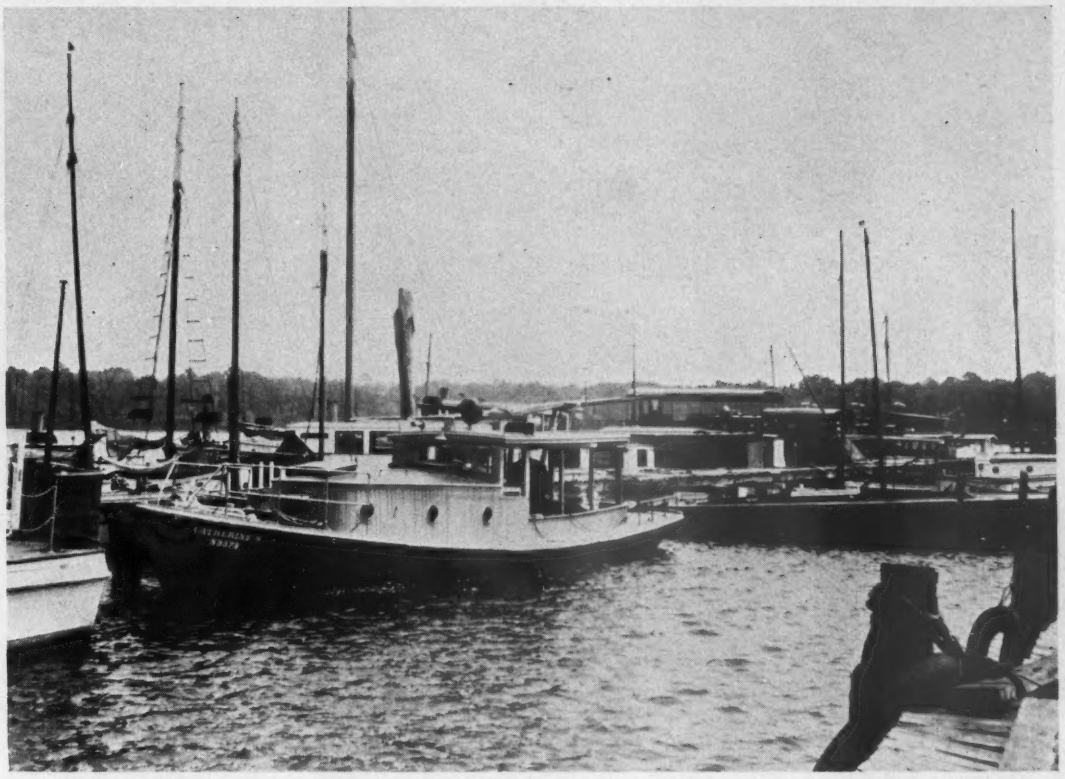
After we had gotten through the slue, the waves were regular again, but we were now running head into them, and it was not long before the unchecked SW wind had built them up to appreciable size. We reached the sea buoy off Ocracoke Inlet shortly before sunset, feeling quite ready for a night's rest; but when we attempted to enter according to information given by the *Coast Pilot* and chart, we found that the channel had shifted and that we were blocked by a solid line of breakers. We milled around looking for an opening. Occasionally we would find what seemed to be one, but it always turned out to be a blind alley. Had daylight lasted, we should probably eventually have found the way; but the seas had by then made up sufficiently to make sliding foam resemble breakers in the encroaching twilight, and the appearance of the water could therefore not be relied upon. By 5:45 it had become too dark safely to continue our attempts, and we therefore decided to proceed down the coast, around Cape Lookout, to Beaufort (N. C.) Harbor, a distance of about 60 miles.

Clouds were gathering to the east and north. The wind, still SW, was getting appreciably stronger and the head seas more disagreeable. By 6:20 the *Catherine S* had begun to pound so frequently that speed was reduced to eight knots. It was soon a very dark night. The moon rose at 7:30, but its face was only occasionally seen, and much of the time even its glow through the gathering mists above was inappreciable.

At 8:30 the engine stopped suddenly, due to a broken terminal on the starter switch cable. Replacement was effected with great discomfort, for the boat naturally broached when not under way, and rolled very jerkily. In making the repair, we damaged the switch itself, and thereafter were obliged to use a pair of pliers across its terminals to start the engine. All this consumed about forty minutes,



The author looks things over from the roof of the pilot house



"Catherine S" lying in the slip at Graham's Boat Yard, on McGirk's Creek, near Jacksonville

during which we were being blown in a generally northeasterly direction, for which allowance was made in our dead reckoning.

About half past ten the engine slowed down of its own accord, and began to run irregularly. The cause was promptly discovered. A spot in the exhaust line, just below the place where the cooling water entered, and directly over the carburetor air intake, had rusted through, and was not only filling the bilge with water which sloshed over the carburetor, but was squirting a stream directly into it. Our electric bilge pump had become thoroughly splashed and would not function, and it was therefore necessary to pump the bilge through the engine — not a good practice with a gear pump — or use our large emergency galvanized hand pump, which required two operators in rough weather. So we pumped through the engine, and then had difficulty in picking up sea water again. We mopped out the carburetor, and attempted to shield it from the stream shot by the leak. The engine ran a little better for a while, but still far from well, and during the next three quarters of an hour these measures had to be repeated twice. The leak in the exhaust was increasing, requiring frequent pumping of the bilge; in addition, the means adopted to shield the carburetor did not prove sufficient.

The skipper in his shoregoing clothes at St. Augustine, Florida

About this time Cape Lookout Light was seen. It seemed a little abaft our starboard beam, but the boat was rolling and pitching so much, with the compass "chasing its tail like a cat at play," that an accurate bearing was impossible. The course was continued, with the expectation of picking up the red flashing buoy at the end of Lookout Shoals; but, doubtless due to the fact that the boat, and the buoy at the moments of flashing, were never simultaneously on wave crests when Dr. Reid took his eyes from the compass to look for it, and also because the sharpness of my lookout was impaired by increasing physical discomfort, we failed to see it.

At 11:30, after allowing for drift when stopped, and for the poorly running engine, we thought ourselves clear of the shoals. The engine was weakening, the wind was increasing, and we were not far enough out to sea to be safe should the engine stop altogether and a storm come up from the east, where the heavy cloudiness had begun. We therefore decided to run shoreward, but turned on the searchlight, and held ourselves ready to cut sharply back at the first sign of shallow water.

Just after midnight (it was now Tuesday, the 22nd of January) on a course which we hoped would take us safely along the western edge of Lookout Shoals, we were obliged to stop again, this time to refill the gasoline tank from one of the drums of extra fuel which we carried. The crippled engine had been using gasoline at an unprecedented rate, and we had not kept close enough watch on the consumption. This stop may have made a great difference in the outcome of our decision to turn in, for the currents near the shoals are very strong, and we surely drifted a good deal. At all events, we had been under way again only a short time when I called "Breakers ahead!"

Playing the searchlight, we saw breakers both ahead and

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Clarence A. Warden, Jr., of Haverford, Pa., owns the auxiliary sloop "Tar Baby." She was designed for him by Frederick C. Geiger, of Yacht Sales & Service, Inc., and was built by Palmer Scott & Co., of Fairhaven, Mass. The yacht's principal dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 42' 2"; length on the water line, 30' 0"; beam, 10' 9"; draft, 6' 4". Her sail area is 819 square feet. A 4-cylinder engine, developing about 20 horse power and fitted with 2:1 reduction gear, is installed under the bridge deck.

"Tar Baby's" owner is a member of the New Bedford Yacht Club and uses the boat on Buzzards Bay and in neighboring waters and has found her fast and able under sail. Her plans appeared in the July, 1937, issue of "Yachting."

"TAR BABY"

D. Sargent Bell

A MEASUREMENT RULE FOR OCEAN RACING

Adopted by the Cruising Club of America

THE Measurement Rule Committee of the Cruising Club of America, working in conjunction with Wells A. Lippincott, representing the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, has formulated the following measurement rule for ocean races. It has been presented to the Board of Governors of the Cruising Club, and through them adopted by that club, and will be used in the Bermuda Race of this year, which is scheduled for the last week in June. It will also be used for long distance races on the Great Lakes. The formula itself has been adopted for a period of three years though it may be necessary to make slight changes in the values of some of the factors as the result of experience. It is hoped that the rule will be adopted by other organizations holding long distance races, in the expectation that the measurement rules for events of this kind will become standardized in the United States and Canada.

Under this rule, which was tried out in the Gibson Island Race of 1937, yachts measured for that race need not be remeasured, but their measurement certificates will have to be refigured, as the values of some of the measurement factors have been changed slightly.

Measurement Rule

Cruising Club of America

(This rating *formula* has been adopted by the Governing Board, November 4, 1937, to be effective for three years from date.)

RATING. .95 $(L \pm B \pm D \pm P \pm S \pm F - I + A + C) \times$ Propeller Factor $\times R$.

"*L*." For the purpose of this rule, a yacht's length shall be the sum of 30% of the L.W.L. and 70% of the length at 4% Water Line Plane.

L = .3 L.W.L. + .7 Length at 4% Water Line Plane.

LENGTH AT 4% WATER LINE. The length of a water line in a plane 4% of the L.W.L. above the L.W.L., corrected for jogs, notches or hollows in the profile, as follows:

The points of intersection of this plane and the profile must extend beyond the L.W.L. endings.

Any local concave jog or notch (curved or angular) at the plane of measurement, at either end, shall be bridged by a straight line and the 4% length taken to the intersection of such lines with the established 4% W.L. plane. Except that a concave bow profile, producing what is commonly known as a clipper bow, shall be permitted without bridging, provided that all the lines of such bow clearly indicate that it is a true clipper bow, and not hollowed in profile for the purpose of unfairly reducing the 4% length measurement.

"L.W.L." L.W.L. shall be the length of the load water line determined by subtracting from the over all length the forward and after overhangs. Over all length shall be the length from the aftermost part of the counter or taffrail to the intersection of the forward side of the stem and the top of the covering board, or the extension of either, or both if necessary. When L.W.L. is measured, all ballast and movable gear which is to be carried below the cabin floor while racing shall be so placed, and no ballast or movable gear not so placed at the time of measurement may be carried below the floor boards during any race, nor may any inside ballast or movable gear stored below the floor boards at the time of measurement be carried other than in its location at the time of measurement. It is not necessary that food, ice, water and other cruising stores be aboard at the time of measurement.

"B." For the purpose of this rule, a yacht's beam shall be the average of her beams at the load water line and the 4% water line, taken at the point of maximum beam at the load water line.

(a) If a yacht's beam be less than .187 *L* plus 3.2, the difference between her beam and .187 *L* plus 3.2 shall be multiplied by 2 and inserted in the formula as a plus quantity.

(b) If a yacht's beam exceeds .187 *L* plus 3.2 but is less than .21 *L* plus 3.8, the difference between her beam and .187 *L* plus 3.2 shall be multiplied by 1.25 and inserted in the formula as a minus quantity.

(c) If a yacht's beam exceeds .21 *L* plus 3.8, multiply the difference between .21 *L* plus 3.8 and .187 *L* plus 3.2 by 1.25 and add to that amount one-third of the excess over .21 *L* plus 3.8 and insert in the formula as a minus quantity.

"D." A yacht's base draft shall be .147 *L* plus 1.5, above which limits penalties shall be assessed and below which credits shall be given as follows:

If the yacht's draft exceeds the base draft, the difference shall be multiplied by 1.5 and inserted in the formula as a plus quantity.

If the yacht's draft be less than base, the difference shall be multiplied by .75, in the case of keel yachts, and inserted in the formula as a minus quantity, and, in the case of centerboard yachts, such difference shall be multiplied by .1875 and inserted in the formula as a minus quantity.

"I." Yachts having iron keels shall receive an additional credit of .0185 *L*.

"P." The cube root of a yacht's Base Displacement (referred to in the following as "cube root B.D.") shall be .179 *L* plus .8, below which limit a penalty shall be assessed, and above which credit shall be given as follows:

(a) If the cube root of a yacht's displacement (in cubic feet) is less than cube root B.D., the difference between the cube root of her measured displacement and cube root B.D. shall be multiplied by 4.5 and inserted in the formula as a plus quantity.

(b) If the cube root of a yacht's displacement (in cubic feet) exceeds cube root B.D. by not more than 10%, the difference between the cube root of her displacement and cube root B.D. shall be multiplied by 3.5 and inserted in the formula as a minus quantity.

(c) If the cube root of a yacht's displacement (in cubic feet) exceeds cube root B.D. by more than 10%, the value of *P* equals .35 cube root of B.D. plus twice the difference between 1.1 cube root B.D. and cube root of yacht's displacement.

"S." The square root of a yacht's Base Sail Area shall be four times the cube root of the base displacement ($4\sqrt[3]{BD}$),

below which limit a credit shall be given and above which a penalty shall be assessed as follows:

(a) $S = \sqrt{SA} \times$ Rig Allowance $- 4\sqrt[3]{BD}$ = a plus quantity in the formula.

If the square root of sail area times rig allowance is less than 4 times cube root of B.D., multiply the difference by .75 and insert in the formula as a minus quantity.

(b) $S = 4\sqrt[3]{BD} - \sqrt{SA} \times$ Rig Allowance = a minus quantity in the formula.

In this formula *SA* (Sail Area), to be measured as by the N.A.Y.R.U. rules as adopted and published with the following changes:

In the event that the area of the mizzen of a yawl be less than 10%, or that of a ketch less than 18% of the total sail area as measured without credits or penalties, an additional amount of sail area shall be added to the formula to bring the area of the mizzen up to these percentages.

Mechanically bent booms shall be barred.

Mast Height Debits and Credits. The following shall be the base height of masts for jib-headed mainsails, above which heights penalties will be assessed and below which credits will be given — measurements to be taken from the deck (or in the case of cabin yachts, from the deck projected) to the highest point of measurement:

Single-masted yachts. $1.7\sqrt{SA}$ plus 5 ft.

Ketches and yawls. $1.7\sqrt{SA - \text{Area of Mizzen}}$ plus 5 ft.

Schooners. $1.7\sqrt{SA - .85 \text{ Fore Triangle}}$ plus 5 ft.

Any excess height above these limits to be multiplied by 3 and added to the perpendicular *P* in computing the area of the mainsail. Any deficiency below these limits to be divided by 2 and subtracted from the perpendicular *P* in computing the area of the mainsail.

Rig Allowances. Values for rig allowances to be varied depending on the course to be sailed and the type of weather anticipated. The rig allowances for the 1938 Bermuda Race shall be as follows:

Jib-headed sloops and cutters	1.00
Jib-headed yawls	.98
Gaff-headed sloops and cutters, staysail ketches	.97
Jib-headed staysail schooners	.96
Gaff-headed yawls, schooners with jib-headed main and gaff foresail	.93
Jib-headed ketches	.92
Gaff-headed schooners and gaff-headed ketches	.90

"F." To be the average of the freeboard taken to the top of the covering board at the bow and stern endings of the L.W.L. plus one-half the average of the rail height, including the rail cap at these points. The average of rail heights not to exceed 8″ for credit.

(a) If the Freeboard as measured above be less than .0566 *L* plus 1.1 ft., the difference is to be multiplied by 2 and inserted in the formula as a plus quantity.

(b) If the Freeboard be in excess of .0566 *L* plus 1.1 but less than .069 *L* plus 1.2, the difference is to be multiplied by 1.5 and inserted in the formula as a minus quantity.

(c) If Freeboard exceeds .069 *L* plus 1.2, multiply the difference between .0566 *L* plus 1.1 and .069 *L* plus 1.2 by 1.5 and add to that amount .75 times the excess over .069 *L* plus 1.2 and insert in the formula as a minus quantity.

"A." If the horizontal distance between the forward end of the 4% water line and the forward end of the L.W.L. exceeds 8 per cent of the L.W.L. length (twice the height of the 4% plane above L.W.L. plane), the excess is to be entered in the formula as a plus quantity.

"C." Should the 4% plane intersect with the stern transom, one-quarter of the distance from the edge of the transom, at the point of intersection, to the center line, shall be entered in the formula as a plus quantity.

Propeller Factors.

Folding propeller, on center but not in deadwood	1.00
Feathering propellers, on center but not in deadwood	.99
Folding propeller, off center	.98
Feathering propeller, off center, or folding propeller in deadwood	.97
Solid propeller, off center	.96
Feathering propeller, in deadwood	.95
Solid propeller, in deadwood	.95

"R." Ballast-Displacement Ratio. The Ballast-Displacement ratio shall be the ratio of the weight of total ballast to displacement in pounds. In computing the total ballast, its weight shall be the sum of the weights of the fixed, or outside ballast, plus the inside ballast, plus the weight of any movable gear stored below the cabin floor. Ballast-Displacement ratio will hereafter be referred to as *B/D* ratio.

The base *B/D* shall be .43. Above this ratio ratings shall be increased and below it they shall be decreased by an application of the *R* factors of the following schedule:

B/D Ratio	"R" Factor
.451 to .46	1.030
.441 " .45	1.016
.431 " .44	1.007
.421 " .43	1.000
.411 " .42	.994
.401 " .41	.989
.391 " .40	.984
.381 " .39	.979
.371 " .38	.975
.361 " .37	.972
.351 " .36	.969
.341 " .35	.967
.331 " .34	.965
.321 " .33	.963
.311 " .32	.961
Under .311	.960

Inasmuch as it is impossible at the time of drawing any measurement rule to foresee all of the peculiarities of design or construction which might affect speed or fairness of rating, it is hereby provided that if, from any peculiarity of form, construction or fitting any Race Committee or Measurer decides that a yacht is not fairly rated by this rule, the matter shall be referred to the Measurement Rules Committee which shall award such certificate of rating as it may consider equitable.

Photo by Sherwood Hall

On the deck of U.S.S. "Vamarie," out for a spin on Chesapeake Bay

U.S.S. "VAMARIE"—MAY SHE? CAN SHE?

A Record of the Races of the Famous Wishbone-Rigged Ketch Since Her Acquisition by the Naval Academy and an Estimate of Her Chances in the Bermuda Race

By ALFRED F. LOOMIS

IN TWO successive races to Bermuda, the wishbone-rigged ketch *Vamarie* has led her competitors across the finish line. With a Bermuda Race year once more on the calendar, the question of whether or no she will do it again becomes timely. But the question is not as simple as it was when the famous *Vamarie* was the private property of Vadim Makaroff. A year ago he gave her to the student body of the Naval Academy, and now the question is not *will* she, but *may* she and *can* she? Hence an appraisal of her condition and an estimate of her chances is in order.

Last summer, with Captain J. F. Shafroth, U.S.N., in command and with successive crews of second-class midshipmen at the strings, *Vamarie* entered five of the cruiser races that were held on Chesapeake Bay. In none of them did she trail clouds of glory or set any large portions of the bay afire, but she did win one of the races and she gave her service personnel cumulative hope that by next season she will be going places.

Her first race, from Gibson Island to Annapolis, was also her worst. At that time, July 3rd, *Vamarie's* bottom was in the lamentable condition referred to in the August issue of this magazine, attributable in part to the fact that she had only recently been added to the Navy list and that work on her had had to be done by private subscription. Arrangements had been made with a private yard to haul her two days before the race, but at the last moment somebody discovered that the tide would not be right for her draft of 10 feet 4 inches. It was then too late for her to be taken to a marine railway at Baltimore and, although divers did the best they could with her, she sailed the course dragging the finest growth of weeds and barnacles that has ever gone yachting. *Vamarie* was beaten by the converted "Forty" *Vixen III* and finished last of six yachts in her class, crossing the line in a dying breeze eleventh in a total of twenty-three yachts.

In the next race, from Rhode River to Gibson Island, held on July 25th, *Vamarie* got away to a fine start and was never headed by any of the cruising class. Her bottom was clean for this race, and she showed a flash of her old form by overtaking all but four of the racing class which had started ten minutes earlier. In the kind of breeze in which she does her best work she finished first and was beaten on corrected time by a few minutes for first place by the schooner *Nirvana*.

On August 8th, the Academy entry participated in the race from Tilghman Point to Baltimore Light and led the yawl *Torbatross* — her sole rival in Class A — across the finish line. This was her only win, and it is a pity that victory did not perch on her horse collar in a race more numerously contested. But there was some consolation in the thought that the race was down hill nearly all the way and that this is not *Vamarie's* most successful point of sailing.

The fourth race was sailed August 13th from Gibson Island to Oxford, and in this the cutter *White Cloud*, competing against *Vamarie* for the first time, took her measure. But at least *Vamarie* finished under sail — a satisfaction not accorded to the third competitor, *Torbatross*, which entered Oxford under power.

However, in *Vamarie's* final appearance — in the Love Point-Swan Point race — when *White Cloud* again put her behind the eight ball, the big ketch called it a day and returned home in tow of a motor boat. The breeze was again light and although *Vamarie* got away to a good start she made an unlucky choice on the beat to the second mark and was headed or becalmed while her competitors and most of the sloops in the other class hugged the shore and pulled ahead. The schooner *High Tide* was second to *White Cloud* and *Torbatross* was third — while the middies got home to Annapolis in time for supper.

Having the record of *Vamarie's* racing before us, it will thus be seen that she rarely got her weather and almost never strutted her stuff. But the courses were short, ranging in length from 36 down to only 14 miles, and the test of her ability under naval operation is by no means conclusive. That she will do better next year goes without saying, but whether she will become a consistent winner rests largely in the determination of Admiral Wilson Brown, newly appointed to succeed Admiral David Sellers as superintendent of the Naval Academy. Captain Shafroth, who has been in charge of seamanship at Annapolis, and who has kept the yacht under his ample wing, expects to be sent to sea by next summer and it is probable that a new skipper must be found to train the crews and accommodate the bounds of naval regulations to *Vamarie's* unique status as a Navy ship.

As matters have stood, only part of one class of the midshipmen has been eligible for duty aboard the *Vamarie*. Each year the members of the first and third classes spend their summers on a practice cruise in steam, and the fourth class, which is just entering the Academy as the yachting season begins, is engaged (I take it) in finding its way to the parade ground and in and out of the halls of learning. The second class is annually divided into three sections, one of which makes a one-month destroyer cruise while a second keeps a fatherly eye on the incoming plebes, and the third undergoes indoctrinal aviation training. It is from this third section only that a crew for *Vamarie* may be recruited and, through rotation of the duties, it follows that each crew is available for only one month at a stretch.

The problem is further complicated by reason of the facts that a full study schedule leaves only Wednesday afternoons and week-ends open for sailing and that those lads who sign up for duty in the ketch must go without their cherished occasional shore leave in Washington or Baltimore. This is conceded to be a strain on their enthusiasm although in other and less specialized walks of life I bet I could find lads of twenty-one or twenty-two who would not only forgo the pleasures of Washington and Baltimore, but would tell the girls of Philadelphia, New York and Boston to go to hell too. Humanity is peculiar that way, however, and if the embryo sailors of our navy don't like to devote their spare time to sailing, I should be the last to suggest that they be coerced into doing so.

Summarizing the situation in a recent letter, Captain Shafroth wrote: "From the above you can see that both officers and midshipmen are kept very busy with their professional duties, and those duties are of paramount importance. While sailing is a grand sport and fine training so far as it goes our fighting ships are propelled by steam or internal combustion engines. The course of instruction here is felt by many to be too short fully to cover the essential professional subjects and but little time can be allotted to sailing. Our job as we see it is to educate and train the midshipmen to operate and fight the ships of our navy. Admiral Sellers has done a great deal to encourage the midshipmen in sailing and has obtained additional Star boats and knockabouts for their use, as well as four ketches, but more time cannot be devoted to it in the course of instruction. The midshipmen who go in for sailing do so for the sheer love of it and in their brief recreation time.

"About the only chance for the midshipmen to participate in the Bermuda or New London-Gibson Island races appears to be with the ensigns who have just graduated. Whether they would be willing to give up their leave to sail in the Bermuda race is somewhat problematical, for it is about the last extended leave they will be able to get for a long time, but it might possibly be arranged. Of course, the decision with regard to such races will have to be made by the Superintendent and perhaps even by the Navy Department."

That is a lucid explanation of the problem and it is why I venture to express the hope that Admiral Brown will give the midshipmen even more encouragement in sailing than Admiral Sellers has done. For, even with the press of work involved in turning a young landsman into a competent naval officer, it seems that there should still be room to give them a little knowledge of the art of sailing. The Canadians, whose navy, I am told, consists largely of officers, have been sufficiently impressed with the importance of the art to have built the three-masted schooner *Venture* for use exclusively as an officers' training ship. She will shortly be followed by two other schooners of the same type, while the English for many years have entered the Admiralty yawl *Amaryllis* or the ketch *Tai-Mo-Shan* in the Fastnet races. It is not without interest that the U. S. Coast Guard Academy, at New London, maintains the schooner *Chase* for the instruction of its cadets.

If these precedents are not impressive, perhaps I can muster arguments that are. I'd put them in my own words if it hadn't happened that Captain L. N. McNair, U.S.N., writing in the February, 1933, *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings*, stated them with more authority than I could hope to do. Wrote he:

"First, is it (sailing) worth while professionally? I'll start this off by the old wardroom argument route, 'I'll bet you five dollars you can't find a single man in the Navy who is a small-boat expert who is not also an excellent big ship handler or will be, provided that he is temperamentally and otherwise fitted.' Why? Simply because his small-boat experience in and around harbors, channels, docks, shoals, under bluffs and in the open sea enables him to bring to his first big jobs a partially trained seaman's eye and an intimate knowledge of current, tide, and wind effects. He instinctively knows where to expect strong tidal currents, cross sets, and backwashes; what the probable wind effect will be on his ship in carrying out some delicate maneuver in close quarters. As he has had constantly to use the wind and the current in propelling his boat under sail, he will be the better able to bend these elements to his will when on the bridge of a ship under power.

"While serving as chief of staff in the destroyer squadron I had a splendid opportunity to watch destroyer officers

(Continued on page 112)

Skyview by H. H. Harris, Pres., General Alloys Co., Boston

If present plans materialize, Detroit will again be the scene of exciting racing next September

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR BOAT RACING IN 1938

By GEORGE W. SUTTON, JR.

ANYBODY who undertakes to predict anything nowadays is either extremely young or exceedingly reckless. It is impossible to tell one hour ahead what is going to happen in the domestic field or the international, and especially in the latter. But, in spite of this state of affairs, we have plans. If the plans go through, we should have a lively year in international motor boat racing. In fact, being congenitally an optimist, I can see only a few dozen possibilities that can prevent the coming summer from being more exciting in this respect than last. And last summer was the most exciting and satisfactory we have had.

Take the outboards. Last October, young Bedford Davie officially smashed the Class X outboard record held for a year and a half by Jean Dupuy, of France — not once but eighteen times. Davie's best pair of one-mile runs under official supervision was at an average of 78.12 miles per hour. In 1924, the fastest outboards were doing eight miles an hour! The I.M.Y.U. has recognized Davie's mark as an official world's record but in so doing refigured it as 77.94 miles an hour. This is an error. They thought Commodore Tyson's time tabulations were in fifths of a second; instead, they were in decimals — tenths. We are hoping for an early correction from the international authority.

In France, Jean Dupuy has a new metal all enclosed streamlined boat, equipped with one of his rebuilt supercharged 6-cylinder outboard engines. In Italy, the good Guido Cattaneo has created a Class X outboard boat of new design and a 4-cylinder supercharged engine of 130 hp. to push it along. Davie himself feels that his boat has at least another five miles an hour in her. Therefore you may be pretty sure that the outboard record will bounce up to well over 80 miles an hour within the coming year.

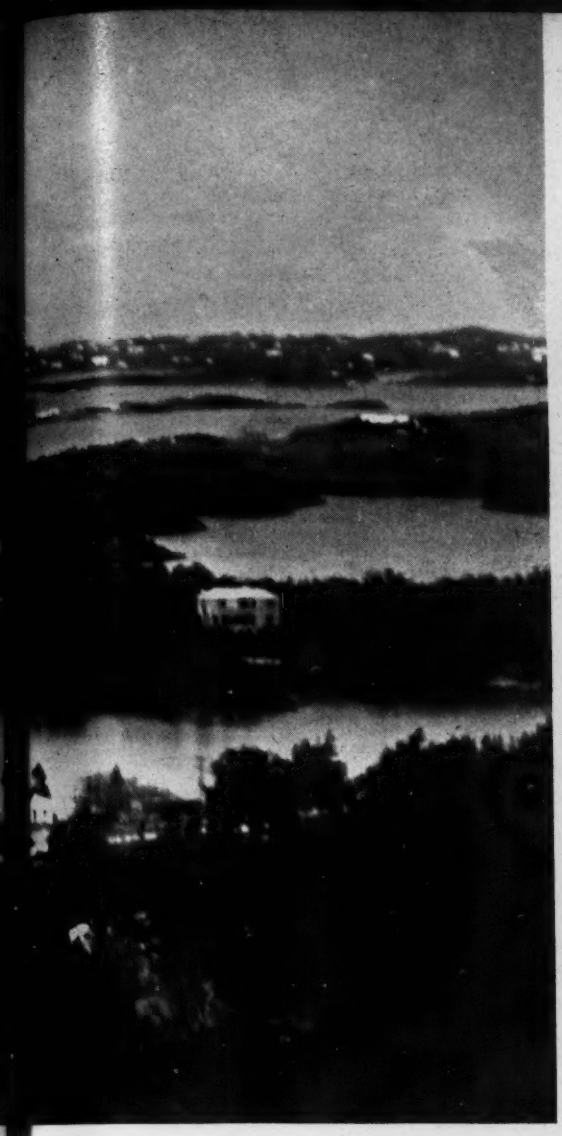
Every year, in January, experienced motor boat officials state that the limit of speed has practically been reached in most of the outboard and inboard classes. And every year records are shattered by the dozens — 78 of them were broken in 1937. This goes for big boats as well as little boats. Sir Malcolm Campbell last September took the 2350 hp. Rolls Royce engine out of his 301-mile-an-hour automobile and put it in a tender, light, purely experimental metal boat designed by Fred Cooper, of *Estelle* and *Miss England* fame, and engineered by Reid A. Railton, designer of his Bluebird car. Then he went out on Lake Maggiore, Switzerland, for a crack at Gar Wood's *Miss America X* record of 124.86 miles an hour. And when he had made two official miles at an average of 129.5 he called it a day and went home. That boat, probably, will never be used again.

But now Sir Malcolm is building another, a more stable craft which will have a theoretical speed of more than 140 miles an hour, to offset the attempts which will undoubtedly be made this year by Commodore Wood in Florida, Guido Cattaneo in Italy, and perhaps by Emile Piquerez in France,

(Continued on page 113)

TO BERMUDA AGAIN—

Even years are Bermuda race years, and it won't be long now before the fleet from Brenton Reef is winding its way to the havens of the coral isles beyond the Stream. Some of the sailors will be taking seagoing hacks to the summit of Gibbs Hill to see the view shown in the upper picture, while others will seek their lethargic ease on the verandah of the hospitable Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, seen below. Bicycles will take their biennial toll of the more adventurous, and the "Monarch" will be on hand to carry home the crippled members of the expeditionary forces.



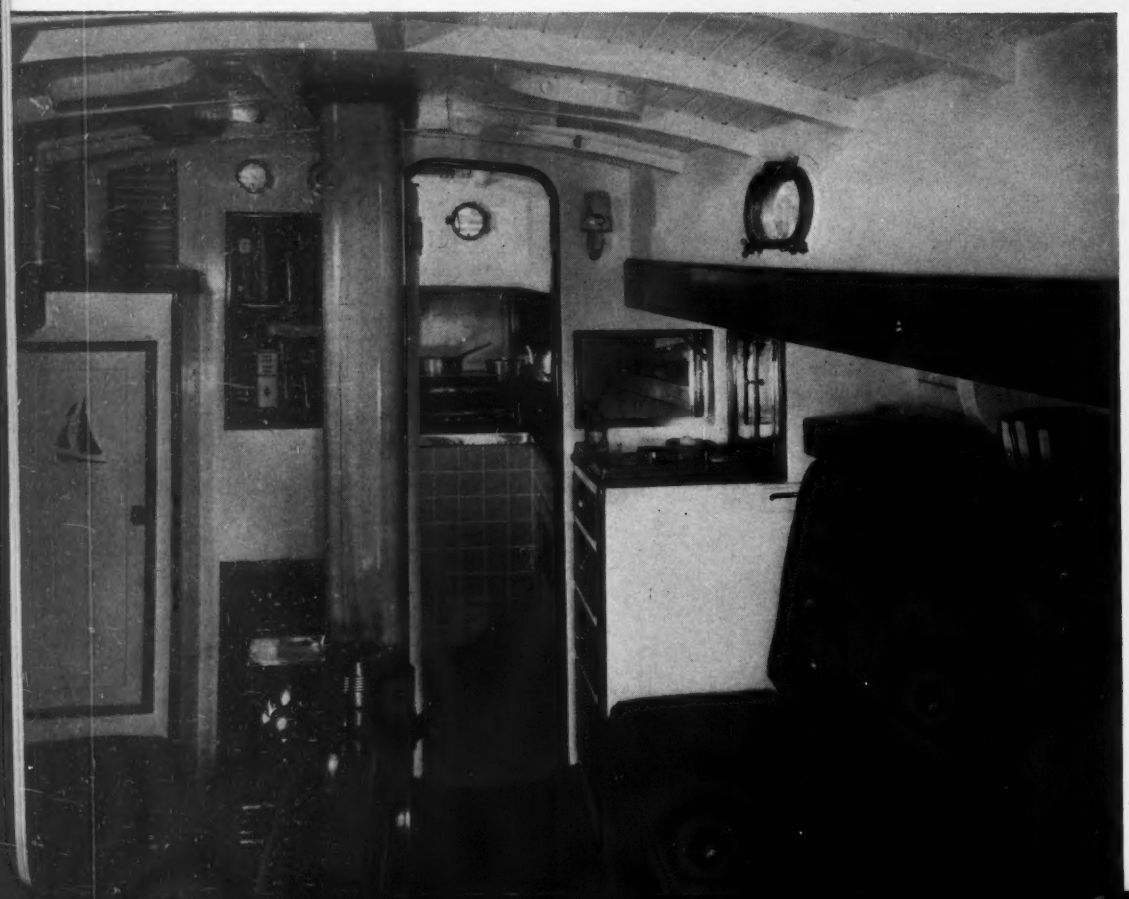
In April the sloop seen above (which seems to have encountered more wind than the camera caught) will have to make way for the races between the American and the Bermudian representatives of the new International One-Design Class. The Six-Metres will also make things lively in and about Hamilton Harbor; but vacationers of a contemplative turn of mind who don't like sailing can always invite their souls (if they have any) in the other quiet harbors of the Summer Isles and on the sandy beaches. Some there are who maintain that the only bad things about Bermuda are the various outward-bound planes and vessels.

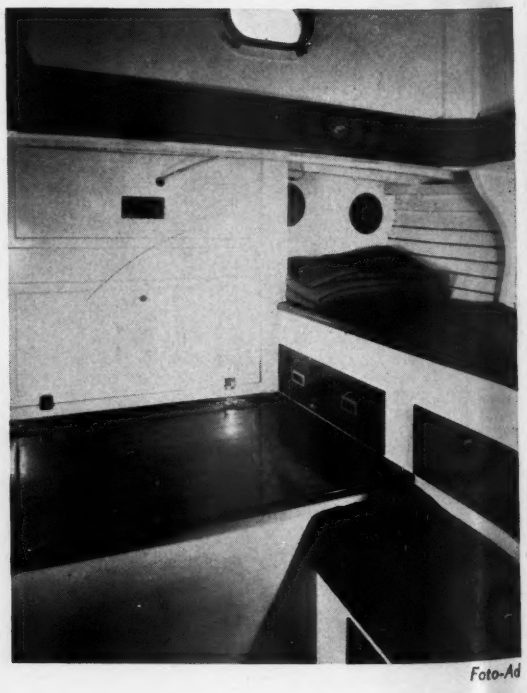
Photos by W. H. de Fontaine, Jr.

"WIND SONG"

This cutter, built for Clyde E. Larish, of Chicago, from designs by John G. Alden, wears the burgee of the Jackson Park Yacht Club. She is 35' 10" in length over all and 11' 3" beam, and carries a 4-cylinder engine for auxiliary power. In model, she is practically a double-ender with the stern cut off to form a small, light transom.

"Wind Song" was one of the eight yachts to complete the course in the strenuous Chicago-Mackinac Race of 1937, finishing second in Class B of the Cruising Division on both elapsed and corrected time. She was one of the smallest boats of the fleet that took part in the race.





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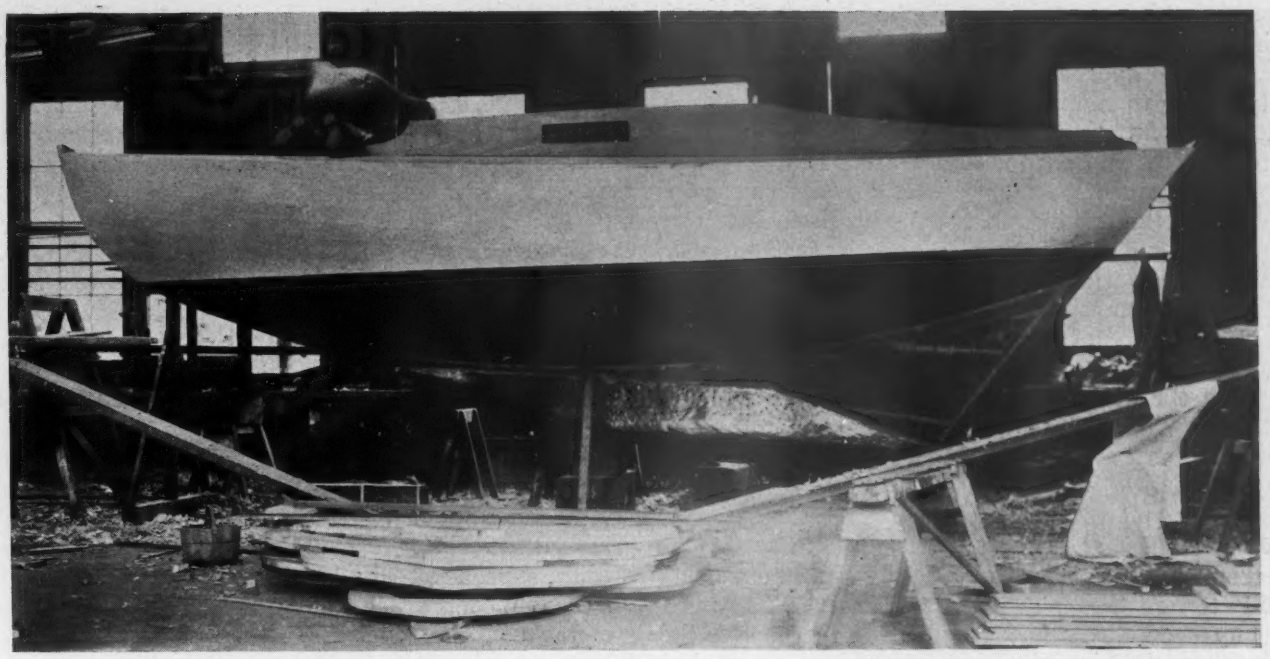


"We found our boat in Belvedere Cove — one of the Bear One-Design Class, 23 feet long over all"

BELVEDERE TO INVERNESS—AND FOG

By

BRUCE JOHNSTONE

CRUISING out of the Golden Gate in a 23-foot sloop at one o'clock in the morning to take advantage of an ebb tide, and running into a fog, had not been in my calculations when I planned the trip, but a full moon over Belvedere Cove, that delightful harbor in San Francisco Bay, and the chance of doing a two-day trip in one, were too much for me. We won through, learned something of our new boat, and of ocean sailing in general, and in particular.

We found our boat in Belvedere Cove. She was one of the Bear One-Design Class designed and built by Nunes, and the fifth of that class in the harbor. Twenty-three feet long over all, she was a Marconi rigged auxiliary sloop, 6 feet 9 inches in beam, with a draft of 3 feet 6 inches. She had a roomy cabin, could sleep two comfortably (four in a pinch), and had a four horse power air-cooled engine. At the shipbuilding yard where she had been launched, we called for further data but failed to meet the man who had installed the engine. A courteous salesman in San Francisco informed us that this particular engine would run three and a half hours without refueling — we were later to recall this statement — and our broker, himself an expert, warned against the danger of carrying any substantial amount of gasoline. So we took but five gallons on board and, securing an amateur navigator, a man who had twice sailed the course, we planned to shove off.

The course from Belvedere to Inverness lies westerly out of Belvedere Cove, past Sausalito and through the Golden Gate, northwesterly to Drake's Bay (the harbor where Sir Francis Drake landed over 400 years ago), around Point Reyes (the second foggiest point in this country), thence northerly to Bird Rock and Tamales Bluff, around the bluff and down Tamales Bay to Inverness, in all, a distance of some 60 miles. The knowing ones had urged us to take two days for the trip, stopping the night at the Coast Guard station on Drake's Bay and finishing the journey next morning. Time was "of the essence," however, or so we thought, as my return to Chicago was imminent. Although we had bought the boat only that noon, we decided, after studying the tide tables, to go out on the ebb tide which would reach its maximum at three o'clock the very next morning.

We arrived at Belvedere at midnight. The sky was clear, the moon almost full and the harbor luminous, with stately sails lit by the ghostly light. There was almost no wind in the cove and over Belvedere Island were tiny wisps of cloud floating lazily eastward. Starting the engine, we passed rapidly among the sleeping yachts, along the island shore, and out into San Francisco Bay. Then, turning toward Sausalito and the Golden Gate, we beheld the stupendous new bridge wreathed in fog. One gaunt tower was lost in the mist. The lights on the Marin County approaches gleamed with diffused radiance. As we passed under the structure, someone evidently gave a fog signal for there was a "blowing all horns" which was painful to the ears. "We" were the amateur navigator; my son, now become sailor and engineer; and myself, throughout the trip chief passenger and in sole charge of the department of worries.

I should have advised turning back. We had tried out neither sails nor engine and the fog threat should not have been ignored. I recalled the fate of the ship *Rio* which, years before, attempting entrance in a fog against the pilot's judgment, came so close that a sentry on guard at the old fort heard the voices on shipboard but saw nothing save a whirling mist of white, and went down in 60 fathoms with all on board. The responsibility was wholly mine for, as father, employer and owner, I had at least remote control of the situation. But there was a lure in the risk of the undertaking; we sailed out.

About 2:30 in the morning the light westerly wind which had kicked up a chop in the Gate died down; even the Potato Patch was quiet. We were rejoicing in the speed of our little engine when suddenly it stopped with a gasp which clearly

announced that it was out of gas. We had been running just 100 minutes. This was a rude surprise, remembering the salesman's three and one-half-hour statement. With some difficulty, owing to cramped quarters, refueling was accomplished, only to find that the engine refused to start.

The fog had not thickened noticeably. We hoisted sail and were apparently making some headway so, after vainly trying to discover the trouble, the Navigator decided to continue under sail and postpone engine investigation until daylight. As the light slowly increased, the Chief Passenger noticed that we were lying off a rather disagreeable cliff whose base, innocent of beach, was washed by combers. It lay about 1,500 yards to leeward. The Sailor was asleep, the Navigator at the wheel, and the Chief Passenger studying channel lights. We were attempting to line up a pair but, sail as we would, the gap between them, instead of lessening, slowly widened.

The increasing morning light revealed that we were nearer than ever to the dismal cliff and the conclusion was obvious — a tidal current, more powerful than the wind, was setting us steadily toward the lee shore. The Sailor was awakened and sleepily demanded what was wrong. He thought the Chief Passenger unnecessarily alarmed and announced that he would fix the engine. Water was discovered mixed with the gas. On the stopping of the engine, water had been sucked into the exhaust vent and thence, following the cranking of the engine, had been drawn into its interior. Slowly the watered gas was worked out but in the process our boat drifted steadily toward the cliff. The Sailor suddenly inquired why we hadn't anchored. We were in 60 feet of water, but the hint was taken and a heavy spare anchor put over.

Since three o'clock, we had heard the rhythmic beat of the engines of the fishing fleet as these craft put out for their day's work. They could be heard clearly through the fog but were invisible. As it grew lighter, they came slowly into view and the Chief Passenger decided it was time to act. So he hailed an approaching fisherman only to see the latter cross our bows some 100 yards ahead, with never a glance in our direction. A second fisherman acted in similar fashion. Then along came a sturdy 60-foot motor boat bound for Duxbury Reef and salmon fishing. She came up in seamanlike fashion, ranged alongside and asked if we were all right. Being advised of our situation, and with some laughter at our expense, she offered a tow. We weighed anchor and, the line thrown by our navigator being made fast, we plowed away in her wake. The name *Gertrude* was clearly emblazoned on her stern and remains in grateful memory.

This taking of a tow disgusted the Sailor who shortly drew encouraging snorts from the little engine. These were listened to appreciatively from the stern of the *Gertrude* and, after a tow of three miles, we were cast off at our request.

Owing to the tidal current and the tow, we were none too certain of our exact position although we had been keeping track of our compass courses. The fog prevented verification by shore points. Why we didn't use the lead is a mystery. Our charts were good and in the aftermath it seems odd that none of us thought of it. As for the Chief Passenger, he was too relieved at the departure from the lee shore to think on any other subject.

We aimed to give Duxbury Reef a wide berth but in the half light failed to locate the buoy that marked it. Suddenly the Sailor pointed over the starboard quarter and there, in the misty morning, was revealed a long line of foam. We had passed the reef to starboard and had failed to see it.

Our course now lay a bit northwest to the Coast Guard station on Drake's Bay. The Chief Passenger was at the wheel, the wind light, the engine going well and the familiar white cliffs that mark the shores of Drake's Bay appeared to starboard. However, by examining the chart we soon realized that there must be ten miles of ocean swell between us and the Coast Guard station and, thanks to our misinformation, the question arose whether our gas would hold out. We could have laid a straight course but were anxious not to pass the hammerhead of Point Reyes and find ourselves out in the open Pacific, so we drew to the northward now and again to check up with the shore line.

The sun gradually dispelled the fog and our spirits rose, only to fall, as the last refueling, about two miles short of the Coast Guard dock, found us with a scant remnant of gas. However, it was enough, and shortly before noon we docked.

Here a mishap occurred of the preventable sort, and therefore exasperating, especially to the Sailor, who, his engine running, had again retired to fight off a threat of seasickness. The wind was light, the water was still, almost a mill pond, and the Navigator directed the Chief Passenger to come up alongside the dock *with* the current instead of against it. With the *ping* of a guitar string, our backstay snapped. It looked serious for a while; none of the Coast Guard men could splice steel wire but fortunately our Navigator did a seamanlike job with a stout manila line. Throughout the rest of the trip, whenever a strain was thrown on this spliced backstay, the Chief Passenger watched it with anxiety but the work was so well done that the installation of a new steel stay was postponed until the close of the season.

The Coast Guard had been on the lookout and they promptly presented us with another five gallons of gas with which to finish the trip.

Having turned cautious, the Chief Passenger telephoned over the hill to the Point Reyes Lighthouse, about a mile distant, and was told that the fog was breaking up and that there was a six-mile northwest wind. Overhead the sky was a brilliant blue and the waters of Drake's Bay reflected the same glorious color. Again we set sail, this time about one o'clock in the afternoon.

As we rounded the familiar hammerhead and sailed due west, the wind and sea freshened and, by the time we reached Point Reyes itself, the fog had descended, leaving only the lower part of the cliff exposed. The sea checked our headway and we were finally forced to turn on the engine. This did the trick and, with sails set and engine working, the tumbling seas did not stop us. Not a single green sea was shipped during the entire trip. We could see perhaps a mile inland and were holding on our course a trifle east of north for Bird Rock, some 17 miles distant. About half this distance had been covered when the fog blew in again. Though we were a scant mile offshore, the land was shut out completely; only a line of white now and then announced the presence of combers. With more confidence in engine and compass we could have held a straight course for Bird Rock, but for safety's sake we eased in now and again to check up on the coast. We kept sharp lookout; time and again we thought we had sighted the Bird only to discover our error and decide that it must lie further north. Once the Navigator was sure the desired rock was in sight, but the Chief Passenger recognized the one rock on that shore familiar to him, and the chart showed that the Bird lay still farther north.

Out to sea again we went, and back again toward shore, watching that misty line, here a rock and there a comber, and then suddenly, long after we thought we must have passed it, a great rock loomed ahead. It was "'bout ship" in a hurry. We raced out several hundred yards and, huddled in the cockpit, held council. None of us was sure of the Bird. We were cold and weary. Neither the Chief Passenger nor the Sailor had made the trip before and we knew that the fog plays tricks. Had we gone clear by Tamales entrance and up into Bodega Bay? Must we remain all night at sea with no means of reassuring those at home? Ought we to sail back

(Continued on page 123)

CASTING OFF THE MOORINGS

By

EILEEN MORRIS

"HAVE you ever heard of this yacht before?" asked my sister, as I came into the room.

"What yacht?"

"This man who is speaking now over the radio. He's captain of a yacht — some kind of foreigner, but I don't know what. Listen; he's worth listening to."

". . . and so we came to Spain, after being blown back twice into the Bay of Biscay. From there we sailed round the Mediterranean; we touched at Sicily, at the Riviera; we went into the harbor of Ibiza, in the Balearic Islands, for the week-end, and stayed six months. It was beautiful there . . . . all the almond trees in blossom, and the people were so good to us . . . we swam in the blue sea and talked with the fishermen. . . ."

I had a vivid mental picture of sunny skies and brilliant blue seas breaking on the rocks. The deep, strongly-accented voice went on, telling of the Canary Islands, of a passage across the Atlantic, of storms at sea in a little boat, of humorous incidents — one could almost see the twinkle in his eye as he told these — of sunny days with good breezes, and of anchoring in distant ports.

When he had finished, we both sat silent until the announcer said: "You have been listening to Captain George Dibbern, skipper of the 32-foot ketch *Te Rapunga*, which is traveling round the world, and is at present berthed in Napier. The *Te Rapunga* has been a year in New Zealand waters, and next month will compete in the 1700-mile Trans-Tasman yacht race between Auckland and Melbourne."

"I enjoyed that talk," said my sister.

I said nothing. I had more than enjoyed it; I was still under the spell. All my life I had wanted to travel, without seeing a chance in the future of being able to gratify that desire, and here were people not only traveling, but doing it in the most delightful manner. Even as slight a contact as this seemed to bring with it a breath of romance, of deep envy.

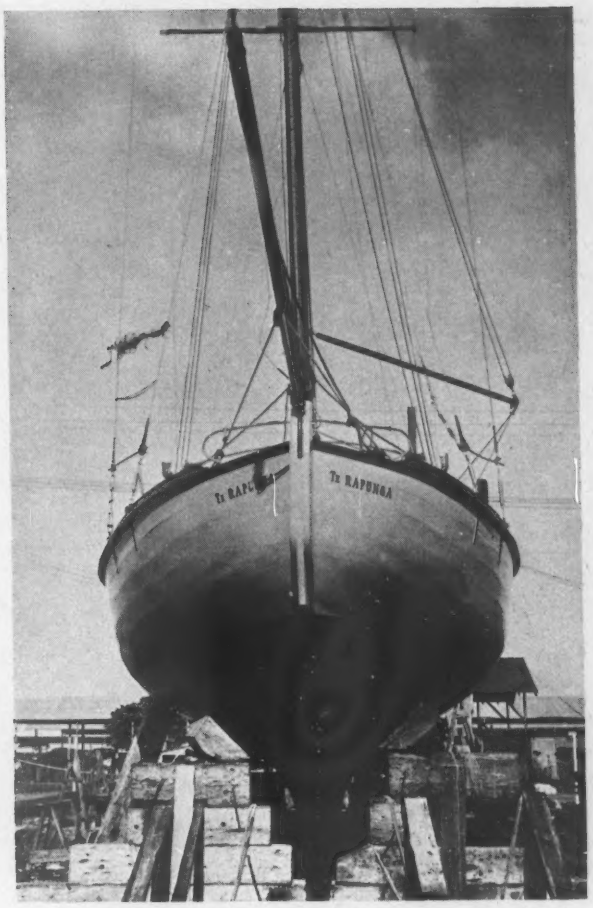
"If you feel like that, why don't you go down and meet them?" said my sister, who had been watching my face.

"I won't do that. But at least I can go and look at the boat."

So next morning a friend and I went down to the wharf where the trawlers lie. We could see no boat that resembled what we sought, until at last I said:

"It couldn't be that little thing over there, could it?"

"That's far too small," she replied. "Unless . . . is that the German flag?"



"Te Rapunga" is a beamy double-ender. Here she is on the ways, as seen from astern

"Don't know. I've never seen one. But I believe that must be the boat. I didn't think it was possible for any boat as small as that to leave the coast."

"That's the *Te Rapunga*, said a cheerful voice behind us. "Like to come on board and have a look at her?" and we swung round to find a tall, dark man standing near.

"I don't belong to the permanent crew," he told us, as we climbed down a shaky ladder, "but the skipper is always glad to have people come aboard."

Then I stepped breathlessly onto the brown deck. I didn't know much about boats beyond the fact that one end was the bow and the other the stern, and that mainsail was pronounced mains'l, and it was an exciting moment. I wonder how I would have felt if someone had told me that I would soon be calling this little boat "home" and voyaging across oceans in her.

We picked our way over what I have since learned to call fore sheets, and found ourselves above the after hatchway. From below, the skipper was looking at us, smiling, as he vigorously scoured a pot which he was holding in one hand.

We went gingerly down a steep ladder and were in the smallest kitchen I had ever seen, with a little square sink in the bench and china mugs and steins hanging on hooks on the walls. Next to the kitchen was a tiny cabin with the end of its bunk disappearing beyond the partition, under the kitchen bench, and two doors opposite it, one to a full-length wardrobe, and the other to the toilet. Then we sat on one of the bunks in the main cabin, which is ten feet by ten, and looked about us. It was all so totally different from anything we had ever seen before; the neat bunks with a big table between them, a kerosene lamp hanging above it, the walls of varnished wood with small oval portholes, and through the doorway forward a glimpse of two more bunks, piled with sails and paint brushes and coils of rope. I tried to imagine what it would be like to live and travel in a boat,

I looked down to hide the tears in my eyes. How explain what a small New Zealand town would say on the subject, how fierce an opposition there would be on the part of my family, how explain that I had no idea of how being talked about would make me feel? No one I knew had ever done such a thing. It was the unknown, and we are all more frightened of the unknown than of anything else.

These thoughts raced round and round in my head as we listened to German folk songs played on a wooden block flute, with the softest tone in the world, and then, almost surprised that we were so much interested in the kind of life that was a matter of course to him, the skipper told us of his trip, starting from Kiel, without money or experience and sailing through the treacherous sands of the River Elbe, and across the Channel with no chronometer and one set of old sails. Gales near the Scillies . . . in the Bay of Biscay . . . incidents of trips in the Mediterranean . . . Atlantic crossing . . . entering Jamaica without charts . . . the hundred and one day trip without touching land from Panama to San Francisco . . . storms, doldrums, being hove to in rough seas . . . and all told with such a vividness and humor that we could have listened all night. It did not seem to me that this could be real. Here was I sitting in a little cabin in the lamplight, with travelers from another world — I had never met Germans before — with an ache in my heart. For a brief time the small New Zealand town was forgotten — I was in contact with adventure and romance.

(Continued on page 121)

She is a husky-looking craft, with ketch rig. Below, "Te Rapunga" and the little "Queen Mary," of Halifax, Nova Scotia, in a harbor of Victoria, in the summer of 1937

and thought it must be more fun than anything else in the world could possibly be.

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"Well, why don't you try it for a couple of days?" said the skipper to me.

It was after supper, which we had stayed to eat on board, and we had been sitting round talking.

"I'd rather do it than anything else I can think of," I replied truthfully.

"Well, we're going up the coast to Gisborne. Shouldn't take us more than two days unless we get bad winds. We'll take you if you'd like to come."

It was as if someone had suddenly sliced the ground away from under my feet. Here was an offer such as would probably never come again in a lifetime — and I had to shake my head.

"Why not?"

"Because I've been conventionally brought up," I said flatly.

"Does that matter?"

"Well, it just isn't the kind of thing one can do."

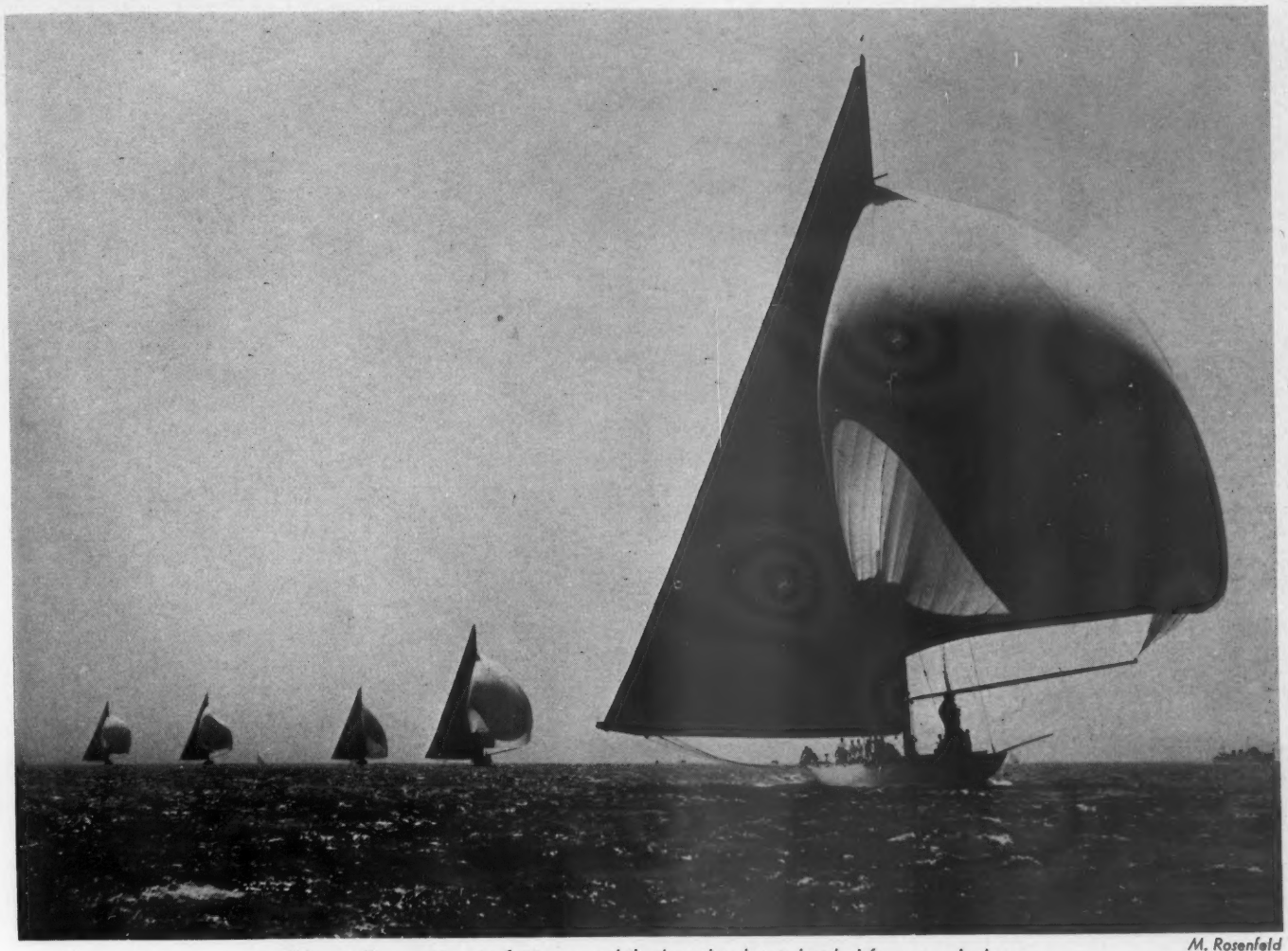
"Why not?" asked the skipper again.

I didn't like this uncompromising query because I had to think of an answer for it. "Because — well . . ." Well, because it just wasn't done, but that wasn't a reasonable reply. Was it that I was afraid of the men? No; and I had faith in my own judgment.

"Be honest," said the skipper. "Is it just what people would say?"

"I suppose it is," I said slowly. And then, because he seemed to be waiting, looking at me with his disconcertingly direct glance, "I — Well, I just couldn't."

"All right," he said easily, and began to play his mouth organ.



"Ranger" won 29 out of 31 races while the other boats battled for second place

M. Rosenfeld

IT WAS ALL "RANGER"

A Review of the 1937 Racing in Class J

By C. SHERMAN HOYT

INASMUCH as no comprehensive appraisal of the racing results in Class J has been made subsequent to the match for the America's Cup, and there is still some question as to how the two *Endeavours* measure up in their racing against the other American "J's," I have been asked to give my impressions of the various yachts that raced in the class last summer.

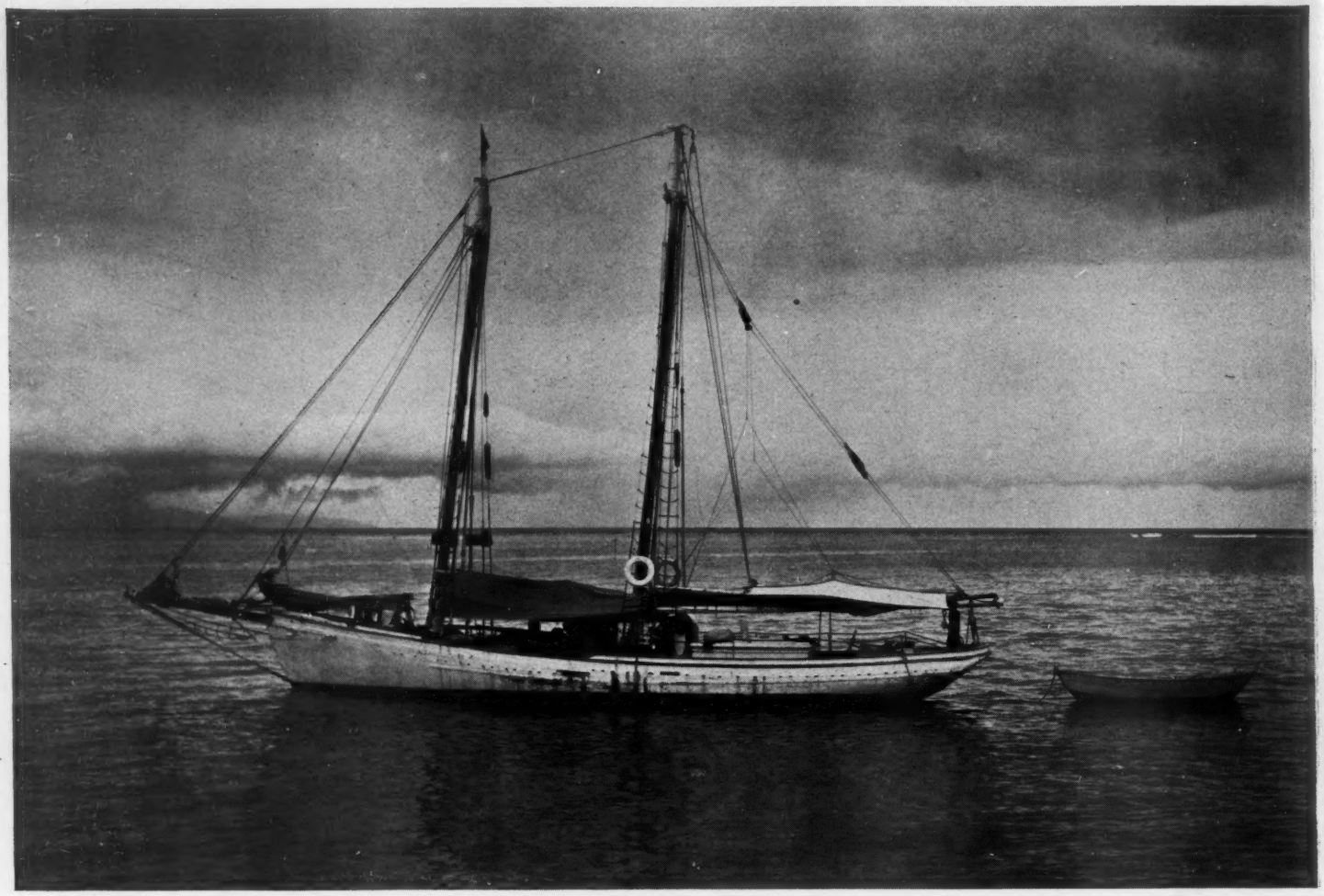
After the conclusion of the America's Cup match, the racing in Class J continued to be all *Ranger*, with *Endeavour II* showing a slight all around superiority over *Endeavour*, *Rainbow* and *Yankee*. All five sailed on the New York Yacht Club Cruise, three port to port runs, the Astor and King's Cup Races, and then proceeded to Marblehead for a series of five races conducted by the Eastern Yacht Club. *Ranger* won every race, save the New London to Newport run, when *Yankee*, well astern of the lot, took a chance and went away to the southward off Fishers Island. Out at sea, she picked up a strong southerly before the others, having a close race inshore, got it and finished well ahead of *Rainbow* in second place. It was a repetition of the good judgment, or luck, as those defeated usually claim, of the type which enabled us in *Endeavour*, and also *Yankee*, during the Eastern Yacht Club Cruise earlier in the season, to hand *Ranger* her only other defeat.

The weather conditions continued in the main as they were all summer — on the light side and generally unsatisfactory with many shifts in the wind and with fluky conditions prevailing. The series off Marblehead was particularly exasperating but, in spite of all, blow hard or low and with the other four more or less trying to gang up on her, *Ranger* never had much difficulty in winning. It truly was a remarkable performance, and within my recollection no boat in a crack open racing class has shown such overwhelming superiority since the *Gloriana* raced in 1891 in the 46-foot class.

I have frequently been asked to what I attribute her success. I remember something about "little drops of water and little grains of sand make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land" and think her ultimate performance was of this order. A clever hull design, aided materially by exhaustive tank tests with some new, thoroughly scientific methods; a modern progressive rig; superb headsails, most of them with double clews, shorter hoist and cut lower on the foot than the normal; a surpassingly smart crew and afterguard exhaustively trained and drilled; Vanderbilt's fine helmsmanship and racing judgment and, above all, his painstaking attention to and indefatigable experimenting with every detail, no matter how small, in connection with rig, gear, equipment, sails and personnel.

Endeavour II, to my mind, conclusively showed slight but

(Continued on page 120)



"Director" at Dilly Port, on the Dutch island of Timor

"DIRECTOR" FOLLOWS THE "BOUNTY'S" LONGBOAT

By

BRUCE AND SHERIDAN FAHNESTOCK

THE Arafura Sea kept its promise to mariners during our crossing of its eleven hundred miles. We crossed its wastes outside the short season of trades and knew the true meaning of "flat calm." Nowhere else have we seen it. The sea was absolutely flat and its surface was dusted with sand that sifted down out of the sky from the Australian deserts to the south. We were motionless, even when under way with power — as motionless as a ship has ever been.

We had come out of Thursday Island and laid a course for Timor Laut, the first of the Dutch East Indies. The wind of the Torres Straits left us and we found ourselves drifting by the famous Indian Ocean wanderer, the Carpentaria Lightship. This unattended steel lightvessel has been known, when not watched carefully, to drift off its moorings and take to sea all alone. She was picked up not long ago, flashing her beacon religiously, 800 miles southwest of her position.

There were four of us aboard now and having lost old Alec of pneumonia at Thursday had made us all a little grim. But the Diesel was booming along and the food was not too bad and the sunsets through the dusty haze were good wages. We would pray that the long days would end for the blessing of the night's coolness and in the evening Hey Hey would sing to his guitar as of old — Panama dities in Spanish and Marquesan chants we all know by heart; soft songs sung in the evening by the sea wall in Papeete; *Isa Lei* of Fiji and a wild cry from Ndeni of the Santa Cruz. We all sang by the wheel like a stage set and that red evening sky looked phony enough to be an inspiration of Radio City Music Hall.

When the oil was running low and we were no longer able to bake bread because of lack of certain ingredients, we sighted Selaru, an island off the southern end of the Tanimbar Group — Timor Laut. According to an ancient pilot book we had been given by old Captain Elliot of the *Levernbank*, at Samarai, the port of entry from the east to the Netherlands East Indies was Adaut, on Selaru Island. We turned slightly south to lay it.

It was at Adaut next morning that we were arrested and made to sail thirteen miles to Saumlakki where it was our resolve to prove to doubting Malay police that we were not Japanese trocas poachers! In Adaut, a contingent of green-clad police, carrying a small sub-machine gun, many knives, rifles, etc., had come aboard to arrest us. Two were stationed over Bruce who cursed away, trying to start the engine in the greasy part of the ship. Two more watched Sheridan while he toyed with the wheel and still more armed men watched Dennis while he supervised the hoisting away of the anchor, although what tricks Dennis could have pulled with a 350-pound anchor is beyond us. The minions of Her Majesty, Wilhelmina of Holland, distrusted our black

In this native canoe, seen at Gilolo, in the Molucca Passage, was nearly a ton of cargo, mostly five-gallon cans of oil. She used palm fronds for sails. Below, one of the odd sailing craft hailing from Celebes. Bottom, right, the Malay police, not one of whom spoke a word of English, who arrested "Director's" ship's company, taking them for pearl shell poachers

Hey Hey most, though, and had his 195 pounds of fighting Jamaican muscle locked up in the galley!

Off we went to Saumlakki, under arrest, with the "army" sitting about our decks spitting betel juice into the scuppers. Upon arrival at the Dutch headquarters we were released promptly, but told that we had entered at the wrong port. Our old pilot book was just fifteen years out of date and all ships must now enter at Saumlakki. The Dutch were nice, but smug, and off we went as soon as possible with Koepang Dutch Timor as our vague objective. Ten minutes after sailing, we had an idea what the next 900 miles or so would be like. A good hearty roll with no wind — and us'ns with nary a drop more than five hours of Diesel oil in our tanks. Oh, and it was windward work, too. We would make five miles or so every day and solemnly enter it in the short log, disdaining to write a line in the journal.

When we got up under big Timor, we played land breezes as all land-breeze-players do and are firmly convinced that land breezes under big islands are pure bunk. One afternoon, while we sat aft discussing the possibility of a land breeze in the evening we made a momentous decision. We would go into Dilly. Dilly is the capital of the last of the Portuguese East Indian possessions. It is a foul little town where malaria germs, cholera germs, dysentery and dengue go hand and hand through the open-sewaged streets and the devil cares who wins. The population, native, is a dispirited group of people who never wash, never have washed, and would probably be insulted if you suggested such a thing. A few brave souls sail about that coast in clapboard arks called *prahus* and every year dozens of them are lost at sea. The white, or Portuguese, population consists of several semi-exiled Portuguese business men and 500 *deportados* who range up and down the crime scale from regicide to bridge-blower-uppers. It is a fact that in Portuguese Timor no less than 70 out of the 500 *deportados* have some limb or other missing, usually an arm, lost in getting too close to the bomb they threw at some prominent Lisbonite.

Everybody in Timor sleeps from nine in the morning until six in the evening and almost everybody in Timor sleeps from six in the evening until nine in the morning so, naturally, we didn't accomplish much in Timor. How irascible old Captain Bligh managed to wake the Koepang residents in time to feed his skeleton crew in the long boat is difficult to guess, but he did and the method is his copyright.

During the few waking hours of the average Timorese, it is customary to stare fixedly out at the Timor Sea upon the

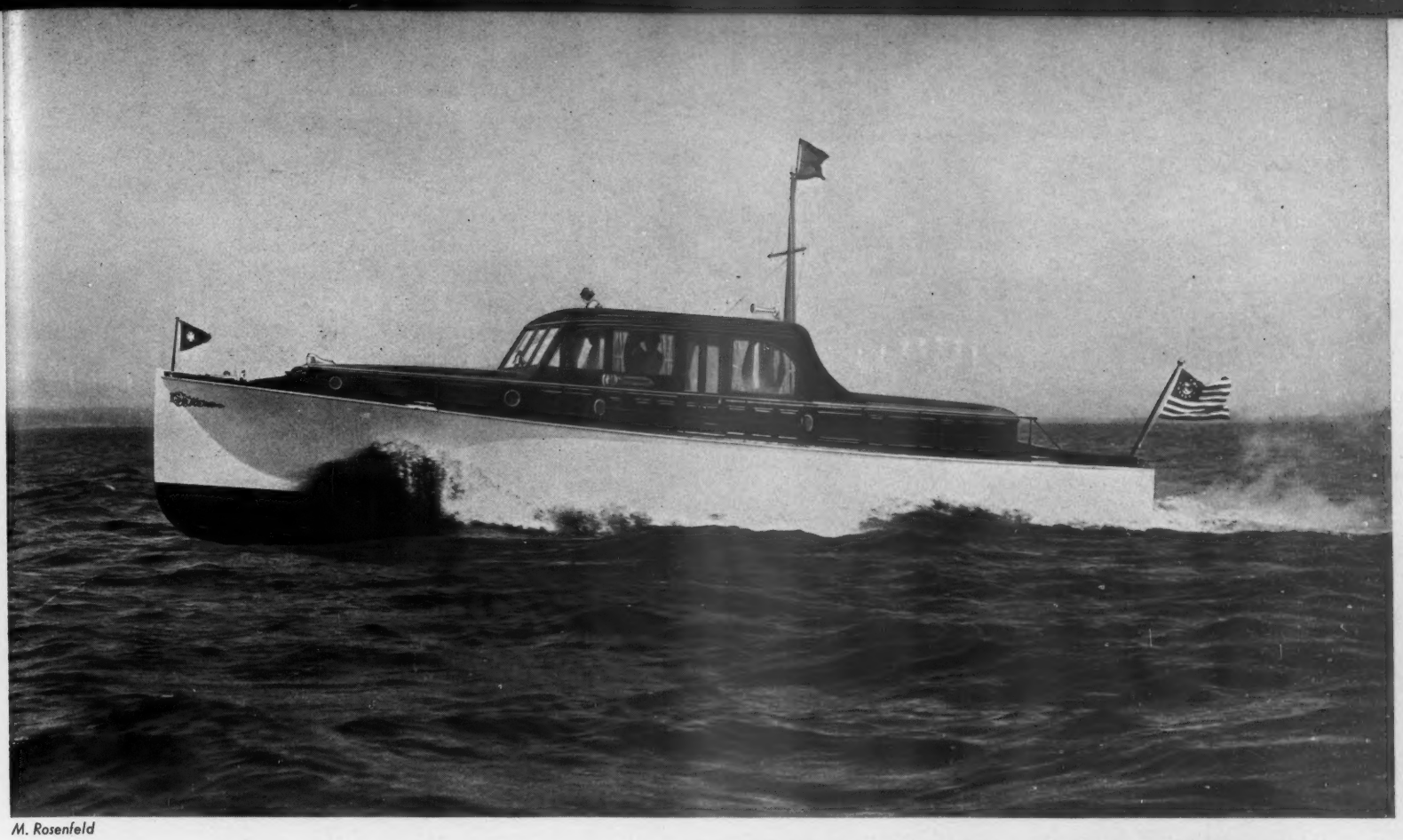
(*Continued on page 126*)

"Kailani Lahilahi," designed by Westlawn Associates and built by Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation for Mr. and Mrs. James H. R. Cromwell. The yacht is a 57-footer driven by two V-12 Scripps engines of 250 hp. each. She will be used in Honolulu.

This 32-footer, designed and built by the Vinyard Ship Building Co., of Milford, Del., is driven at a 22-mile pace by a pair of Kermath Sea Prince engines. Turning at 3000 r.p.m., these swing 14" by 10" propellers.

"Audrey III" is owned by E. H. Cooper, of New Britain, Conn., who is now cruising in Florida in her. She is 45' in length over all and 11' 6" beam, and was built by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation from its own plans. Driven by a pair of 110 hp. Kermath Sea Mates, "Audrey III" made 18 miles per hour on her trials.

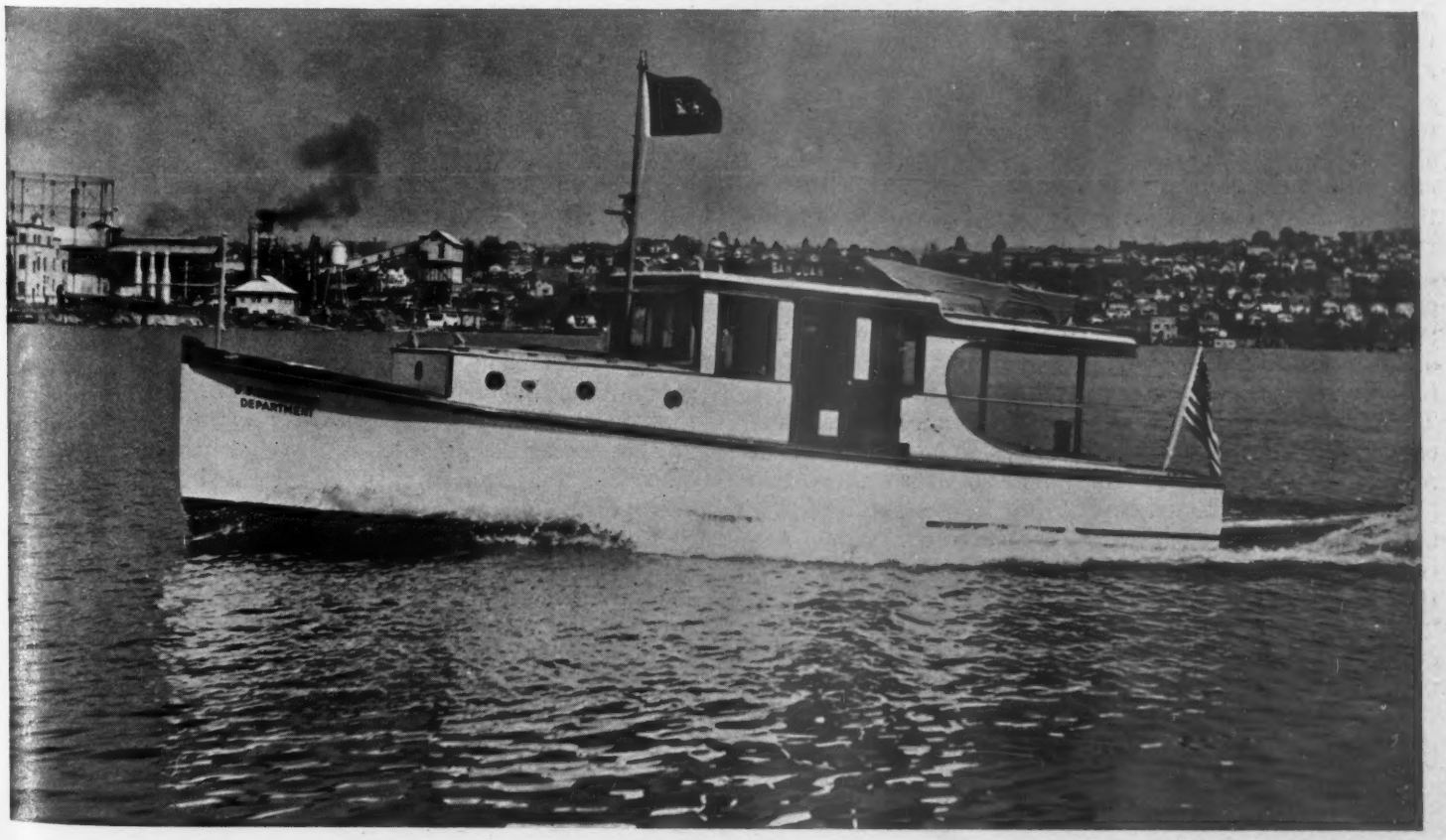
M. Rosenfeld



M. Rosenfeld

Here is the latest model of the 46' Twin Screw Motor Yacht built by the American Car and Foundry Company from designs by the company's naval architect, A. W. van Hoorn. A pair of Hall-Scott gasoline engines developing 110 hp. each gives her a speed of about 18 miles per hour. Right, the owner's cabin, looking forward.

"San Juan" is a 36-footer designed by H. D. G. Baxter, of the Portland office of the U. S. Engineers Department. She was built by the Tremont Boat Market and is used as a general utility boat by the Engineers for inspection work, towing, etc., in and around Seattle. A 6-cylinder Sterling Petrel engine drives her at a top speed of 13 knots.



UNDER THE LEE OF THE LONGBOAT

By "SPUN YARN"

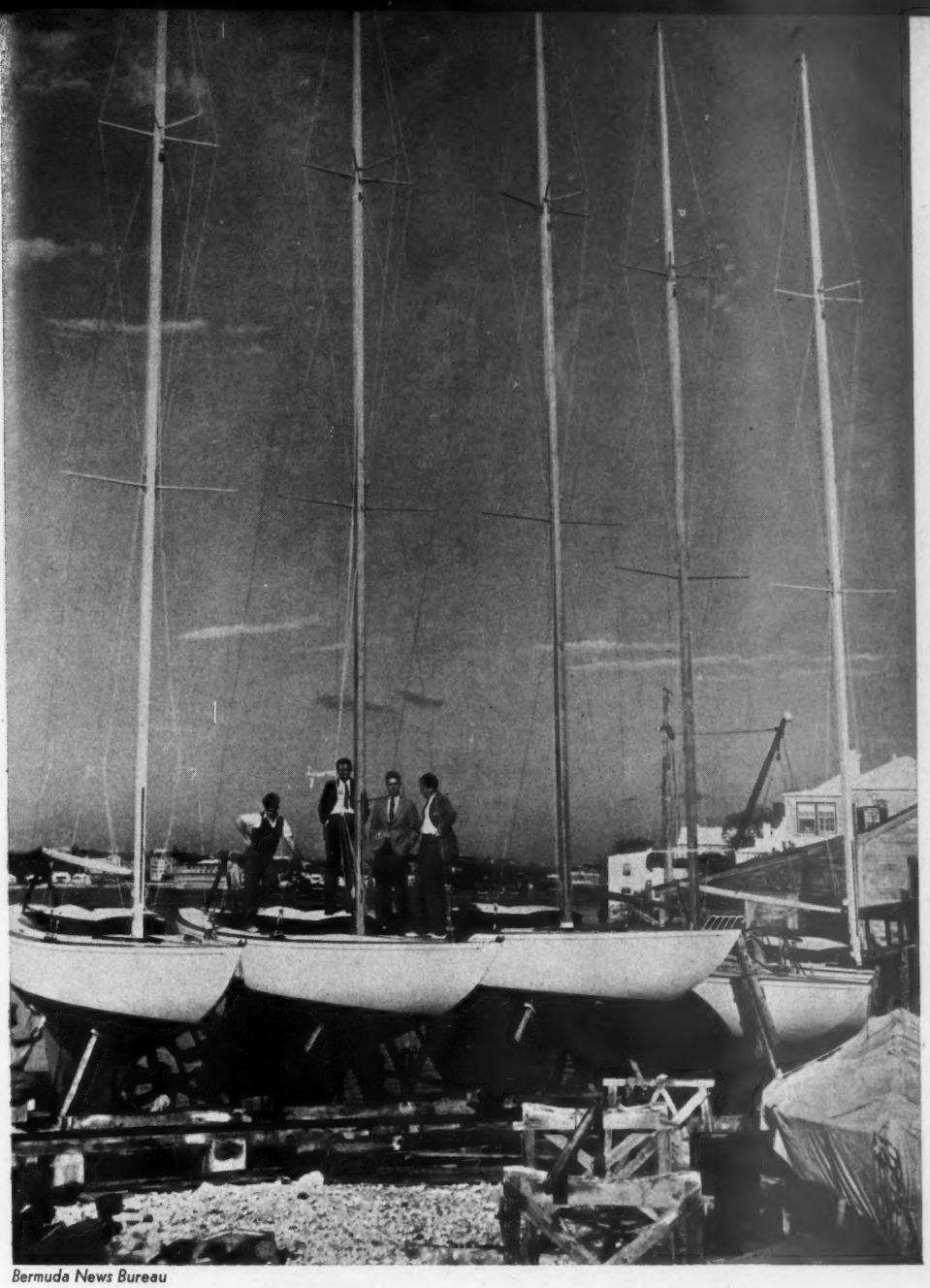
THE provision of the new rule of the Cruising Club of America which increases the allowance of schooners deserves commendation, although if any of you remember how I have carried on about schooner allowances in the past you may think it inconsistent of me to say so. My earlier stand was that it was unjust to deprive a faster rig of the merited fruits of victory by lowering the rating of the slower rig. But the present popularity of cutters, sloops and yawls for long-distance racing has altered the elements of the discussion, and I am only changing my opinion to accord with changed conditions. The fact is that the racing boat is the bellwether of the cruising fleet. Where the racer goes the cruiser follows, whether the example be set in improved mast and deck gear, in development of new sail forms, or in increased hull efficiency. If the schooner owner feels that he is licked by the cutter and the yawl before he starts there will be little incentive for him to continue to race, and continued improvement of the schooner rig may conceivably languish. But if the increased allowance invites wider schooner participation it is undoubtedly a move in the proper direction.

Speaking of rules, the Royal Ocean Racing Club of England has evolved a new classification in which an attempt is made to give the owner of the old-fashioned family carryall an even break. Such boats, on request of the owners, will be segregated in a cruiser class, in which competitors will be restricted to one light-weather headsail and one light-weather spinnaker each. This restriction almost automatically excludes from the class the modern ocean racer which maintains its high average speed by use of a wide variety of light-weather sails. The second class will be restricted to two light-weather sails which can be set forward of the forestay, one light forestaysail, and one spinnaker. In this class, also at the owners' option, will race fast yachts which are not ocean racers and yet which because of light construction or for other reason should not be included in the cruiser class. Then there will be, as before, the open class for ocean racers, converted metre boats, and all comers, in which there is no restriction on the quality and number of sails carried. It is further ordered by the R.O.R.C. that in the distribution of awards the clumbungies (honest-to-God cruisers) are not only eligible for prizes in their own "B" class, but also for those in the "A" fast cruiser class and in the open class as well. The "A" cruisers are restricted in competition to prizes in their own class and the "B" class, while the open racers are eligible only for prizes awarded in that class. The effect of all this is to keep the modern ocean racing machine from lording it over the "sea keeping" slower cruiser, while at the same time giving the latter the glitteringly remote chance of winning the principal trophy in any race. Considered from the cruiser owner's point of view, the new classification is good because it is a scientific solution of Aesop's theorem that the grapes you can't reach are sour.

The R.O.R.C.'s new approach to the definition of what constitutes light-weather canvas is also interesting. Proceeding stern first, the club characterizes a working headsail as one "which is carried in a wind of Force 5 at sea." Hence any headsail that can't usefully be carried in a wind force of greater than 5 (24 knots) is a light-weather sail. Thus the emphasis is not erroneously placed on one's financial ability to purchase a flock of kites, but is put where it belongs on a boat's ability to carry sail. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that borderline cases will complicate successful application of the definition. As an example to illustrate the point, Walter Barnum's *Brilliant* in the 1936 Bermuda Race replaced her big, light-weather guinea with a small, high-cut one and carried that until after the competitors in sight had reefed their mainsails and shortened to single headsails. Judged by the sail reduction of these boats, we probably carried this guinea in wind velocities of more than 25 knots. Yet it is not a working headsail and by the new limitation would be barred in a R.O.R.C. race. Yet — again — *Brilliant* is exactly the heavy type of authentic cruiser that requires a big guinea to coax her along in light going and a medium guinea to keep her at top speed when the racing hulls are knifing through the water under a spitfire jib. However, as Mr. Roosevelt is reported to have said to Mr. Hoover in the next-to-the-last depression, "That's not my baby."

A youthful reader who likes YACHTING in general but who gets nothing but a pain in the neck from this page writes that "people who are too too awfully awfully clevah, generally get hooked sooner or later." He says further that he has a suspicion that I am what the Government might refer to as a subversive influence to be entirely eliminated. The thing that makes this communication interesting is neither the abuse nor the anonymity in which the writer cloaks his abuse. The interesting thing is that it came in a War Department envelope and was written in and postmarked at Fort Lewis, Wash. This is the first inkling I've had from one of the tax-

(Continued on page 120)



Bermuda News Bureau

W. C. Sawyer

Myron Lehman's new Star, built by Walton Hubbard, appeared at the Newport Harbor Y. C. Christmas Regatta, rigged with the new rig used by the German Star "Pimm" in the Internationals

Left, the five International One Design racers owned in Bermuda, hauled out at Warwick before the opening of the winter season

A nautical mural, painted on a plaster panel, in the studio of the artist, Yngve E. Soderberg

THE MONTH IN YACHTING

Comet Class Association Meets

THE annual meeting of the Comet Class Association was held in New York on January 14th, followed by a dinner, both well attended. The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year. President, Dr. John Eiman, of Philadelphia; executive vice president, Edward L. Voorhees, New York; secretary, Rodney T. Bonsall, Philadelphia; assistant secretary, David J. Miskey, 2nd., Haddon Heights, N. J.; treasurer, Dr. Wilbur H. Haines, Philadelphia; assistant secretary, Henry W. Post, Wynnewood, Pa.; chief measurer, Clayton E. Jenkins, Philadelphia; chairman appeals committee, Herbert L. Stone, New York. Regional vice presidents chosen are: Massachusetts, Samuel Lanza; Central and Northern New York State, Gilbert Wolfe, Rome; South Jersey and Pennsylvania, E. Merrill, Philadelphia; Chesapeake Bay — Eastern Shore, R. M. Gibson, Royal Oak, Maryland; Potomac River and Western Shore, D. Verner Smythe, of Washington, D. C.

The five leaders in the competition for the High Point Trophy are: D. Verner Smythe, in *Sassy Too*, of the Potomac River Fleet, with 1734⅓ total points; J. C. Simons, in *Jackenpop*, of the Stone Harbor Fleet, 1725 6/16; C. G. Keller, in *Diablo*, of the Maunee River Fleet, 1681 2/9; Gilpin and Terry, in *Wallenpanpack*, of the Keyport Y. C.; Anthony Nelson, in *No. 114*, of Columbus, O.

The meeting added to the rules several restrictions which in no way change the construction of present Comets but guard the one-design feature more closely than ever. Definite rules barring the flexible spars introduced by the German Star *Pimm* were adopted.

President Eiman announced that the 1938 National Championship regatta has been awarded to the Skaneateles Country Club, on Skaneateles Lake, in the central part of New York State. Roger Wilcox, 1937 champion, and his home club, the Richmond County Yacht Club, waived the right to hold the series which has been on Raritan Bay for the last three years. All the coastal fleets are expected to send representatives and there are a dozen or more large fleets in Central New York and on the Great Lakes. This will be the first time that the national championships of the class have been held on fresh water.

A Mural by Yngve E. Soderberg

A NEW idea in decoration for the yachtsman's home or club is shown in the fresco mural painting in the studio of Yngve Edward Soderberg, on Mason's Island, Mystic, Conn.

First a frame 7 feet long and 3 feet 3 inches high was constructed. On this a wall board formed the base on which two coats of plaster were applied, allowing a week for each coat to

Richard H. Anthony Photos

The "Week-Ender" under canvas. The first of the new one-design class sponsored by Donald B. Abbott and built by Lawley from plans by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., out on a sail-stretching spin

Ellen S. Merriman

Vale, "Aloha!" The last of Arthur Curtiss James' beautiful bark-rigged auxiliary as she was being broken up at a junk yard in Fall River after 28 years under the same ownership

dry. The third or final coat, of very fine plaster, was applied in sections and each section was painted while the plaster was still wet. When the plaster dried, the colors crystallized on the surface and became very luminous.

The sky is a dark gray with a strip of blue sky and white clouds appearing behind the men shortening sail. Warm reds and browns appear in the foreground which repeat colors in other objects in the room, giving a feeling of unity and organization.

The mural is placed next to the ceiling which is 12 feet from the floor. To give the proper perspective, the artist purposely eliminated the water and horizon which creates the effect of looking up at the bowsprit. It also tends to arrest the motion which such a subject as shortening sail in an approaching squall would suggest.

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The Blue Water Medal

AT THE annual meeting of the Cruising Club of America, held in January, the Blue Water Medal for 1937 was awarded to Charles W. Atwater, of New York, for his cruise to Iceland in his 37½-foot sloop *Duckling*. A medal, without date, was also awarded to Roger S. Strout, of Brunswick, Maine, for his cruise around the world in the *Igdrasil*. Mr. Strout built *Igdrasil* himself, copying the lines of Captain Slocum's famous *Spray*. Originally rigged as a sloop, he converted *Igdrasil* into a yawl in the course of the cruise.

Fahnestocks Buy a Tern Schooner

BRUCE and Sheridan Fahnestock, the two adventuresome youths who returned recently from a two-year cruise to the South Seas and Malayan Straits in the schooner *Director*, are planning another scientific expedition, to start as soon as they finish their series of lectures and radio appearances. They parted with *Director* in Manila. Now they have just purchased the three-masted schooner *Sachem* through the agency of John G. Alden, who also secured *Director* for them over two years ago.

Sachem would seem to be an ideal craft for extended ocean cruising. Built in Nova Scotia in 1920, she is 136 feet long and has ample beam. She might be considered to be a cross between a fisherman and a coaster, having more cargo capacity than the former and more speed than the latter. Designed primarily for transporting salt fish to Portugal, it is rumored that *Sachem* took a fling at rum running before the repeal of the Noble Experiment. At any rate, she was bought in 1931 by Rowe B. Metcalf, who cruised extensively in her after Alden had installed a 150 hp. Winton motor.

Sachem has been laid up in Gloucester for some two years. Early in the spring the Fahnestocks will sail her to Essex, Conn., where they will fit out for their next expedition to far away waters beginning in the autumn of 1938.

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Winter Yachting

YACHTING in December in Nova Scotian waters is somewhat unusual, to say the least, but Captain L. M. Wilson, of Baddeck, made the passage from Cape Breton to Cape Sable and across the Bay of Fundy late in December. This was the first and most dangerous leg of his voyage to Florida. In a

Model of the attractive 300-ton Diesel yacht "Nameless" under construction by the Defore Boat and Motor Works, Bay City, Mich., from designs by Cox & Stevens, Inc., of New York. The yacht is 136 feet in length over all and her hull is entirely welded, no rivets being used. Two 500 hp. light weight Winton-Diesels are being installed. Her plans appeared in the June, 1937, issue of "Yachting"

letter to Commodore J. D. McNeil, of the Bras D'Or Yacht Club, he praises the boat and her builders, says that his crew are sturdy, tough and loyal seafaring men but is modestly silent as to his own part.

His boat, the new *Starcrest*, is a modern cutter 34 feet 6 inches long over all, 9 feet 10 inches beam and 4 feet 11 inches draft. She was built by Walter Pinaud and Sons, of Baddeck. She went through a lot of bad weather after leaving her home port.

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College Yachting News

FIRST on the roster this month comes news of a survey of the scope of college yachting. From Walter C. Wood, of "Tech," we understand that a comprehensive report is being prepared by a class in statistics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and mailed to some thirty-odd colleges and universities where groups interested in sailing are known to exist.

This is the first attempt that has been made to correlate facts about not only the charter members of the I.C.Y.R.A. but all other colleges interested. It is to be hoped that all college clubs receiving the M.I.T. questionnaire will hasten to fill out and return it as the tabulations will be of interest to all concerned. YACHTING hopes to have the opportunity of recording the results of this survey in an early issue.

According to an interview with Treasurer John P. Meade of the Princeton Yacht Club, this club has the largest roster in its ten-year history, there being some seventy-five men enrolled this year. Of the original thirteen Wright-built Tiger Class "dinks" on Lake Carnegie there are some eight or nine now left and efforts are being made to encourage the return of the others which have been removed by graduating Princetonians. In addition, there are two Class D Dyer dinks this year, brought in by new members.

John Taylor Arms, '39, is commodore of the Princeton Yacht Club. Arms has been one of the top-notch contenders in International Star Class competitions in recent years.

Other well-known sailors among the Tiger contingent include Philip LeBoutilliere; W. B. Harwood, vice commodore; Phil Loomis, of Vineyard Haven, where the heritage of sail has never diminished; Teddy Ill, of Class E sloop fame on Barnegat Bay, and Gardner Cox.

Before the Christmas holidays, Arthur Knapp gave an interesting lecture on *Ranger* at the Princeton Yacht Club.

A plan for subsidizing Princeton's dinghy fleet is under discussion. How Princeton solves this perplexing problem will be of interest to other colleges and we hope to publish more on this subject in a later issue.

After a period of indecision, the Yale Corinthians have, we understand, placed an order with George Lauder for ten Class X Alden-designed dinks.

Georgetown University ordered a dozen Cape Cod dinghies during the Motor Boat Show. So, before long, the Potomac should be flecked with their Marconi rigs.

We are late in recording the purchase of small fleets of Dyer "D" dinghies at both Cornell and Williams, but wish to do so at this time, as these concrete orders are the surest indication of the vitality of college yachting and the forward thrust which it has made in recent years.

Material relating to college yacht clubs, including plans, photos, news items, etc., should be addressed to the College News Editor. Such material should be received prior to the first of each month for inclusion in the following month's issue.

RICHARD MANNING

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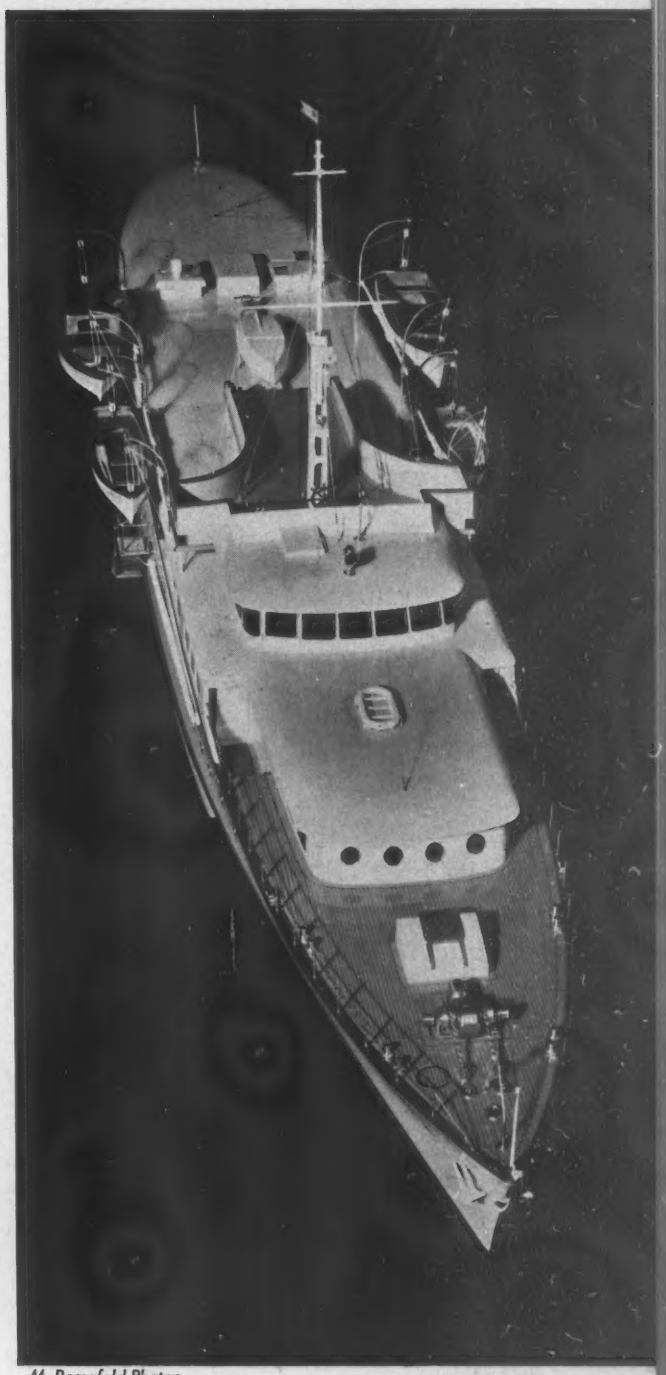
New Officers Elected

In the New York Power Squadron, Ambrose Day of the Larchmont Y. C. was elected squadron commander, together with the following: lieutenant-commander, Lewis H. Johnson, Huntington Y. C.; treasurer, Lowell D. Beatty, Peekskill Y. C.; and secretary, Karl G. Kutscher.

William H. Picken, Jr., was elected president of the Great South Bay Y. R. A. Other officers are: First vice president, William C. Foster; second vice president, Theodore T. Everitt; secretary-treasurer, Stephen Nash.



M. Rosenfeld Photos

Canadian Dinghy Sailors Adopt International Rule

WITH the announcement that the International 14-foot dinghies which will represent the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in a series of races against a team from the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club, of Lowestoft, England, next summer, off Toronto Island, are to be built to the rules of the International Yacht Racing Union (the same rules to which the English boats are built), one of the final steps has been taken toward a uniform building rule for 14-foot dinghies on both sides of the Atlantic. This, coupled with the pending formation of a Canadian Dinghy Association, which it is hoped will adopt the rule for the measurement of its boats, bears out the prediction made in the November, 1933, issue of YACHTING that before long a uniform rule for 14-foot dinghies would be adopted both in Europe and America.

The movement toward uniformity had its beginning in the late summer of 1933 when a series of races was held on Long Island Sound to settle the question as to which of the rules was producing the abler boats, the I.Y.R.U. rule, under which the boats representing England and Long Island were built, or the rule of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association of Lake Ontario, under which the Toronto and Rochester boats were built. The I.Y.R.U. boats were all full-bowed sloops of carvel construction, whereas the L.S.S.A. boats were clinker built, the Rochester boats being sloop rigged and the Toronto boats hollow bowed cat boats. Little superiority was shown by either side during the series. It was apparent, however, that the English boats behaved better in heavy weather, while the Canadian boats seemed to have an edge in moderate going.

The result of this series was that a return engagement was arranged to be sailed on Lake Ontario, off Toronto Island, the following year. The English appeared with four sloops, designed by Uffa Fox, flying the burgee of the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club of Lowestoft. The Rochester Yacht Club sent four cat boats while the Royal Canadian Yacht Club was represented by three sloops and one cat boat, designed by Bourke. The adoption of the English sloop rig by the Toronto sailors showed that the contests were already producing results.

In this series the Rochester cat boats were outclassed and the English boats had a decided edge, especially in conditions prevalent on the Lakes during the summer.

The Rochester sailors were much impressed with the English boats and decided to adopt the best of them, *R.I.P.*, as the basis of a one-design class, but the Canadians felt that there were certain features of their rule which it would be desirable to retain. The series did influence the L.S.S.A., however, and an open class was adopted embracing boats built to either rule.

In 1936, an invitation from the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk to the Royal Canadian to send a team of four dinghies to England was accepted. For this series the Canadians built four sloops quite similar to the English boats but complying in all respects with the rules of the L.S.S.A.

This series was keenly contested, and the Canadians managed to win by the odd race in five. In the various open races after the series, however, they did much better, winning a majority of the races entered.

While the Canadians were still in England, it was decided to have a meeting in which the merits and demerits of both rules could be discussed. This meeting was productive of a better understanding between those conversant with the two rules. There were only five main points of divergence and it was felt that if some compromise could be reached as to these five points there was nothing to prevent the rules from being merged.

Although nothing definite was agreed to at the meeting, the common basis upon which the sailors from both sides of the Atlantic could get together was arrived at, and the way for a compromise was pointed out. The feeling persisted in England, however, that the lack of deck and minimum weight requirements with which they had to conform were a decided handicap and it was felt that before any further races were held these discrepancies should be cleared up. The Canadians, for their part, although these were the two features of the English rule they most disliked, felt that, rather than

(Continued on page 114)

John S. Steele

Some of the dinghies of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club fleet

Being a Department Designed for Preserving Unusual Tales Spun by Yarners at the End of the Day's Run When Everything Has Been Snugged Down

AROUND THE CABIN LAMP

Flying Seals and Sitting Ducks

"PASS over the rum. Any hot water out there?" It was the Skipper talking. We were snugged down for the night in Deep Cove. Everything on deck was dripping water for we had been at it all day in a "thicka' fog," out of Halifax bound for Shelburne. Dinner was finished and that blissful hour had begun, the hour that only real yachtsmen know.

Norman had been telling us of a hard beat up the Bras d'Or Lakes a few years ago in a heavy gale. At the end of the yarn, there was a silence as the four around the table sipped their rum or drew on their pipes. In the ensuing silence, the sound of loud honking came in through the open companionway.

"Pretty early for the geese," remarked Ted.

"Oh, I don't know," said the Skipper, our host.

"Get any good shooting around here?" asked Brad, a fresh water sailor from one of the clubs up on the Great Lakes.

"That all depends on what you call good shooting. It's pretty hard to wing a bird flying low, from a tossing deck, but I'll tell you what we do have — some rather odd shooting."

"Such as?" inquired Brad.

"Flying seals and wooden ducks!"

"What?" asked Brad.

The Skipper took another sip and wiped his mouth. "Well," he started, "we were on a cruise down this shore early one November. We were in no great hurry since it was perfect weather, clear and cool. It was our last cruise of the season. We were the only yacht still left in commission and the secretary of the yacht club had given up trying to get us to go out of commission. We had come down along the coast, keeping inside wherever possible. We were in the channel running behind Betty's and the other few islands between Pennant and Peggy's.

"Being in no hurry, we had dropped our hook and I had gone ashore for a 'look-see' on one of the islands. Ben was with me with his binoculars; I had my gun. Suddenly Ben, who had been scanning the various rocky knolls, said: 'Take a look if you want to see some fine seals!' He said also that he had never before seen any seals lying quite so high up on the rocks.

"I took a look and, sure enough, there they were, about a hundred of them. Ben remarked that it would be quite a sight to see them plunge into the water from such a height and suggested that I fire off my shotgun to startle them. I put a shell in and put her well up in the air. Ben set his glasses on the seals and said 'OK, let her go!'

"I fired!

"Well, you know, it was the most amazing sight."

"Was the splashing good?" asked Norman.

"Well," said the Skipper, "you can't see air splash although I suppose it does. The 'seals' turned out to be a flock of big birds. Ben said they were geese, but they couldn't have been. They were not gulls, I'm sure of that, and, rather than carry the argument on and on, we have compromised on 'Flying Seals.'

"We got on board, hauled in the hook and started along. George was with us that trip. He's a pretty good shot. He'd been trying his luck with the various flocks of sea birds that flew over but without any luck; he didn't even interrupt a wing beat. Toward evening, we decided to put into New Harbour for the night, a small, narrow cove on the tip of Aspotogan. It's a narrow little place with a rock in the center; you chaps should know it well. As we came in, Ben and George were standing up forward, sails were all stowed and we were entering under the Diesel, jogging along at about two knots.

"Suddenly Ben spied two fine looking ducks on the water not a hundred yards away. Well, I'll admit it wasn't particularly sporting to fire at a 'sittin'' bird but poor George had been banging away all day at them on the wing with no luck and, under the circumstances, is to be forgiven. By this time we were close on to the birds. We, aft, had seen them too and were watching. George put the gun to his shoulder and drew a 'fine bead.' I saw Ben turn his head away. He afterwards admitted that he was ashamed to see such slaughter take place for which he was responsible.

"Bang! What a beautiful shot! The two ducks were the center of the pattern. Boy! it was a good shot!"

The Skipper proceeded to fill his pipe. "Give me another little drop; I'm turning in. What do you chaps say to getting under way about 7.30?"

"Hold on," said Norman; "You didn't finish about the ducks. I hope the birds choked you. Anyone who would shoot a bird on the water should be shot himself."

"No," said the Skipper, "I guess they're still there."

"What! You killed them and let them float away?"

The Skipper smiled. "Well, you see, they turned out to be decoys — damn good ones. The man who made them was something of an artist. Quite a day; flying seals and wooden ducks."

Norman smiled. "That was the year before last, wasn't it?"

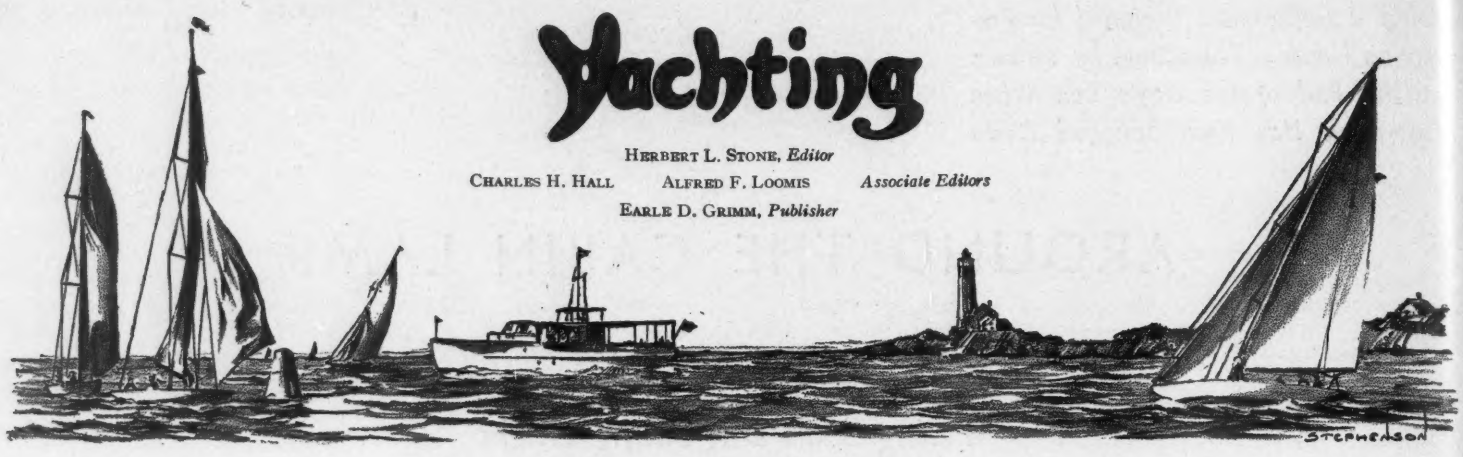
"Yes, why?"

"Well, they tell me the stuff you get at the Liquor Commission isn't nearly as good as you could get from the 'leggers. You had some Dragon's Blood with you that trip, didn't you?"

"Yes," remarked the Skipper; "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," said Norman. "If I snore too much, give me a kick. 'Night."

HUGH BELL.



EDITORIAL

The New Ocean Racing Rule

WE PRINT elsewhere in this issue the new measurement rule for ocean racers adopted in December by the Cruising Club of America. The rule as it stands represents, probably, more careful study and more painstaking research than has ever, in this country, gone into a formula for correlating the various factors that bear on a yacht's speed under sail. It is an honest attempt to equalize by scientific handicapping the speed of boats of varying sizes and types.

In principle, the new rule is a development of the Cruising Club's ocean racing rule of 1934. but with a more scientific evaluation of the factors of hull speed and driving force, which is sail area. Several mistakes in the old rule have been eliminated. A thorough test of the new rule in the Bermuda Race of this year, and the types of boats that will be built to it, will give a good line on whether the formula and the limitations imposed are all that the framers hope for. It has already been adopted by several racing organizations and it is hoped that it may prove satisfactory enough to become the standard for measuring cruising and ocean racing yachts in this country.

In effect, the rule sets up what its framers consider the normal boat, with sailing length the prime factor. Any divergence from the normal, such as greater beam or less, more or less draft, sail area, displacement, freeboard and the like, are given either credits or penalties, as they may affect speed. The chief, perhaps the only, objection that has been made to this principle is in the determination of the normal. For the norm has a tendency to produce a stereotyped design, rather than one with wide divergence from normal. The result is already apparent in modern cruising yachts built to the rule, and one looks very much like another. Happily, the normal type chosen is both handsome and seaworthy. But we could wish for a wider divergence in types by the different designers than is at present apparent.

Having done all that seems at present possible to evaluate hulls and rigs, it is too bad that the rule has to fall back in the measurement of driving force (sail area) on an antiquated rule which, due to the new sails that have come into use, does not measure effective sail area accurately. The present sail area measurement rule, devised before the use of Genoa and quadrilateral jibs, parachute spinnakers and sails between the masts of two-masted vessels, gives a value that bears no relation to the actual value of the force which moves the boats. The framers of the present ocean racing rule would do well to go further and thoroughly overhaul the method of measuring sail area for ocean going yachts. We hope they will tackle this job in the near future.

Way for the Navy!

IT IS extremely gratifying to see in the Navy Department evidence of awakened interest in the matter of participation in competitive yachting by the midshipmen at Annapolis and the junior officers in the fleet. Nothing would please yachtsmen more than a closer contact with a branch of the service with which they have much in common. Granting the difficulties involved, due to the exigencies of the curriculum at Annapolis, and the limited time for sports at the Academy, it would seem as reasonable to arrange for the required training and practice in sailing as in football or rowing, in both of which sports the Navy is a tough nut to crack.

So it's nice to know that the middies have formed a yacht club at Annapolis; that they're getting more and more competition in Star Class boats, and even had an entry in the Star Internationals last September; that there are prospects of their getting a class of Frostbite dinghies, and participating in intercollegiate yachting; and that Stars, and even (let it be whispered) a few "Six-Metres," are carried on the midshipmen's training cruise abroad for competition in foreign waters. With the *Vamarie* participating in races last summer and the chance (which we hope becomes a reality) that she may go to Bermuda next June with the racing fleet, it looks as if the sailing fraternity is in a fair way to get what they have long desired — a chance to meet on the water a group they would like to know better than they have in the past.

\+ + +

One of the Best

THE Annual Motor Boat Show has come and gone. After looking forward to it and working for it for over a month, it is good to record that, in retrospect, it was one of the best ever held in New York and that it fulfilled all our anticipations. As an exhibition it would be hard to improve upon. In point of attendance it was up to the mark set in recent years, and the interest was genuine and sustained. In point of business done, it is hard to get accurate figures for comparison, but the optimism of those exhibiting seems a sure indication of satisfaction with the results. In spite of the early hesitancy due to a critical economic outlook, it seems as if the fleet of new pleasure craft afloat next summer will equal that of last season. No one could ask for more.

Congratulations are due to the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers and its secretary, Ira Hand, who so ably managed the Show, and to those manufacturers whose generous support made it the success that it was.

IN THE WORLD OF YACHTING

HARRY PIDGEON

IT is not often that a man sails around the world single-handed. Much more rare is it to find one who has done it twice in the same boat. Harry Pidgeon is, as far as we know, the only one who has accomplished this feat and, as well, built the boat he sailed in.

Harry Pidgeon is a familiar figure on both coasts of the United States, but when, unheralded and unannounced, he sailed into New London in his "Islander" last June, shortly before the America's Cup races, very few even of his friends knew that he was completing his second world girdling voyage. He himself does not admit that he has completed his second voyage, for he started from Los Angeles something over three years ago and, sailing westward, says that he is only on the East Coast of the United States and still has to get to the West Coast to complete the circuit. We won't labor the point, but we'd call it arriving home when we got back to our own country after a voyage of that length.

His first circumnavigation was started in the fall of 1921, and ended where it began on October 31st, 1925. Four years of sailing alone over 35,000 miles of sea. For this he was awarded the Blue Water Medal of the Cruising Club and made an honorary member of that organization.

After hanging around Long Island Sound with his little boat for several years, he was enticed into the Bermuda Race of 1928, "signing on" George Bonnell and Marty Kattenhorn as crew, and some years later he sailed back to the West Coast. His last voyage, undertaken casually as usual, started from Los Angeles August 6th, 1934. Staying in the Hawaiian Islands until April '35, he sailed for New Guinea, crossed the Indian Ocean in hard weather, rounded Cape of Good Hope, and then across the South and North Atlantic to the West Indies where he spent the winter and arrived here in early summer, two months less than three years from the day he sailed from Los Angeles. Harry's getting to be something of a sea tramp, we'll say.

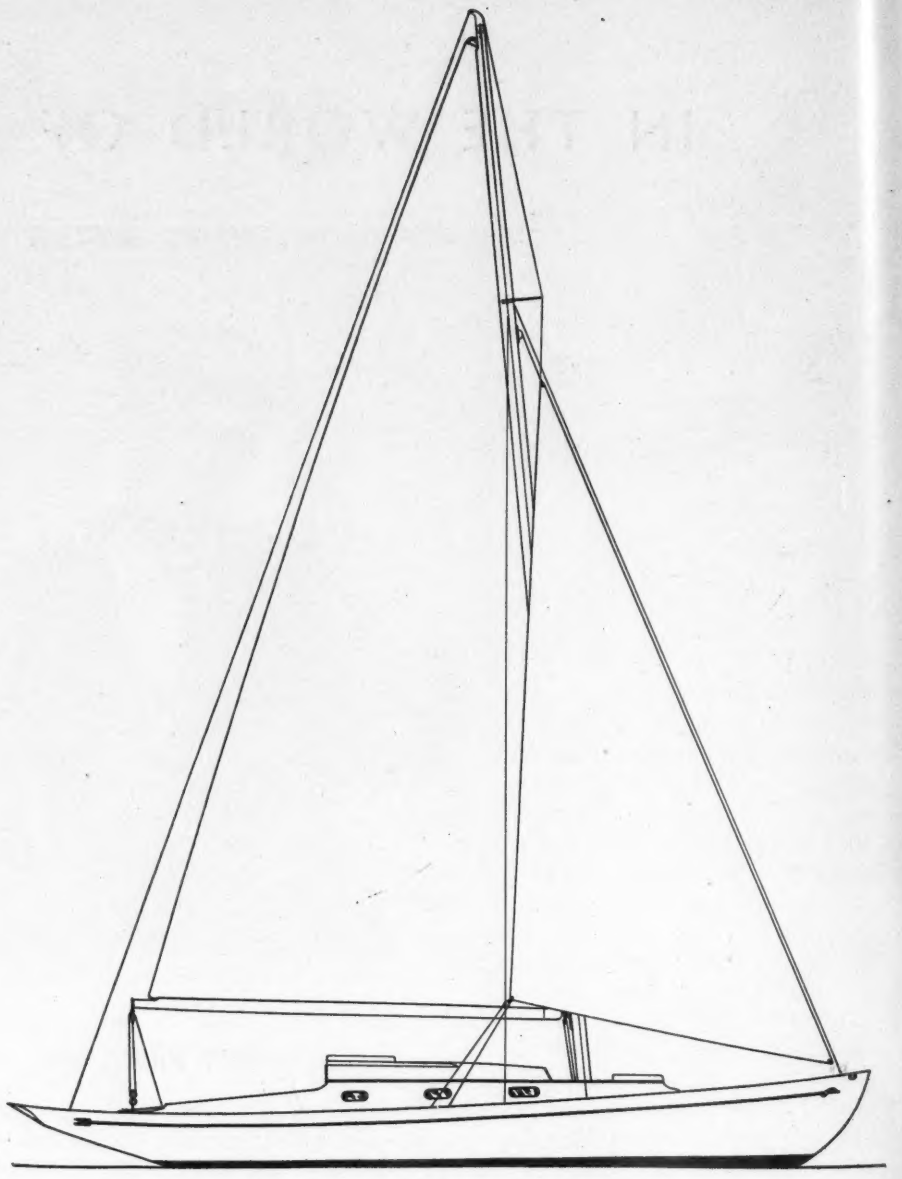
The "Single-Hander"

THIS cruising sloop is the first of a one-design class from the office of E. Arthur Shuman, Inc., naval architect of Boston. The plans were drawn by Andrew Hepburn, associated with the firm. The designers have had much experience cruising and racing in small boats and their knowledge has been incorporated in the design. The boat is designed to be handled by a man and his wife and yet she will sleep four on occasion without crowding.

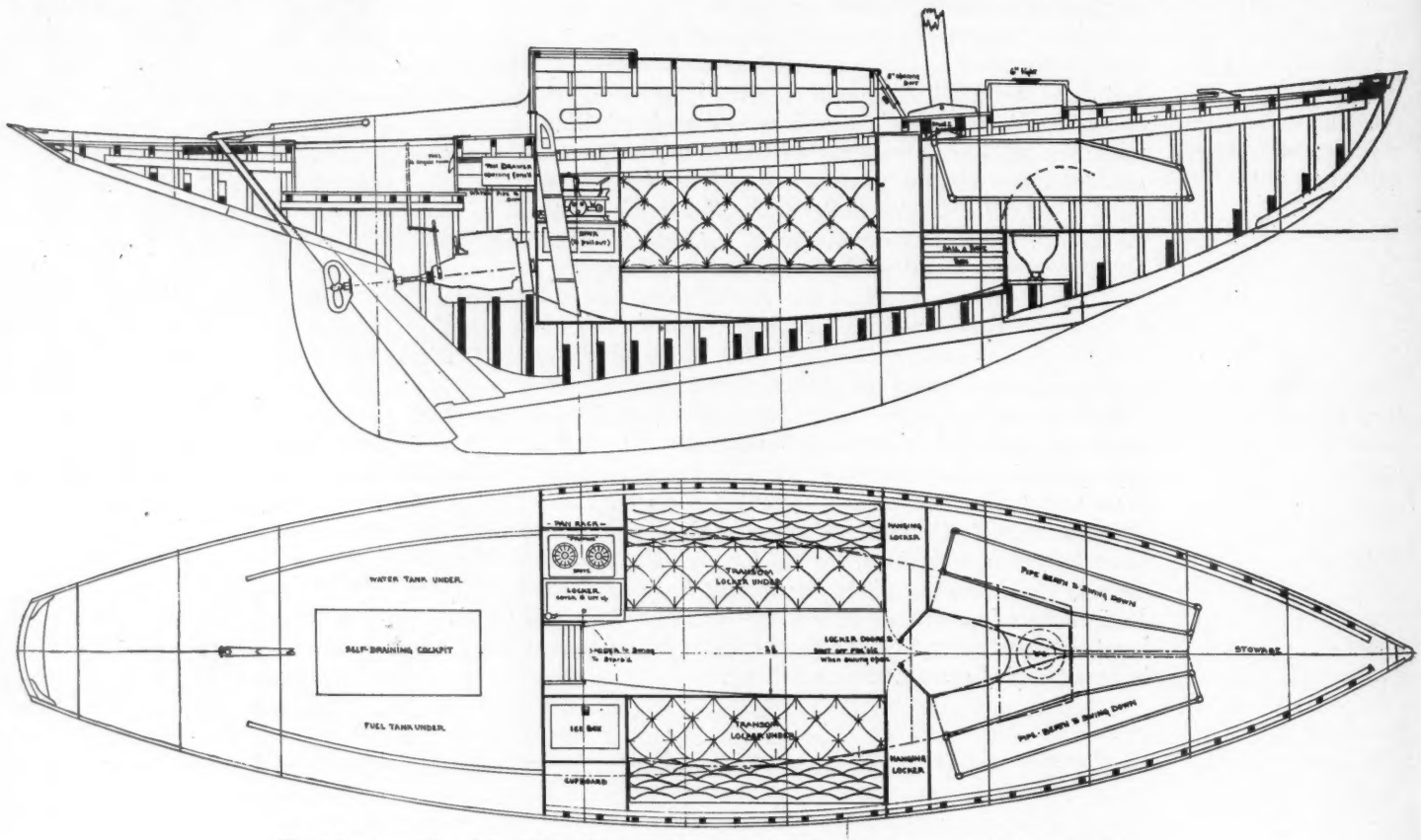
The principal dimensions of the boat are: Length over all, 34′ 0″; length on the water line, 24′ 6″; beam, 8′ 3″; draft, 5′ 3″. The sail plan shows an overlapping jib and a jib-headed main. A permanent backstay is fitted and the runners are set close to the mast so that they need not be handled except when racing to let the boom swing away off. The mast is stepped on deck, allowing unobstructed room below.

There is six feet headroom in the cabin, which has two lockers forward and the galley aft. The forward cabin has two pipe berths and, when privacy is desired, the locker doors will close off the compartment. The main cabin has two cushioned seats, with the backs swinging out to form berths. The toilet is located in the forward cabin, concealed under a seat.

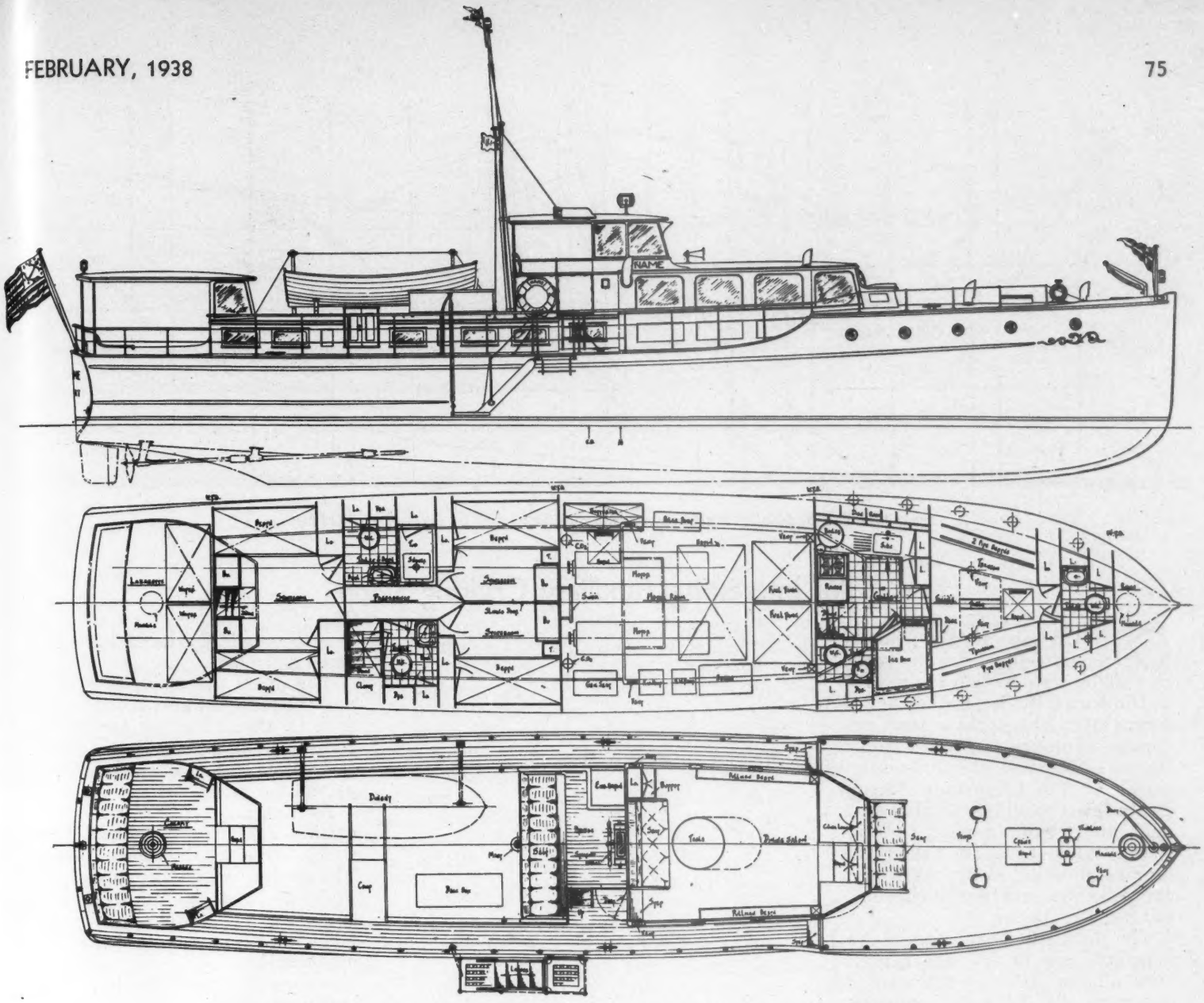
The engine is a small 4-cylinder gasoline motor developing 16 hp. and driving a feathering propeller set on the center line. The fuel supply is enough for 31 hours' operation and there is sufficient water for a ten-day cruise. The boat is under construction at the Palmer Scott yard in Fairhaven, Mass., and is scheduled for spring delivery.



Sail plan and, below, accommodation plan of the "Single-Hander"



The plans reproduced in this section are the property of the designers under whose name they appear. For further information concerning any design address the naval architect in question.



Outboard profile and accommodation plans of 68-footer designed by Eldredge-McInnis, Inc.

A Motor Yacht by Eldridge-McInnis, Inc.

ON THIS page are the plans of an attractive motor yacht from the board of Eldredge-McInnis, naval architects of Boston, Mass. The plans illustrate what can be done in a modern design for a boat of a water line length of 68 feet. The yacht is handsome in appearance and combines good accommodation and liberal deck space with a speed of from 23 to 28 statute miles per hour.

The principal dimensions of the new yacht are as follows: Length over all, 68′ 10½″; length on the water line, 68′ 0″; beam, 13′ 8″; draft of water, 3′ 8″. The model of the hull shows a graceful round bottomed design with a long, straight run and a neatly worked out flare in the forward sections.

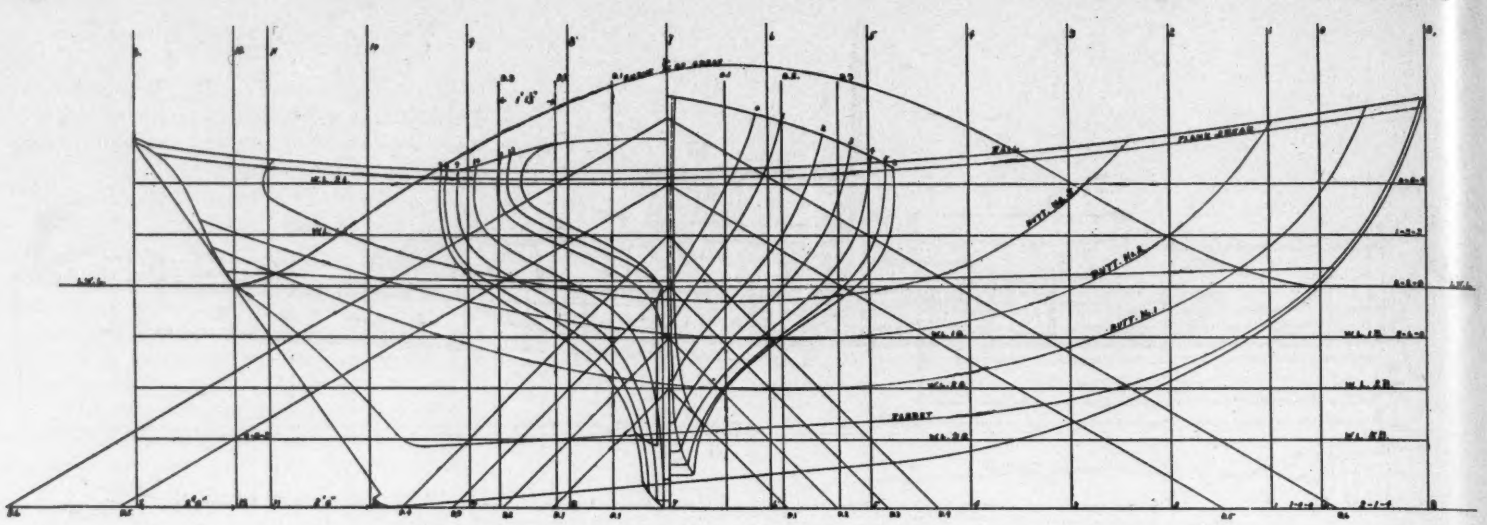
The construction of the yacht will be fairly light and yet, at the same time, sufficiently strong to withstand the stresses set up at the speed desired. The keel and framing are to be of selected white oak while the longitudinal strength members of the hull are to be of long leaf yellow pine. The engine girders, for instance, are of this wood and will extend for three-fifths of the total length of the yacht. The engine beds themselves will be of white oak as will the deck beams. The outside planking will be double, the inner layer being of white cedar while the outer layer will be of African mahogany. The decks will be of white pine, laid in narrow strakes. The deckhouse, cabin trunk sides and the shelter bulkheads, as well as all of the deck trim, will be of African mahogany. The tops of the houses and cabin trunk, also the forward deck, will be canvas covered.

Two options are offered in the power plant. One is a pair of Hall-Scott Invader engines, developing 275 horse power each and giving the yacht a speed of 23 miles per hour; the other a pair of 8-cylinder Wintons of 500 horse power each which will drive her at a 28-mile pace. The gasoline capacity is 850 gallons, carried in two tanks in the forward part of the engine room. The water supply is 600 gallons, sufficient for long range cruising. A complete outfit of auxiliaries is to be carried, including electric windlass, electric pumps for fresh water, salt water and pumping the bilges, CO_2 fire extinguishing system, electric refrigerating machinery, etc.

The arrangement plan shows a carefully designed layout, with one double and two single staterooms, bath room and toilet room, commodious galley and four-man forecastle. The dining room is in the deckhouse and is fitted with two Pullman berths while the after cockpit has a shelter at its forward end. A compact toilet room is worked in on the starboard side of the galley for the benefit of those sleeping in the deckhouse. Generous closet and locker space will be provided.

An Omission

The 40-foot motor sailer, the plans of which appeared on page 96 of the January issue of YACHTING, was designed by Eldredge-McInnis, Inc. Through inadvertence, the designers' name was omitted from the description. YACHTING regrets this omission and offers its apologies to the designers.

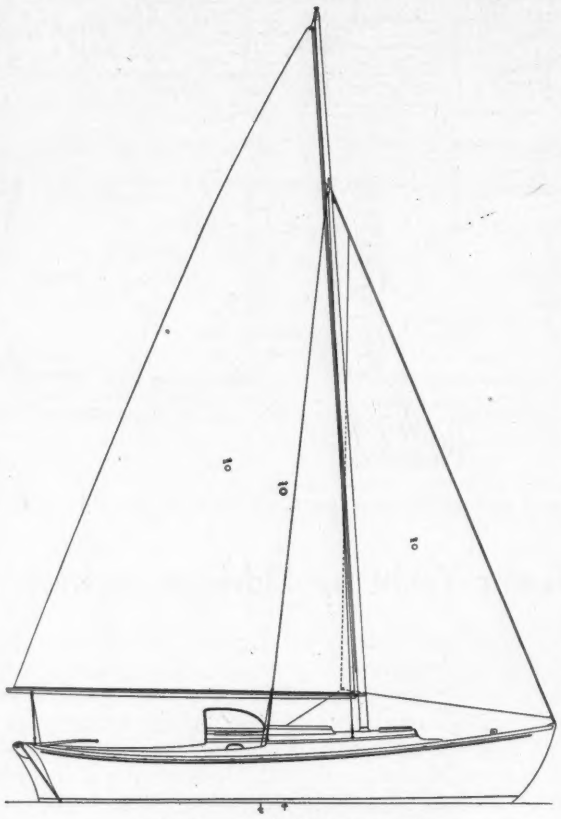


Sheer plan and body plan of the new auxiliary cruising sloop by Dunham and Stadel, Inc.

An Interesting Auxiliary Cruising Sloop

ON THIS page are the plans of an interesting cruising yacht now under construction at the yard of Dunham & Stadel, Inc., at Stamford, Conn. The yacht is from the company's design and in her model suggests those fine, able Friendship sloops or the Gloucester "Sloop Boats." She should be an able boat and should show a good turn of speed. While probably taking an initial inclination easily, she would carry sail well and be disinclined to put her deck under.

The principal dimensions of the new boat are as follows: Length over all, 25′ 10″; length on the water line, 21′ 7″; beam, extreme, 9′ 1″; draft of water, 4′ 4″. She is strongly built and should be inexpensive to maintain. Stem, keel and deadwood are of selected white oak and the outside planking of Philippine mahogany. The standard fastenings are galvanized iron but Everdur bronze may be substituted at a small increase in cost. The main deck is canvas covered, unless otherwise specified, and the ballast, both outside and inside, is of iron. Here, again, a substitution may be made by using lead at a small extra cost.

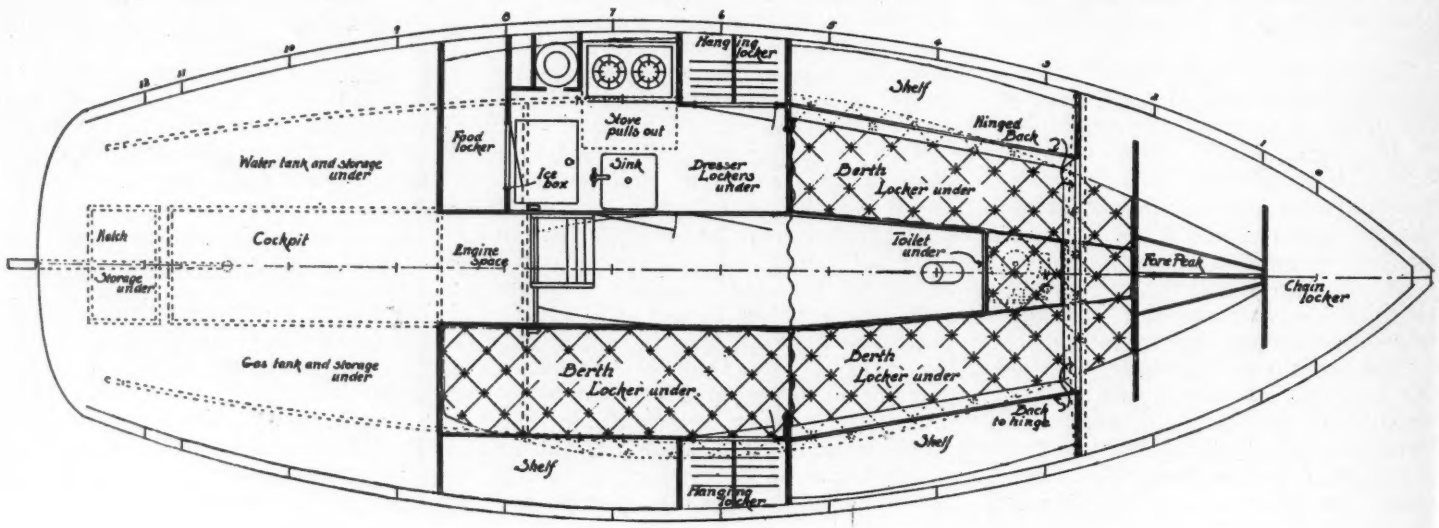


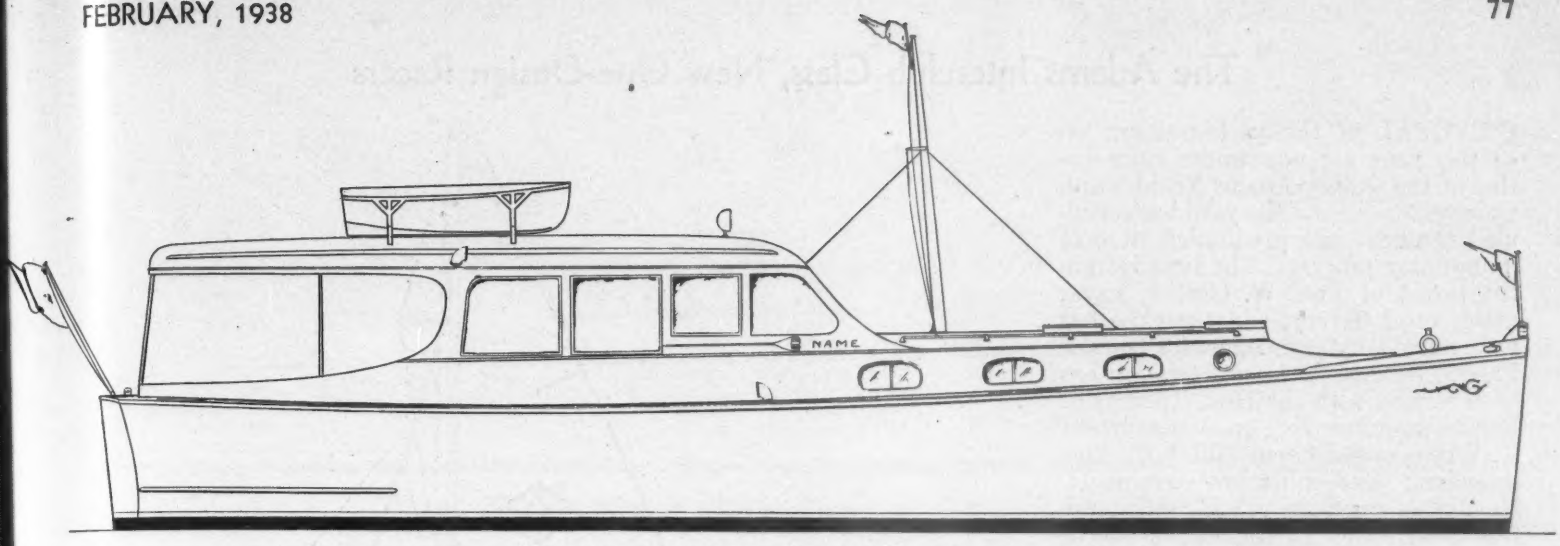
Sail plan and, below, cabin plan

The spars are solid, of spruce, and the total sail area is 364 square feet. Of this, there are 108 square feet in the jib and 256 in the mainsail. The standing rigging is of galvanized plow steel.

As auxiliary power, the yacht carries a Universal Utility Four which develops 20 horse power. The engine is installed under the bridge deck, the gasoline tank being under the deck in wake of the cockpit with the water tank on the opposite side.

While it is impractical to get full headroom under the cabin trunk without sacrificing good looks, a hatch fitted with a pull over canvas hood gives full headroom in front of the galley stove, where it is needed most. The toilet is installed under a cushioned seat in the stateroom and a curtain divides this room from the main cabin. The galley is large and the flat dresser top makes a good chart table. The three bunks are long enough for comfort and two persons can sleep in the cockpit under an awning.





This yacht, by Henry C. Grebe & Co., Inc., is modern in appearance

A Twin-Screw Diesel Cruiser by Grebe

PLANNED especially for the owner's use in the waters of Florida, this attractive twin screw Diesel yacht has been recently completed by Henry C. Grebe & Company, Inc., of Chicago, from the company's designs.

The principal dimensions of the new yacht are: Length over all, 43′ 6½″; length on the water line, 42′ 6″; beam, extreme, 11′ 4″; draft of water, 2′ 11″. Construction is to rigid specifications and workmanship of high grade.

The power plant is a pair of 6-LDM-468 Buda Diesel engines which develop 90 to 100 horse power each. The engines are rubber mounted and connected to the propeller shafts by flexible couplings. The exhaust is led through rubber hose to the outboard sides of the transom just above the water line. Leading the exhaust line in this manner reduces the amount of the fumes which find their way back into the after cockpit. A battery-charging generator is driven off the starboard engine. The engine controls, which are led to the helmsman's position, are by Bendix. An automatic pressure water system is installed.

The yacht's fuel capacity is 200 gallons, carried in two welded iron tanks placed across the after end of the engine compartment. About 160 gallons of fresh water are carried in two tanks, one of them located just abaft the engine compartment and the other one in the forward end of the crew's quarters. Arranging the tanks in this manner, just abaft amidships and forward, assures that the trim of the yacht will alter by only a small amount whether she be in light or loaded condition.

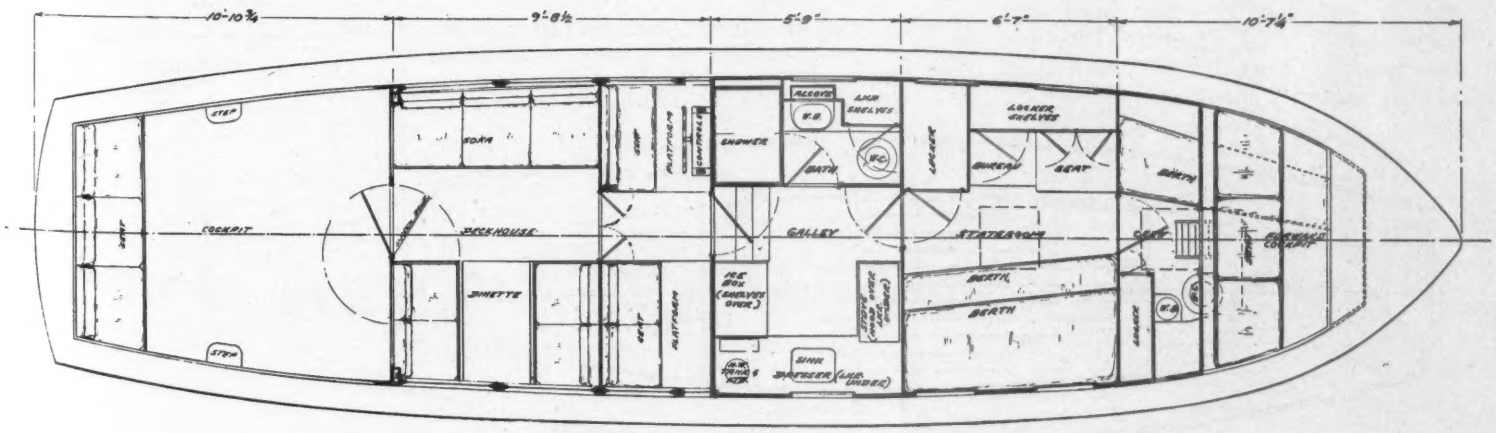
While the accommodation plan is more or less conventional, some of the details are a bit unusual and have worked out well in service. On deck, forward of the cabin trunk, is a shallow cockpit. The seat cushion of this is carried on slats which are only a couple of inches above the cockpit floor. This detail, suggested by the owner, has proved most satisfactory. The cockpit is long enough to allow anyone sitting in it to stretch out easily and really relax.

Below, in the forward part of the cabin, is the crew's quarters, fitted with a single built-in berth, toilet, wash basin and a large hanging locker. A hatch gives access from the deck. Were no paid hand carried, this space would make an attractive stateroom. Next aft is a large stateroom with more locker and drawer space than is often found in larger craft. The two berths are of full single berth width and the upper berth is far enough outboard so that one can sit on the lower berth without banging his head against the upper one. Due to the ample headroom, from 6′ 6″ to 6′ 8″, there is plenty of room above the upper berth.

In the after part of the cabin, to starboard, is the galley. There is a 3-burner alcohol stove and hot water heater fitted with Monel hood and dish racks over. Dresser top and sink are also of Monel metal. The ice box is a standard unit of 125 pounds capacity. To port is a bath room, fitted with shower, toilet and wash basin.

The deckhouse is divided by a glazed bulkhead into two compartments. In one is the helmsman's seat and controls and another seat to starboard. The after part of the house is laid out with a dinette to starboard and a sofa to port. At night, the dinette may be made up into a double berth and the sofa into a single one. A radio receiver is located in the forward compartment with an extra speaker in the after one.

The yacht's appearance is attractive, her topsides being yacht white and the trunk and deckhouse mahogany, the latter being finished in a neutral brown instead of the reddish hue so often seen. Trunk, house roofs and mast are painted a light silver gray. This color scheme and the smooth lines of the boat make a harmonious combination.



The accommodation plan shows a somewhat conventional layout but a practical one

The Adams Interclub Class, New One-Design Racers

SEVERAL of the yachts shown on this page are now under construction at the Quincy Adams Yacht Yard, Quincy, Mass., and the yard has scheduled the boat as a production item of its building program. The boat is from the board of Fred W. Goeller, naval architect of Quincy, and the class has been named, by permission, for Charles Francis Adams. A class association has been formed with the Hon. Thomas S. Burgin, president; Ex-Commodore Hosea D. White, of the Savin Hill Y.C., vice president; Ex-Commodore Frank C. Hendry, of the Quincy Y.C., secretary-treasurer; Ralph E. Richmond, one of the executive committee and Fred W. Goeller, measurer.

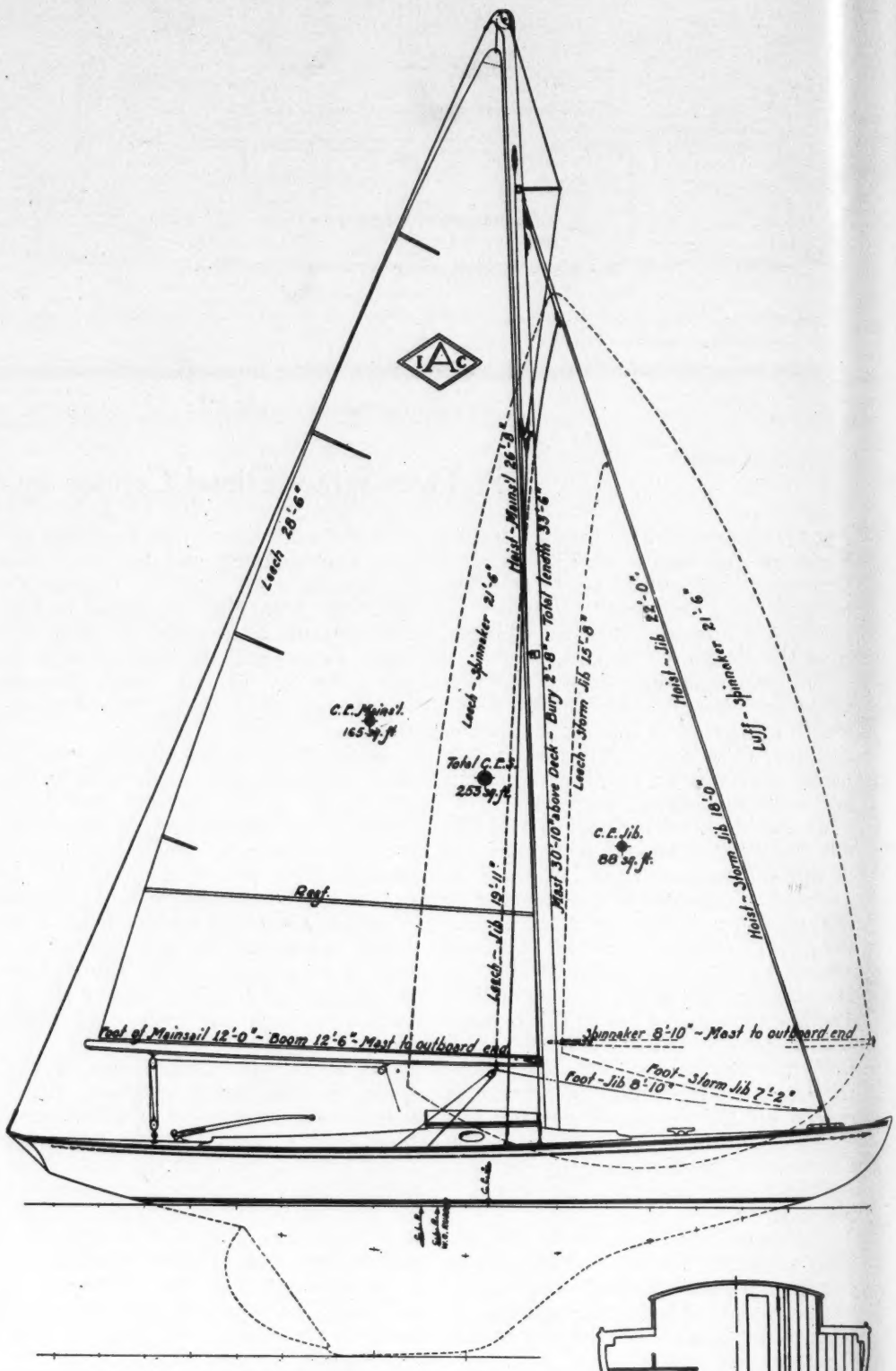
The boats are of the following dimensions: Length over all, 24′ 6″; length on the water line, 17′ 0″; beam, extreme, 6′ 0″; draft of water, 4′ 0″. They are of comparatively light displacement, about 2700 pounds, and carry 1000 pounds of lead on the keel. The construction is strong and light. The frames have no reverse curve, the "S" in the garboards being worked out in the floor timbers.

The rig is modern, the mast being 30′ 10″ above the deck and the boom only 12′ 6″ in length. The area of the mainsail is 165 square feet and of the overlapping jib 88 feet, making a total of 253 square feet of working canvas. A storm jib and a good sized spinnaker will be carried. A permanent backstay will be fitted.

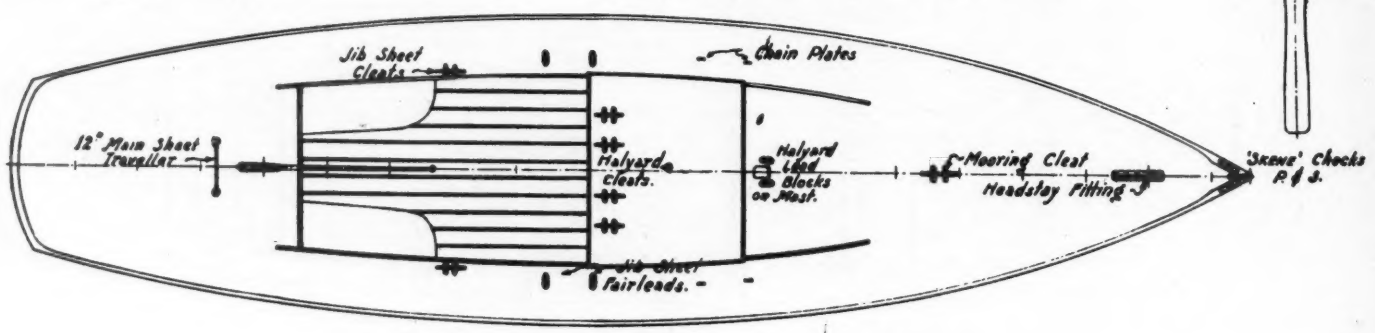
There is a small cuddy forward which will give a sheltered place in which one can stretch out for a rest and will provide stowage space for the sails and gear. The cockpit is roomy and all running gear is conveniently arranged.

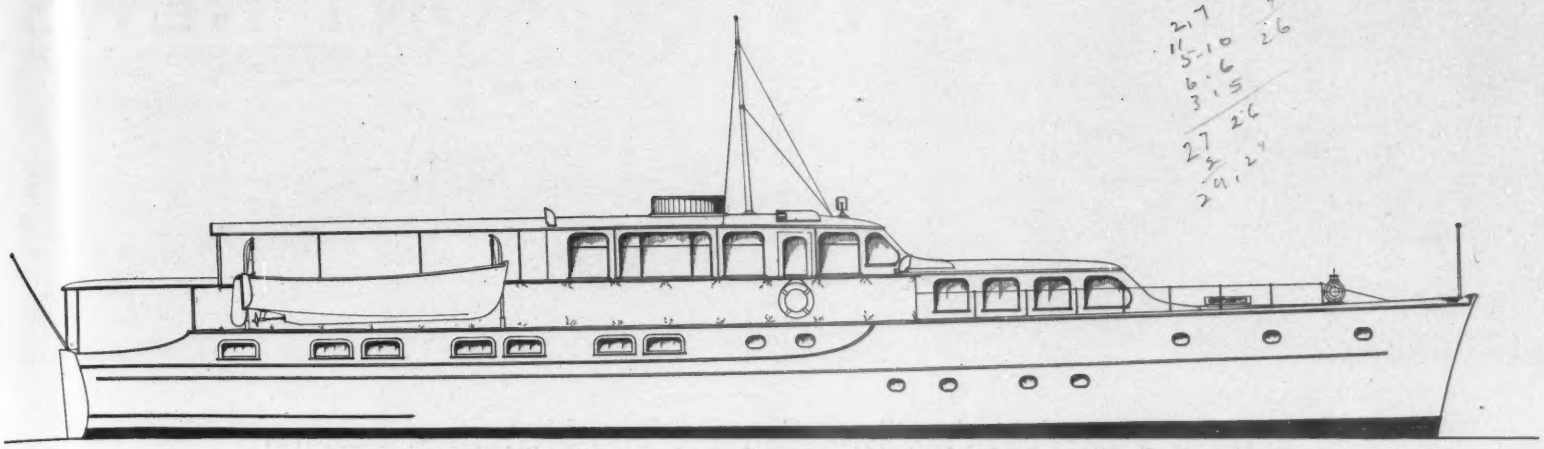
The new boats should be fast as well as able and promise to take their regular place in the racing schedules of the clubs around Boston. Some regard them as the logical successors of the old Class I 18-footers which are getting on in years and beginning to show their age, it is said.

The Adams Class boats are of lighter displacement than the older class and of less draft. Although some six feet shorter on deck, the new boats are within a foot of the water line length of the older class and this is not a bad index of their capacity for speed.


IAC
Leech 28'-6"
Hoist - Mainsl. 26'-3"
Luff - Mainsl. 30'-10" above Deck - Bury 2'-8" - Total length 33'-2"
Leech - Spinnaker 21'-6"
C.E. Mainsl. 165 sq. ft.
Total C.E. 253 sq. ft.
Leech - Storm Jib 15'-8"
Hoist - Jib 22'-0"
Luff - Spinnaker 21'-6"
C.E. Jib 88 sq. ft.
Hoist - Storm Jib 18'-0"
Boom
Leech - Jib 19'-11"
Foot of Mainsail 12'-0" - Boom 12'-6" - Mast to outboard end
Spinnaker 8'-10" - Mast to outboard end
Foot - Jib 8'-10"
Foot - Storm Jib 7'-2"

The new Adams One-Design Class plans show a yacht of modern type and rig and a hull of light displacement and pleasing model. The small cuddy gives a place in which to seek shelter and fine stowage for sails





The new 86-foot Diesel yacht by Tams, Inc., has an attractive profile of up-to-date type

Tams, Inc., Presents a Diesel Cruising Yacht

HERE are the plans of a twin screw Diesel yacht from the boards of Tams, Inc., of New York City. The plans and specifications have been sent out to several builders and their bids are most attractive.

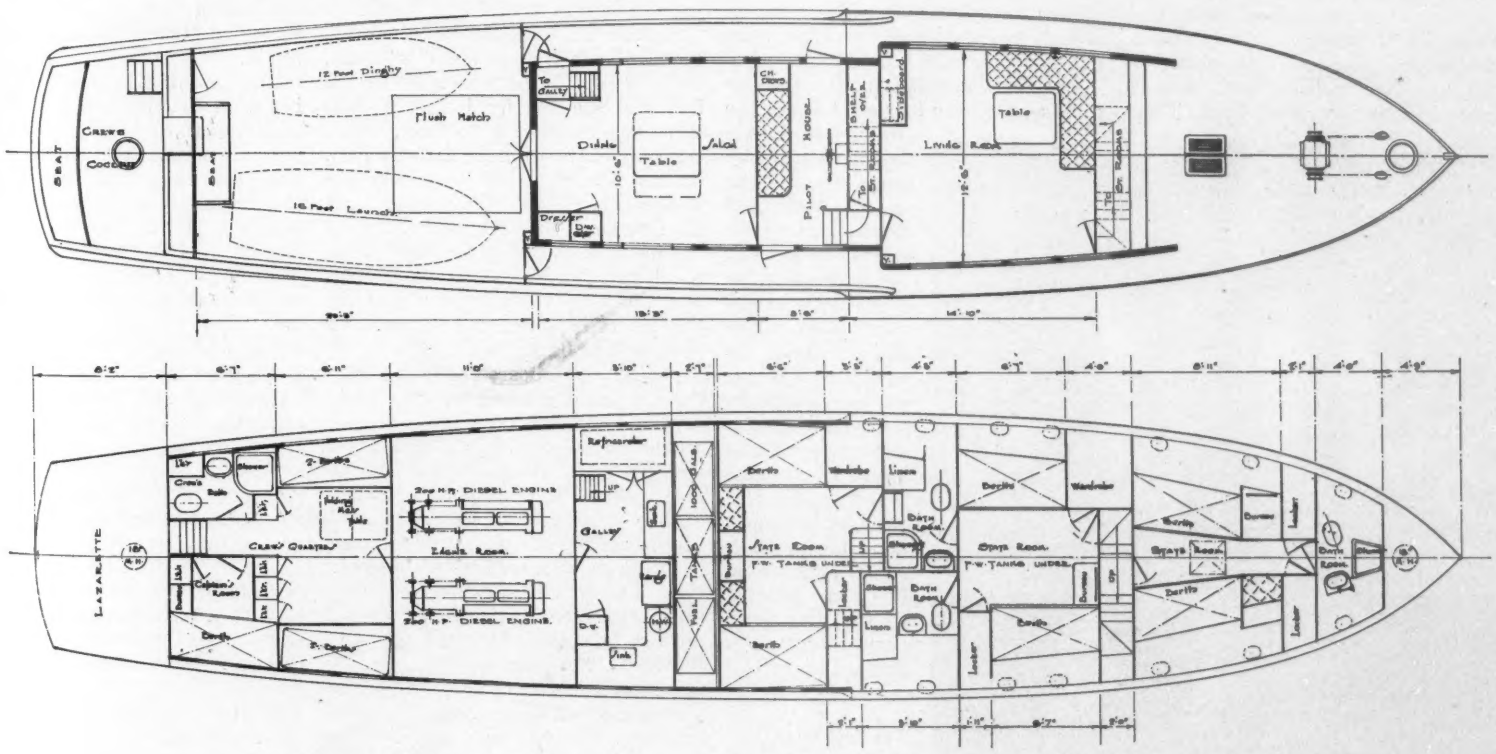
The principal dimensions are: Length over all, 86′ 0″; length on the water line, 83′ 0″; beam, extreme, 17′ 0″; draft, 5′ 0″. Construction is rugged though not excessively heavy as the yacht is designed to make 16 miles per hour. She will be double planked, the outer skin being of Philippine mahogany and the inner of white cedar. All exterior joinerwork is of Honduras mahogany while the interior of the yacht is finished in paint. Keel and framing are of white oak.

The yacht is of the raised deck model, the forward house, which forms the living room, being sunk in the raised deck and the level of this deck being carried aft on the top of the cabin trunk. The midship house is full height, the forward portion being bulkheaded off to form the pilot house and the after part being the dining room. There is a stairway from the pilot house to the after stateroom below and another one from the living room to the two forward staterooms.

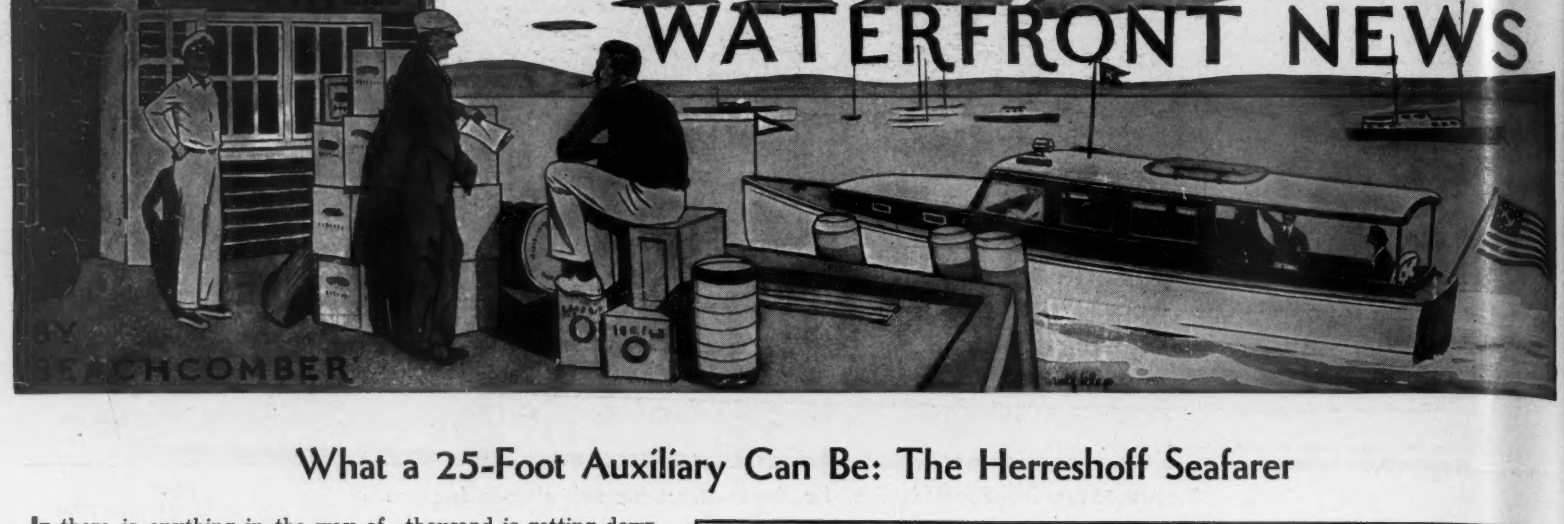
The arrangement of the yacht is somewhat unusual, the entire forward half of the ship being devoted to the owner's quarters, the after portion being given up to tanks, engine room and crew. There are three large double staterooms below, each of which has its own private bath room and access to the deckhouses. The two forward rooms are lighted through oval ports in the ship's sides and the after one through windows in the sides of the cabin trunk. This trunk extends almost the full beam of the yacht, making a roomy deck and giving splendid space below.

Fuel tanks are located amidships and abaft them is the galley, finished in stainless steel. The engine room comes next and here is located the power plant, a pair of Diesel engines developing 200 hp. each and driving through reduction gears. Abaft the engine room is the crew space, with captain's stateroom, bath room and four-man forecastle. The after cockpit is designed for the exclusive use of the crew. The owner thus has the use of all but about 10′ of the upper deck, and this deck has a shelter bulkhead aft. The crew need never enter the owner's part of the deck except when handling boats or ground tackle or otherwise working ship.

Equipment is complete and thoroughly modern, including electrical refrigeration and mechanical ventilation, electric windlass, automatic fire-extinguishing system, tiled baths and so on.



The arrangement of the interior of the new yacht is, while a bit unusual, worth careful study



What a 25-Foot Auxiliary Can Be: The Herreshoff Seafarer

If there is anything in the way of unfulfilled wants or desires in the boat market which has impressed itself on our minds during the last year or so it is the growing and persistent demand for a small auxiliary cruiser between 24 and 30 feet in overall length. Our friends tell us they are looking for it, we hear it at boat shows, yacht brokers tell us they are swamped with requests which they simply cannot fill; in the office, on the 'phone, via the grapevine, everybody seems to be looking vainly for the same little boat.

Briefly, what they want seems to be a boat on which at least three and preferably four people can cruise (not race) in comfort. To them comfort means full headroom, a permanent galley, adequate stowage space, a toilet, and usually auxiliary power. The rig should be simple and modern. Speed is not an essential, but the hull should be well designed and the profile attractive; in other words should be not unlike the profiles of the larger modern sloops, cutters and yawls now being turned out by leading designers. Last but not least, with most of these people price is a very big consideration. Some are hoping to find what they want at a thousand dollars or less, which is out of the question, even among used boats that would be anything but a headache. Others are hoping to find the answer at two thousand dollars; but there is none, in the new boat field. Three thousand is getting down to earth and anything over that brings us all closer and closer to the perfect little cruiser.

To be sure, little centerboarders can and are being built at much less than the cost of keel boats of the same length but their extremely limited headroom puts them in an entirely different class.

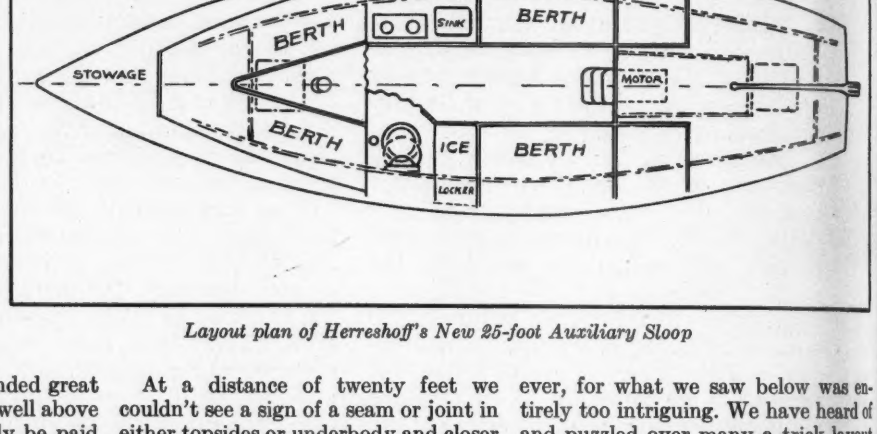
We ran into so many people looking for an answer to the problem at the recent New York Show that we decided to dash up to Bristol immediately to see Herreshoff's new Seafarer, launched in December. Her description sounded great and even though her price is well above the average that can possibly be paid by the army of prospective purchasers of boats of this size, if any builder can justify it, Herreshoff can.

We were not disappointed, for with a few minor exceptions she is everything that could be desired in a boat of her length. Our only regret was that we could not sail her. But since it was the coldest day of the winter and ice was already forming around the slips it was out of the question.

Our first impression of the Seafarer came as she hove into sight across the storage shed. She has the short stubby ends common to many Herreshoff boats, but they are not so short as to be unattractive. To provide the necessary room inside she couldn't be otherwise. Whatever ugliness might be caused by her abrupt stern is mitigated by her outboard rudder. Her sheer is just right and the moderately high cabin trunk is tapered to the deck level very nicely both forward and aft.

The Seafarer on Narragansett Bay just after her launching in December

Photos by Avery Lord



Layout plan of Herreshoff's New 25-foot Auxiliary Sloop

At a distance of twenty feet we couldn't see a sign of a seam or joint in either topsides or underbody and closer inspection revealed that nothing had been spared in making this little 25 footer worthy of her finest predecessors, as far as construction is concerned. Walking around her bows we noticed that they even had a suggestion of the famous Herreshoff hollow sections which have given a turn of speed to many a famous daughter of Bristol.

Seafarer's dimensions are 25′ overall, by 21′ 6″ on the waterline, 7′ 9″ beam, and 4′ draft. The sail area is 344 square feet and she has for ballast a 3000 pound lead keel cast to form, which certainly ought to make her stand up. Frames are of steam bent oak, the planking is Philippine mahogany and the fastenings Everdur screws. All the exterior trim including the sheerstrake is selected Burma teak, that alone is worth its weight in gold on a boat like this where as much upkeep work as possible is to be avoided.

Her rig is all inboard and is simplicity itself. A pair of shrouds, a pair of backstays and a jibstay, all of stainless steel, are the only wires above deck except for the radio aerial which is installed in the hollow mast. The backstays are operated by a quick acting lever. The deck fittings are few and simple, which is as it should be on a boat of this size and type. The deck is absolutely clear except for the mooring cleat. On the trunk are two fairleaders for the single part jib sheets, two more for the halliards; two halliard and two jibsheet cleats and a Merriman winch on each side for the jibsheets. The two part mainsheet is handled by another winch at the rear of the cockpit. The self-draining cockpit seats four very comfortably.

We did not linger long on deck, however, for what we saw below was entirely too intriguing. We have heard of and puzzled over many a trick layout for boats of about this size but it required only one look around down below to convince us that the Herreshoff designers had obtained the one and only solution; plenty of depth and headroom forward as well as aft. It was a real joy to walk up all the way to the center of the forward stateroom without having to stoop. Six feet of headroom is a godsend in any part of a 25 footer.

The layout plan shows pretty well just what there is below, but a few of the most prominent details are inner spring sea hair mattresses covered with DuPont Fabricoid on all four berths, ten coat hooks placed in several strategic points, a Monel metal sink, a real insulated ice-box, two sizable lockers for food and cooking utensils, linoleum on the floor, and a complete outfit of everything required in the way of dishes, utensils, and equipment. Power is supplied by a little 5 horsepower Lauson engine in an insulated enclosure, under the companion steps and cockpit. It's a compact little thing and drives a Herreshoff folding propeller, which reduces propeller drag to an absolute minimum, an important factor on a boat as small as this.

Not the least of the interesting features below were the evidences that this little boat is constructed as staunchly as any ocean racer turned out by her builders. Floor timbers, clamp and shelf are all put in, in a thorough and well-proven fashion without any of the short cuts resorted to by many a builder of small cruisers.

Listing the various details of her layout does not give an adequate picture of Seafarer's attractiveness below,

for in boat design more than anywhere else, many excellent parts can sometimes make a perfect hodge-podge as a whole. Many a fundamentally good layout has been spoiled by packing too many lockers, cubby-holes, and do-dads into it. There just wasn't room for a door leading into the forward stateroom and to the toilet room so heavy curtains have been substituted, although we wish there could be some way of working in a real door in the latter location. Stowage space is available in the bow, in the lazarette, under the berths and in one or two good sized lockers; there has been no attempt to hang more from the rafters. We would like to have seen some kind of a table on the boat but apparently it could not be worked out without cluttering up the cabin, so was entirely omitted. Our only real criticism is the Sterno stove. Theoretically it is all right but actually we have found the pressure alcohol type infinitely more satisfactory.

In conclusion, we say that the Seafarer has everything that can be desired by the hundreds of yachtsmen who have been hoping and looking for this type of boat. Those fortunate enough to be able to take the price hurdle and sail away from Bristol in her may rest assured that all headaches have been left astern for many, many years.

BEACHCOMBER

Full headroom and a completely equipped galley are among the many comfortable features of this little cruiser

Marine Utilities 40-Foot Express Fisherman

DURING an interlude in the recent New York Boat Show, we drifted up to a group of power cruiser enthusiasts who were engrossed in a friendly controversy on the subject of whether designer or builder was most important to the success of a modern power boat. It sounded interesting so we listened in. There was considerable discussion, some of which wandered rather far afield, but it all worked around to a rather obvious answer. Both are essential to a really fine boat and neither can do much to make up for any deficiencies in the other. No builder in the world can do a good job with a hodge-podge of designing idiosyncrasies thrown together on paper to work with, and a poor builder can make the best set of lines and specifications ever laid down, look like a canal barge before he is through with the job. Quality of material, of course, is important too. But you'll find few first rate designers and builders who jeopardize their reputations by cutting corners with inferior materials.

A few days later we went out to look over the yard and offerings of the Marine Utilities Co., a newcomer in the field of custom built stock cruisers, as they describe the system whereby they offer several stock hull designs with various optional layouts to suit the individual needs of owners. As we started out to the yard, we thought of the argument on the designer and builder question and knowing that Marine Utilities had obtained plans and specifications from two of the outstanding designers of power boats, Nelson & Reid, Inc. and John H. Wells, Inc., we naturally wondered how the builders' part of the bargain was going to be upheld.

We did not wonder long, however, for it soon developed that all construction is under the direct supervision of a man who has been in boat building for fifty years and was for many years head boat builder at the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp., which has probably built more of the country's finest power cruisers than any other two yards combined. A few moments conversation with this man revealed that he is the type of person who just could not do a bad job of building, even if he had to.

However, our job is to be "from Missouri" so we went on about the business of looking over the 40 foot Express Fisherman. We found her to be an excellent example of our conception of just what a boat for this purpose should be. She is intended for use off-shore much of the time and has been designed by Nelson & Reid, Inc. with an eye toward the rough and tumble conditions often encountered at sea.

We were particularly impressed by the long, clean run of the bottom and the deep, heavy, one piece keel, running all the way to the stern. Throughout the boat the emphasis appears to be on staunchness and utility rather than on gaudiness. Her frames are 1¾" by 1½", steam bent white oak spaced on 10" centers, which are considerably heavier than the frames of most boats of this size. Floors, which are bolted to every pair of frames, are 1½" white oak. Planking is 1" Philippine mahogany in long lengths, fastened with Everdur bronze screws, with the holes counterbored and plugged. Side stringers and main deck clamps are of yellow pine and husky proportions. The trunk cabin, deckhouse, cockpit and all interior trim is mahogany.

The side entrance to the cabin adds to its spaciousness

Photos by Rosenfeld

The husky 40-foot Express Fisherman

However, since this is not intended to be a table of specifications we will go no farther than to add that such items as limber holes in all floors *plus* a brass chain and spring to keep them clear, a Monel metal sink, heavy 14 gauge copper gasoline and tin lined water tanks and hackmatack knees at stem and transom, indicate that the general standard of construction is of the very highest grade.

We liked the rather unusual layout of the 40 footer we saw very much. By putting the companion steps on the port side rather than in the usual amidships position the designers have created a sense of spaciousness in the main cabin. Down below she gives the impression of being a boat 45 or 50 feet in length. The galley is located in the after starboard corner and along the bulkhead, with a large ice-box amidships. This arrangement provides a lot more working room than is available in a galley located along one side of the boat only. Another advantage of this location is that the galley is separated from the dinette by only a half-high partition and thus the cook can pass out the chow without having to prance all over the boat, and around corners, etc. The cabin has a full 6' 5" of headroom, another unusual feature for a boat of this size. The double stateroom forward, and the toilet room are a lot more roomy than those boasted by most boats of this size. There is plenty of locker space.

The cockpit is spacious which is as it should be on any boat intended for fishing. A fish box is included under the after deck but the exact layout of fishing chairs and other equipment is left to the individual. The husky yet comfortable hinged helmsman's seat for two is certainly the best we have seen.

The power plant of the boat we saw consists of a pair of rubber mounted Chrysler Crowns with 2½:1 reduction gears and driving through Tobin bronze shafts carried by Goodrich Cutless bearings. These provide a maximum speed of 17 miles per hour and a cruising speed of 14. Other engine installations can provide speeds up to 25 miles. Sound insulation is obtained by means of Accoustatex and mineral wool under the cockpit floor.

Plans and pictures of this boat appeared in the July and August, 1937, issues of YACHTING.

BEACHCOMBER

Frostbiting as It's Done at Larchmont

SOME six years have passed since the first frostbite regatta was held on Manhasset Bay. Originally conceived as a two boat, single race affair more or less as a lark to settle a bet, the sport has grown and spread steadily if not rapidly. It has had its ups and downs and during the intervening years has changed considerably from the early, happy-go-lucky, contests. But now that the classes of boats and methods of conducting races have pretty well settled down at the various clubs, there seems to be an interesting story in just how the sport is conducted at its most popular centers.

During the first year or two of frostbiting among Long Island Sound clubs the contests were informal free-for-alls with everybody who had any kind of a dink with a sail entering into the fun, without caring much whether they finished first or last. The course and supervision of the races were just about as informal, with anyone who happened along being pressed into service as race committee and any old stakes or winter mooring buoys serving as course markers.

Along about the end of the second season, however, the urge to win rather than just sail began to predominate and a designing and building contest ensued which all but gave frostbiting a knockout blow. The cost of participating with any chance of winning races, increased by leaps and bounds as new boats were out-designed every few months. Level heads came to the rescue, however, and one-design classes emerged from the scramble before the sport spent its way into its grave.

At the same time methods of conducting the races gradually developed until during the last two or three years frostbiting has been recognized as a formal and definite part of the racing, and social activity at the clubs where it is conducted. Formally appointed dinghy committees take charge of the weekly affairs just as the clubs' race committees handle the summer regattas. Though there are some who lament the passing of the early era of informality, the steadily increasing number of competitors at the various clubs indicates that there are many who like the system now in operation.

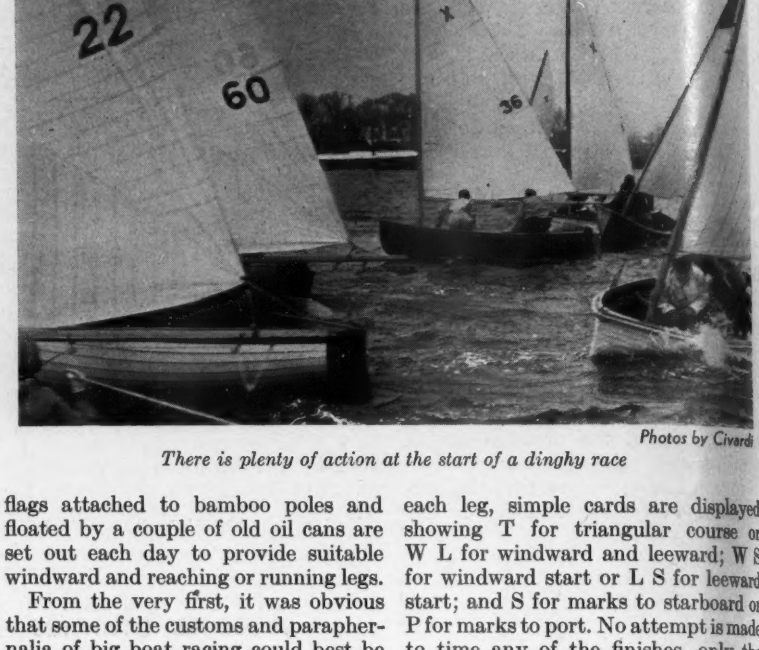
At Larchmont dinghy racing is well organized and popular, with an average of about twenty boats competing every Sunday from November to April. The fleet is about evenly divided between the "B" one-designs designed by Nicholas Potter and built by the Fairfield Boat Works, and the Class X one-designs, from the board of John Alden and also built by Fairfield. Both classes are 11′ 6″ long and carry 72 square feet of sail but the "B O's" have conclusively shown their heels to the X's as far as racing is concerned. As a utility boat the fuller bow sections of the X boats give them the edge. The Dyer D dinghies with lug rig and more conventional "tender" lines are generally considered the best utility boats of all the popular frostbite classes.

This winter's racing at Larchmont started on October 30th and will continue every Sunday up to April 2nd, weather and ice or its absence, permitting. The Dinghy Committee, under John S. Dickerson, Jr., decides whether or not the weather is too tough. Racing has also been scheduled for all holidays during the season with the exception of Christmas and New Year's. This five-month period is divided into two series with prizes for each half and for the season as a whole in each class. To qualify, contestants must sail on 60 per cent of the days on which racing is held in each half and if they sail in more, only the scores made on the boat's best percentage days are counted. Scoring is decided on the percentage system, standings being determined by dividing the number of points obtained, by the number of possible points. Season standings are the average of the percentage of the first and second half.

At Larchmont racing is held entirely within the confines of Larchmont harbor which is about ½ mile across and ½ mile long. As at other clubs, a number of short races are held each day rather than one or two long races. The exact number is up to the discretion of the Dinghy Committee and depends upon weather conditions. Courses are about ½ to ¾ mile in length and from five to seven races are usually sailed each afternoon.

The formal championship races start promptly at 1:45 each day; also, for the benefit of those who arise early on Sunday morning, both classes race as one in the morning in as many informal brushes as time permits, with the first start at 11.

In the early days of frostbiting a committee boat was unheard of and starts and finishes were managed off the end of the various club docks. At the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club which presents a lee shore to the prevailing southwest to north winds, that system still works very satisfactorily. At Larchmont, however, where the location of the club dock is not as favorable for a starting line an ancient Elco Cruiser is used as a Committee boat. The starting and finishing line is established at whatever part of the harbor provides a windward start whenever possible. Course



Photos by Civardi

There is plenty of action at the start of a dinghy race

flags attached to bamboo poles and floated by a couple of old oil cans are set out each day to provide suitable windward and reaching or running legs.

From the very first, it was obvious that some of the customs and paraphernalia of big boat racing could best be eliminated. With numb fingers and limited room to move about, stop watches did more harm than good. Course circulars too, were only in the way. As a solution to the problem of time at the start a system has been worked out whereby the committee signals with a horn the time remaining before the start as frequently as the average skipper would care to look at a stop-watch. At Larchmont it goes like this:

A number of short blasts: Warning
Followed by 2 long blasts: 2 minutes to go
1 long and 1 short blast: 1½ minutes to go
1 long blast: 1 minute to go
3 short blasts: 30 seconds to go
2 short blasts: 20 seconds to go
1 short blast: 10 seconds to go
1 blast for each remaining second
1 long blast: Start

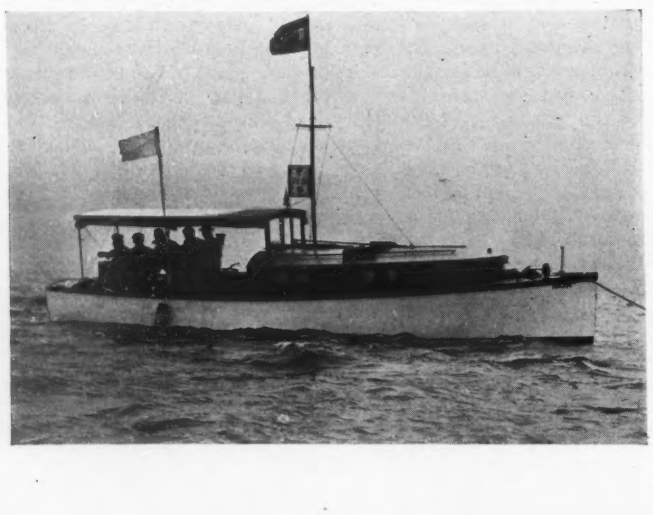
This starting system works out very well from all angles. New skippers follow the gang until they learn the sequence while the committee chairman holds the extension cord push button of the electric horn in his pocket and keeps his hands warm. As soon as the faster B O boats are away, the warning signal for the X boats is given. Altogether there is less confusion and better starts are made than during the summer when many of the skippers sail larger boats and keep their own time.

Courses, too, are signaled in a simplified manner. There being no necessity for signifying the compass course of each leg, simple cards are displayed showing T for triangular course or W L for windward and leeward; W S for windward start or L S for leeward start; and S for marks to starboard or P for marks to port. No attempt is made to time any of the finishes, only the order of finish being recorded.

The regular N.A.Y.R.U. rules govern the racing with one or two exceptions. The short legged courses and flock of boats racing often result in jams at the marks and very often somebody hits the marker. Disqualification has been thought too severe a penalty and a special mark rule written requiring a boat hitting any mark but the committee boat to re-round the mark which has been touched, forfeiting all rights until she is fairly around it. This special rule has worked out quite satisfactorily for, with the hot competition at Larchmont, even rounding a mark a second time usually means the loss of several places.

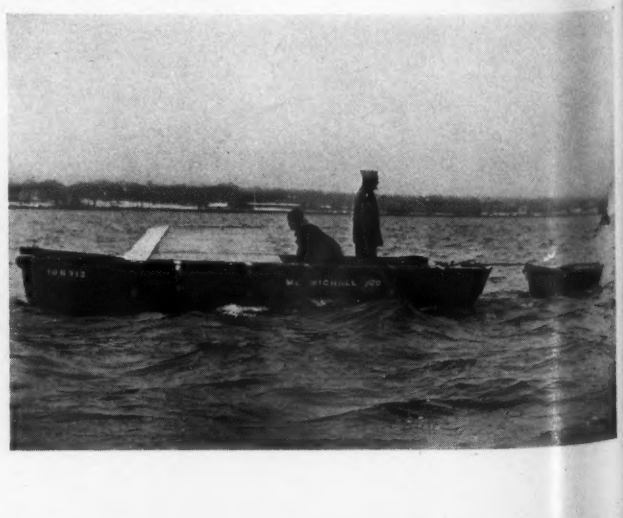
In addition to the committee boat a "crash boat" is always in attendance to go to the immediate assistance of any "loons" unfortunate enough to capsize. The "crash boat" is operated by Howard McMichael of New Rochelle, an enterprising young man who extends his regular yacht maintenance service into the winter by superintending a gang of husky youngsters who launch, rig, unrig and store away most of the frostbite dinghies at Larchmont on all race days for the reasonable fee of $5 per month per boat. Most of the skippers are quite willing to turn the work over to McMichael and foregather at the bar with the spectators and others of the rocking chair fleet for a touch of hot buttered rum.

BEACHCOMBER



Right — The "crash boat" stands by to rescue the "loons"

Left — Larchmont's Dinghy Race Committee and their boat. Note the simplified course signal



Accessories and Equipment

A Fireproof Sound and Heat Absorbing Insulation

ABOUT four or five years ago somebody hit upon the idea of making motor driven yachts a lot more comfortable and pleasant by lining part or all of the engine compartment with one of several materials which would absorb much of the sound of the engines. The idea took hold and seemed to work very well for all concerned. The materials

Aquamix Tile as installed in a new Sport Fisherman by Hubert S. Johnson

first used for sound absorption had their shortcomings but improvements developed rapidly until at present practically every builder of stock boats and most custom builders are installing some kind of sound absorbing material. Some builders have recently further improved their boats by using the same or similar materials as heat insulating mediums on the under side of cabin and deckhouse roofs.

Most of these materials have been developed primarily for use ashore and some have not been particularly suitable for marine installations. Excess absorption of moisture and absence of resistance to fire have been the weaknesses.

Progress, however, is continuing and the latest addition to the field are products called Aquamix and Softone Aquamix Tile. These seem to have all the qualities of the other sound absorbing materials and other advantages, too, which are particularly useful in marine installations.

Softone Aquamix Tile looks like a course undercoat of plaster but is full of tiny air spaces and is much lighter in weight, only 1½ pounds per board foot, about the same as cork. It can be cut with a saw and fastened in place with nails, screws or accoustical cement. Aquamix is the dry form which comes in bags and when mixed with water can be applied with a trowel like any other mortar. This quality makes it an ideal material for filling in corners and around deck beams, etc. It will harden on and adhere to wood and metal and even polished glass.

The sound absorbing qualities of Aquamix are equal or superior to practically all the better known sound insulating materials. Its thermal insulating value is equivalent to block cork which makes it suitable for use in the construction of ice-boxes as well as under the cabin roof.

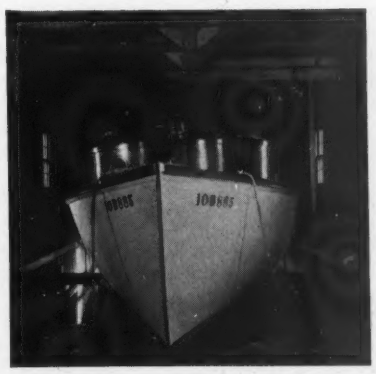
The biggest feature of all, however, is the fact that instead of being inferior or only equal to wood in resistance to fire Aquamix absolutely will not burn. After being held right in the flame of a blow-torch for over an hour a block of the material showed only a slight charring which, when dug out, was found to extend only about a third of the way into the block and was limited to the point in direct contact with the flame. Its use around an engine should not only cut down sound but tend to reduce the spread of fire in an emergency.

Lifting a Nine Ton Boat By Hand

IN our wanderings about the Show, we discovered a very interesting angle in regard to a product already several years old: namely, that the uses of the Simplicity Boat Hoist, which has been a familiar sight there for several years, are by no means limited to small, comparatively light runabouts and little sailboats. Many owners, we found, have installed double hoisting arrangements with a separate hoist at each end of the boat which enables one man to lift a 9 or 10 ton power cruiser entirely clear of the water. To accomplish this the larger Simplicity outfits provide a combined mechanical advantage in gears, length of handle, and pulley blocks of as much as 150 to 1, including allowance for friction.

The gears and essential working parts of the various types of hoists are the same regardless of size and the whole arrangement has been made foolproof. Lifting rings, canvas slings or a special lifting cradle are used depending upon the size and weight of the boat to be lifted. One of the principal advantages of this hoist is that the boat can be lifted to within a few inches of the point from which the mechanism is hung, no headroom is wasted as with block and fall or chain blocks. It operates by winding the end of a single, double or triple fall on a galvanized iron shaft. Winding force is applied by a simple hoist unit at one end of the shaft. Ratchet action on the long handle provides the simplest operation imaginable. A retaining pawl grabs hold as soon as pressure on the handle is released and, for lowering away, a well lined brake is provided, which can be operated by two fingers. If the brake should be accidently released the retaining pawl grabs again so the boat cannot possibly drop uncontrolled.

The advantages of keeping a boat clear of the water are so obvious that they hardly require mentioning here. Elimination of scum, barnacles, and other marine growths are one reason; preservation of finish and quality of



the paint is another. But the most important of all is to prevent the absorption of water which increases the weight of the hull considerably and retards speed and efficiency. Later when that moisture dries out, over the winter, or during any prolonged haul-out, the seams are bound to open up to a certain extent.

Ventalarm Warns You When the Tank is Full

ANOTHER simple but very useful gadget which we noticed at the Show is Wilcox-Crittenden's Ventalarm which, unless everybody in the vicinity is stone deaf, should help a lot in doing away with the hazards, waste, and mess involved in filling gasoline, fuel oil, and water tanks to overflowing and beyond. On recently built boats the hazards in the form of spilled gasoline

and the consequent fumes are not as great as they are on boats built before it became obligatory to locate the fill pipe outside the cockpit coaming so that any overflow drains overboard, but even on those new boats gasoline does not help the appearance of paint and varnish much. Among the older boats there are still a good many in service with fill pipes down under a seat or in the cockpit floor.

The Ventalarm can be installed in practically any tank, new or old, having an air vent at the top. All there is to it is a fitting containing a whistle which is blown by the air displaced through the vent by the incoming liquid, until its level reaches a two inch length of pipe which extends down into the tank from the vent opening. The regular vent-line is attached to the Ventalarm. No back pressure is developed by the unit, yet as little as two ounces of pressure blows the whistle. Any additional pressure vents freely around the whistler.

In operation there is a shrill sound easily audible for fifty feet or more until the end of the two inch pipe is covered, when it suddenly ceases and you stop filling the tank or fill slowly from there on. There are no moving parts, nothing to get out of order and you don't have to tap it to make it work.

A Real Sea-Going Boot

ONE of the outstanding articles of new equipment which appeared on the yachtsman's horizon last year was the Sperry Top-Sider shoes which came out in the spring and spread very rapidly on a wave of well-deserved popularity. The Top-Siders are still going like hotcakes, not only because they are by far the best non-skid shoes ever developed for boat use, regardless of how wet the decks are, but also because they are a well made shoe all the way through. They have filled well a long felt need.

Having put the shoes over so well Paul Sperry, their originator, began looking around for more ways to use his squeegee type soles. A really practical boot for use on smaller yachts seemed a likely article for, in addition to being comparatively slippery, the rubber boots yachtsmen have used for want of something better, have always been heavy, clumsy, and difficult to dry out.

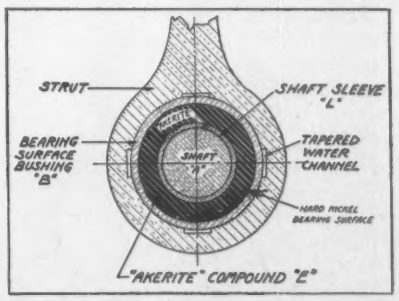
The Top-Sider Boot has resulted from the study of the problem and although they are black or white like ordinary boots, that is about as far as the resemblance goes. On the bottom is the Top-Sider sole; the foot is of the usual stiffened black rubber to protect the toes and top of the foot from cleats and falling belaying pins, etc.; but the leg of the boot from the ankle up to above the knee is soft and pliable. This feature has three specific advantages over the old style of boot, stiff almost to the knee. First, it permits perfect freedom of leg movement, in stepping up out of the cockpit, out of a dinghy or out on the bowsprit. Second, it makes a lighter, more limber boot which can be rolled up around its foot and thus easily stowed away or carried. And third, it can be turned inside out right down to the foot for a thorough drying. Just below the knee is a strap which when tightened, permits the boot to be rolled down to knee length. They are now available in men's and women's sizes and are intended to be worn over shoes.

A New Rubber Shaft Bearing

ONE of the busiest little booths at the recent New York Show was the one in which an entirely new type of rubber shaft bearing called Akerite was being shown. We stopped by three times before we were able to edge near enough to the front of the crowd to really get the story.

Akerite bearings have two new features not possessed by other rubber bearings. First, the rubber turns with the shaft and bears on the inside of a special hard nickel sleeve, instead of the shaft turning inside the rubber. Second, the rubber sleeve can be replaced, in case it becomes worn, with very little effort and at a cost of only a little over ten per cent of that of the complete unit.

The make-up of the Akerite bearing consists, briefly, of a metal sleeve whose inside diameter is slightly more than the diameter of the shaft. Each end of this sleeve has four slits about an inch long over which drive rings are fitted



and driven up tight toward the center, securely clamping the sleeve to the shaft. The rubber bearing sleeve fits tightly on the inside sleeve and is bonded to its knurled surface. That much of the unit turns with the shaft. Then there is the outside bushing of hard, smooth nickel which is pressed into place in the strut. The latter has four rows of lubricating holes which

line up with tapered water channels in the strut and thus feed a steady flow of water to act as a lubricant between the rubber and nickel. There are also shallow water channels on the inside of the bushing connecting the holes in each row, to distribute the lubricating water over the whole surface of the rubber.

The sizes of the various elements of the bearing units, of course, depend upon the diameter of the shaft. At present they are being made up to fit all shafts from 7/8″ to 6″ in diameter.

The advantages claimed for Akerite bearings are reduction of vibration, ease of installation and the replaceable feature of the rubber sleeve as well as a bearing surface almost 50 per cent greater than is provided in bearings in which the shaft bears directly on the rubber.

The demonstration at the Show indicated that the bearings received plenty of lubricating water. Regarding sand or grit which might conceivably work into the bearing, we can only say that the manufacturer has shoveled sand onto a working bearing for hours without causing any trouble, so that apparently any foreign body fine enough to work in is passed on out almost immediately. Hubert S. Johnson has used Akerite bearings on several recent boats including the Sport Fisherman on display at the Show and has found them quite satisfactory, from every engineering and practical viewpoint.

BEACHCOMBER

Preventing Dry Rot and Mildew With Cuprinol

OUR annual first-hand story of the ravages of dry-rot turned up a few weeks ago. It had to do with an expedition bound for New Guinea, which was about to set sail after a pleasant stop at Tahiti. Just as one of the last boatloads of supplies was being brought alongside, one of the hands reached for the rail; he grasped it and held — but the rail didn't hold. It was all but eaten away with dry rot and crumbled off like papier maché. The rail was by no means all that was affected and the long and short of it was the schooner had to be hauled out and undergo a major operation at a cost of several hundred dollars and involving several weeks' delay. Fortunately the trouble was discovered when the vessel was a few hundred yards from the only marine railway within thousands of miles — it might just as well have been hundreds of miles beyond and showed itself by way of a plank dropping out of the transom or something equally serious.

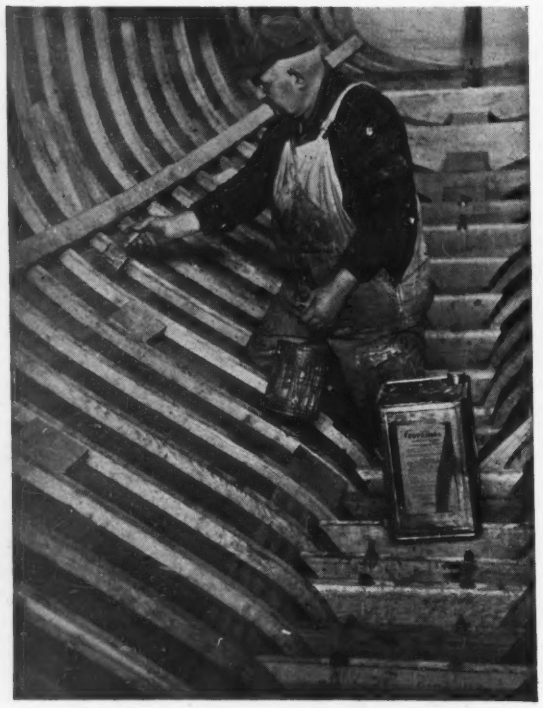
Another first-hand story concerned a large schooner which had been well built at a good yard (though not one of the best). The specifications and workmanship were uniformly high throughout the boat and the material had been specially selected. Yet after about three seasons' use and two or three years out of commission she was about to be sold when a surveyor discovered that her whole stern was literally eaten to pulp with dry rot.

Other first-hand stories have told of apparently sound spars snapping off at the first sign of wind and disclosing unsuspected weaknesses, and dozens of stems and transoms which have been attacked by all kinds of fungi and rot. There are of course, hundreds of other cases of the same thing which we ourselves have never heard about.

We decided to track down whatever information we could on the causes and ways of preventing this terrific hazard and waste.

Dry rot, wet rot, fungus and mildew, we found, are all caused by microscopic organisms that are continually drifting about the air. These organisms feed on cellulose, which forms a large part of the make-up of wood and is also present in cotton and rope. Moisture and warmth are a great aid to their ravages which largely explain their intensive activity in and around the bows and transoms of boats where lack of ventilation often causes considerable condensation. Green, unseasoned wood with its high moisture content is particularly susceptible to rot and the growth of various fungi. Thoroughly dried and seasoned wood is much less liable to attack, but if permitted to become moist, either through condensation, leaks in the deck, or ice-box drippings, rot may develop. Once the organisms get a start they spread rapidly.

Oak, one of the woods most commonly used in boat building, is unfortunately one of those most susceptible to rot. Birch, rock elm, spruce and other northern woods often used in boats are also bad offenders. With any of these it is very important that a protective agent be applied on every single square inch of wood surface while the boat is being built. Other woods are sometimes affected and no wood except teak is immune to rot.



Applying the second coat of Cuprinol to a boat under construction. The first coat was applied to each piece of material as it was put in place

The organisms of rot and fungi don't thrive on paint and a painted surface is good protection against them, but the trouble with paint is the difficulty of keeping an unchecked, unbroken surface and the excellent chance of a good many square inches of surface being left unpainted in out of the way corners of the boat. Moisture working into the wood at any point will capillarize through it and loosen up the paint throughout the length of the timber.

Salt and Creosote have been the "rule of thumb" preventive for dry rot for generations. Many a ton of salt has gone in between the planking and ceiling of fishermen, cargo boats and even some yachts. It does its job, and does it well, but it is mighty hard to do the job thoroughly enough with salt to fully protect every nook and corner of the boat. There is nothing better anywhere than creosote but it is not at all suitable for use on yachts for it has a very persistent odor and works its way out through any number of coats of paint. Creosote is all right for the holds of scows and barges but out of the question for yachts.

Many a yacht has been built in recent years with no thought to the prevention of rot other than an attempt to use only well seasoned woods. There is certainly no harm in that but it still is not a sure means of preventing trouble and if strictly adhered to adds quite a little to the cost of the boat.

However, dark as the picture may look up to this point, there is an answer; a product called Cuprinol. It was developed and first used in Denmark some twenty years ago and the fact that it is not widely known here is an excellent illustration of the fact that even though you have a better mouse trap the world is very slow in beating a path to your door. John G. Alden of Boston, was one of the first naval architects in this country to specify and use Cuprinol. He began some years ago by importing it from Europe and now specifies its use on all wood construction supervised by his office.

Cuprinol is an exclusive formula containing organo-metallic salts dissolved in a thin, deeply penetrating liquid. It can be applied by either brush or spray and spreads quickly and easily, in fact, like kerosene, it is spread by capillary action through the wood as soon as it is applied to the surface. This action is demonstrated very effectively by touching a brushful of Cuprinol to one side of a thin strip of wood. In less than the time required to remove the brush and turn the strip it has penetrated to the other side.

On new construction a thorough job of rot prevention and protection against all kinds of wood destroying organism can be provided by Cuprinol. Two coats are recommended, both inside and outside the boat, the inside coats to be applied during construction, making sure that every inch of surface is covered whether or not it is to be covered with wood or paint later. It spreads so much easier than paint that the two coats of Cuprinol require no more labor than the priming coat of paint which they may be considered as replacing. It covers from 250 to 600 square feet per gallon depending upon the porosity of the wood. The strong odor noticeable in the liquid disappears as soon as it has dried and there is no harmful affect on paint applied over Cuprinol. On boats already built Cuprinol can be applied affectively only when paint is scraped or burned off to bare wood.

Mildew-proofing a mainsail with Cuprinol for sails

Cuprinol is manufactured in two colors, green and clear. The green is used on all surfaces to be painted over, the color preventing "holidays" in application. The clear is used on surfaces to be varnished. It is said that the manner in which Cuprinol penetrates the wood keeps it from leaching out even though the varnish may have worn or sluffed off.

Mildew and other forms of rot and disintegration, which occur in sails, mooring lines, anchor rodes, etc., can also be prevented by Cuprinol. The organisms causing mildew are closely allied to those causing rot and they thrive on wet, warm canvas as anyone who has ever put a sail away wet knows. Mildew devours the cellulose in the cotton and can make a brand new sail an ugly patchwork of gray in a day's time, weakening the fibers as well as spoiling the appearance.

A special Cuprinol for canvas has been developed which can be applied with a brush or rag. Only one side of the canvas need be treated as it immediately penetrates the entire fabric. Since the salts in Cuprinol are nonvolatile and insoluble in water, one treatment is permanent. Like other more complicated mildew-proofing processes, it stiffens the canvas a bit and thus its use has been more or less limited to cruising sails.

Ropes, sheets and halliards are treated by dipping momentarily in Cuprinol. A day's drying in the open air completes the process.

BEACHCOMBER

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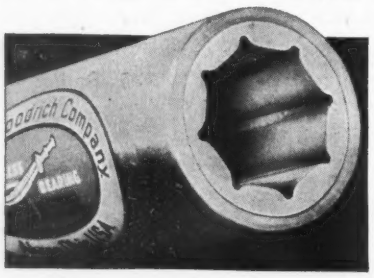

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BOOKS FOR THE YACHTSMAN

Take Her Down

By Commander T. B. Thompson, U.S.N.

(*Sheridan House, New York, $2.50*)

ALMOST any reader might be excused for thinking that our participation in the World War has been adequately described before now — and he might be wrong. It is a safe guess that very few Americans, even yet, are aware that eight U. S. submarines played an active part in the U-Boat campaign in the Irish Sea. Commander T. B. Thompson, who was executive officer of the *L-9* during her months of patrol duty out of Berehaven, Ireland, and who commanded her during the final weeks of the war, has set down here a story which is unique in American annals of the war.

One of the first things the general reader will want to know is what our submarines were doing in the Irish Sea. The submarine as a weapon of warfare was not in good order. The German U-Boats, by their attack on Allied shipping, came so close to winning the war that the British decided the whole thing was ungentlemanly, perhaps illegal. The American public, accordingly, heard a good deal about "frightfulness." They heard little or nothing about the desperate game of tag their own L-Boats played against the more numerous and better-armed U-Boats.

Strangely enough, the Allied submarines sank more German submarines, in proportion to their numbers, than any type of surface ship. The Germans, who knew this, were careful to keep their under water craft out of areas patrolled by Allied subs. The L-Boats, therefore, played a dual rôle — they attacked enemy submarines, and defended important shipping routes from submarine raids.

The L-Boats were small coastal submarines of limited cruising radius. They crossed the Atlantic under tow, running on their first attempt into a hurricane of record-breaking violence. The little convoy was scattered from Charleston to the coast of Portugal. The *L-9*, with her compasses smashed, her engines crippled, her fuel all but exhausted, limped back to Boston. Half her personnel came ashore on stretchers, and some of them ended their active service then and there. The months of grinding patrol duty that followed their arrival in Ireland — eight days at sea and eight in port, monotonously alternated — lent plenty of color to the stories about U-Boat seamen going mad. A submarine at sea was peculiarly on its own. Even friendly vessels, at sight of a periscope, dropped depth charges first and investigated afterward.

Commander Thompson, of course, writes as a specialist. One hardly expects, from such a source, a book as lively and readable as this. His hard-boiled and often satiric humor, the variety and vigor of his opinions, have made *Take Her Down* a book that deserves to become a minor classic of the War.

Out of Halifax

By Wallace R. MacAskill

(*The Derrydale Press, New York, 1937, $15.00*)

THIS volume of sea pictures marks a new high in marine photography. If you have doubted — along with the present reader — that lens and shutter can produce anything worthy to be compared with the art of brush and canvas, "Out of Halifax" will help to resolve that doubt. You need turn no further than the frontispiece, as a matter of fact, to find a seascape whose beauty would be difficult to match in oils.

Once you have studied the frontispiece, however, you will inevitably look further. Wallace R. MacAskill is no ordinary photographer. As Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Halifax, he knows ships and the sea. The hundred photographs presented here were gathered from Cape Breton Island, Newfoundland, and along the shores of Nova Scotia. The pictures were made by an artist with the camera, who understands every subtlety of design and composition, every trick of light and shade.

Commodore MacAskill likes the working ships. *Bluenose*, close hauled, with her sails so delicately outlined against the sky that they might have been done in dry point. A little schooner, plowing along with a quartering breeze and every inch of canvas spread. A battered square-rigger jogging home under shortened sail. A French barquentine idling on the Grand Banks, her old sails a checkerboard of patches, while she saves her good suit for the long run home. He likes the sailors and fishermen who get their living from the sea. Here they are, rolling casks on the deck of a dirty cargo vessel, mending their nets along the waterfront, or beaching their boats at sunset. There are plenty of scenes along shore, unexpected views of marine reflections in a quiet harbor, where the water looks like silk moire; or forbidding vistas of the rocky coastline.

"Out of Halifax" is a beautiful job of book making. For those with a technical interest in photography there is an appendix, giving details of film, lighting, and exposure.

M. W.

42-ft. Lounging Sedan "Nautigal" built by Wheeler Shipyards, Inc., and owned by F. B. Whiting of Neenah, Wis., powered by a pair of Buda six-cylinder 110 h.p. Diesel engines shown below. On direct drive, with 18" x 14" wheels she has a top speed of 16 m.p.h.

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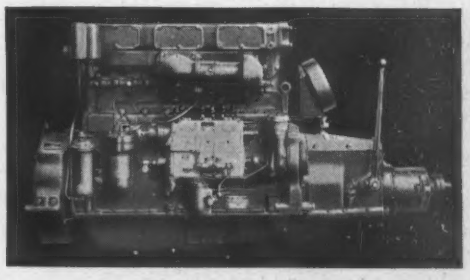

Buda "Silver Crown" Model 6-LDM-468 Marine full Diesel engine, high speed, light weight. Bore 4½, stroke 5½. Power range 90 to 110 h.p. Two of these engines power the "Nautigal"

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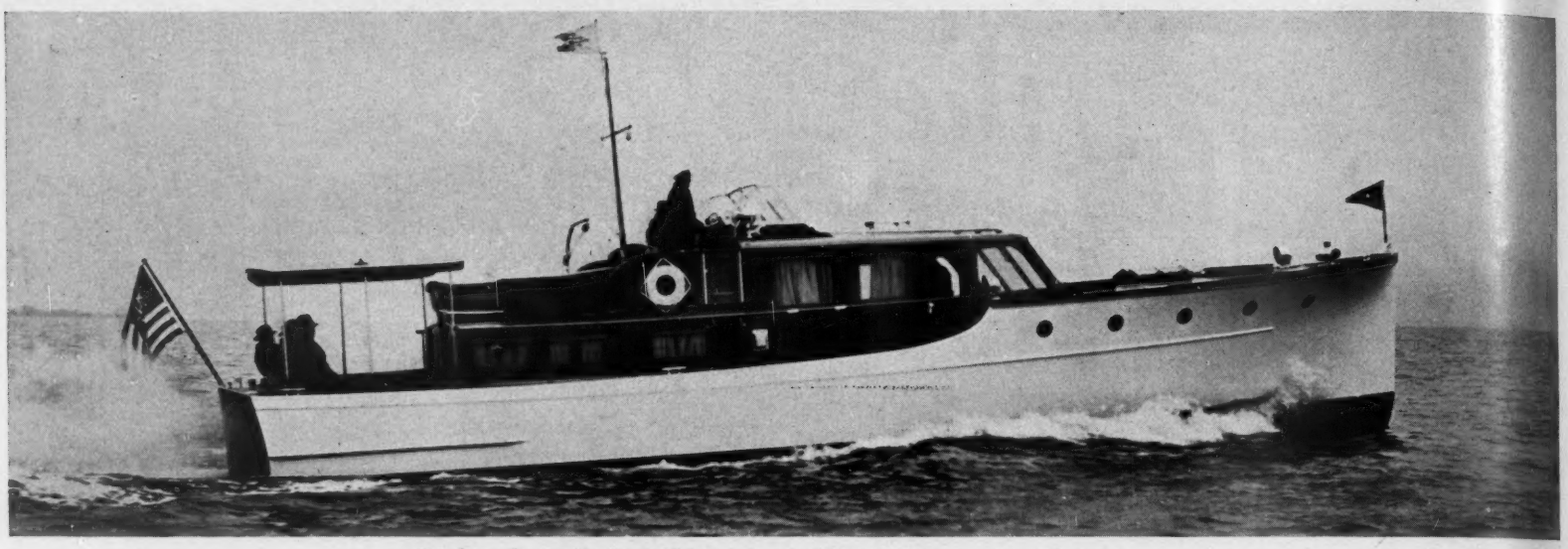

Disturbance II, owned by Gordon Fisher, Jr. Launched January 1938, now cruising in Southern waters

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BRITISH YACHTING NOTES

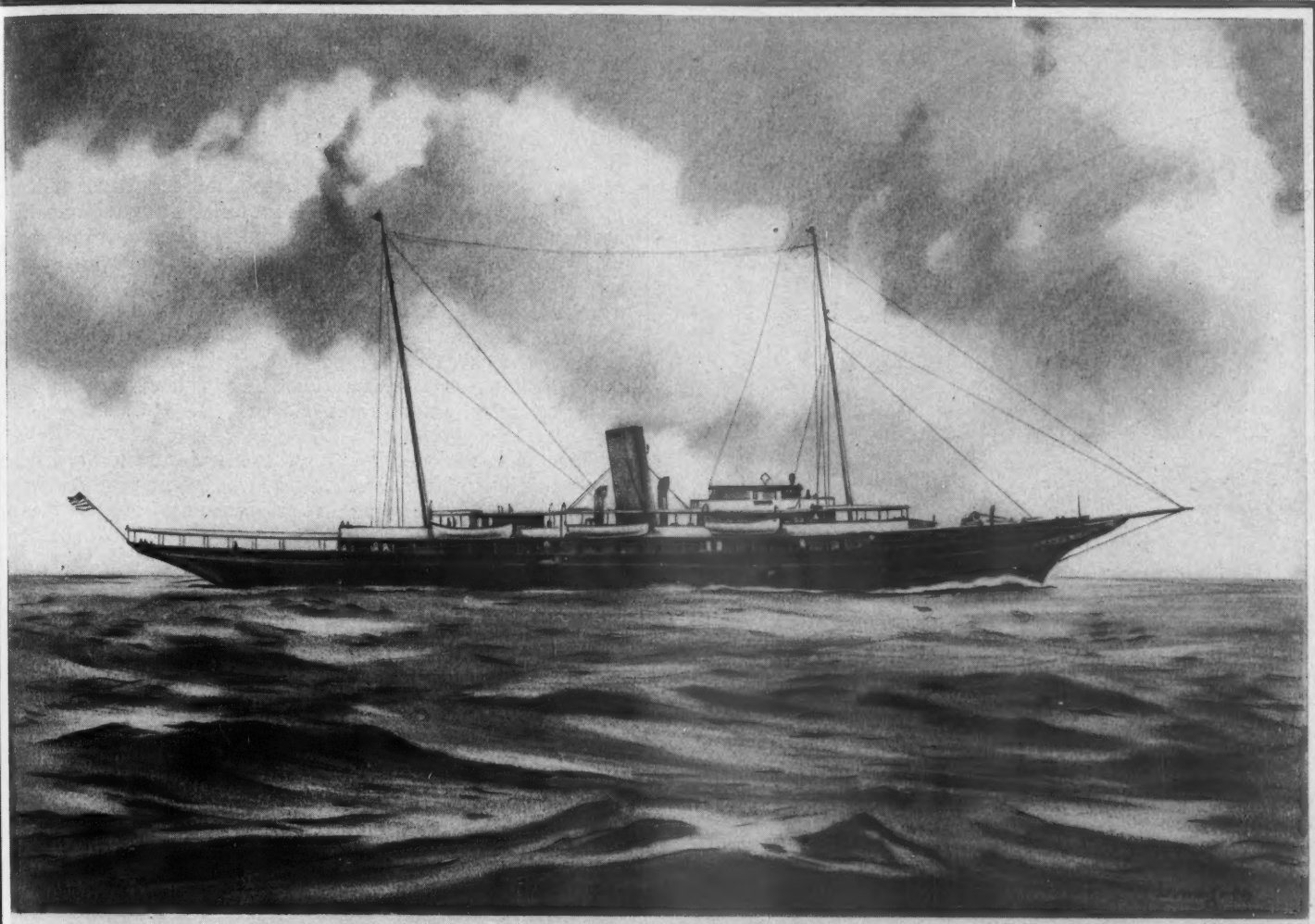
THE outlook for the coming yachting season in British waters — in spite of the fact that Class J will not be represented — is fairly promising. While there can be no doubt that a particular interest attaches to racing in the big class, especially with the general non-yachting public, there is just as good sport to be had in the smaller and less expensive classes. The "Twelves" are rightly most popular with yachtsmen who can afford to own and race craft of their size as, in addition to their being big enough to live on board in reasonable comfort, the International Rule to which they are built induces just the right amount of displacement for the accommodation required on a suitable length and sail area. There was, of course, a risk of the International Rule vessels running to seed in the direction of narrow beam, but the "stops" which have been adopted have put a check on what had promised to be a most undesirable development. There is the possibility of an addition to the class which, if it materializes, should provide a new interest and possibly show developments from the present normal type. The "Eights" and "Sixes" should be in full force again both on the Clyde and on the Solent and at both centers the popular one-design classes will be much to the fore.

About twenty Redwings are being built to Charles Nicholson's design to take the place of those his firm built for members of the Bembridge Yacht Club more than twenty years ago and which throughout that time — except in the years of the Great War when racing was out — have proved themselves to be thoroughly able little craft. The new boats have the same area of sail as the old — 200 square feet — but they have a greater length of load water line, a lead keel in place of iron and a relatively more powerful forebody. For anything like a breeze, they should be considerably faster than the old.

While visiting the Gosport yard recently, where the Redwings are being built, I could not help thinking that their type was much more suitable for day racing than that of the modern "Six" now being built in the same shed for the Triminghams, of Bermuda. This "Six," with her great length and narrow beam — down to the limit, of course — shows a definite deviation from the design of *Lalage* and *Esme*, successful craft from Nicholson's board, and should, I think, be at her best in from light to moderate breezes. At any rate she will be in the best possible hands!

Handicap racing, too, should find an important place in the yachting events, more especially as the Yacht Racing Association is now taking a keen interest in this branch of the sport. Handicaps, I know, find little favor in America but there is a good deal to be said for this form of racing. They give, or should give, every yacht in the race a reasonable chance of winning a prize. Y.R.A. handicaps are based on actual performance whenever a yacht's record is available and, as Sir William Burton said recently, on "an intelligent guess" by Major B. Heckstall-Smith in the case of an unknown boat. Now, it is perfectly obvious that, however well a yacht's form is known or however good the "guess" may have been as to her capabilities, the handicap, as a whole, may, on account of uncertain or exceptional weather conditions, turn out to be a complete failure. It is unfair, therefore, under these circumstances to blame either the handicapper or the system; if the corrected times happen to come out well, it would be due only to luck or to bad handicapping.

During the past season I have frequently heard it said that races for "cruising" yachts at coastal regattas should be sailed under a rating rule and time scale and that the measurement rule and time scale of the Royal Ocean Racing Club should be used. Personally, I differ entirely from this point of view. The R.O.R.C. formula method of taking hull measurements, scantling allowance and time scale "were evolved primarily to bring together, by time allowance, yachts of varying types and sizes when racing over long distances in open water —" and, further, it was not considered possible for the rule to cover every eventuality when working over a wide range of types and sizes. It is quite obvious, therefore, that the system adopted by the R.O.R.C. was not intended for — or, indeed, suitable for — short distance inshore races. It is true that the measurement rule and time scale of the late Boat Racing Association produced remarkably even results on corrected times with a wide range of types and sizes at a regatta held many years ago in Southampton Water, but *correct* handicapping would have produced even better results under the same conditions. The conditions happened to be just those under which a rating rule or a handicap would have the best possible chance to function well. Had they been very different, both rating rule and handicap would certainly have broken down badly. The best that can be expected, or hoped for, under the rating rule



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SYNTHETIC RESINS

and time scale system is that yachts of equal quality over a reasonable range of types and sizes when racing under average conditions, may compete with a fairly even chance of success. Under the handicap system much more — in the way of evening up prize-winning chances — should be aimed at and expected but, however good the handicapping, it should always be remembered that unsuitable weather conditions may play the devil with corrected times.

It may be thought that the views I have expressed are painfully obvious but one gets rather tired of hearing the handicapping system run down and the hard working official handicapper blamed when unsatisfactory weather conditions prevail. It should be remembered, too, as Sir William Burton pointed out when speaking on this subject, that "you cannot handicap on hearsay but only on observation" and, on the important factor of the helmsman, "A boat sails with one today and a different helmsman tomorrow. Helmsmanship is such an important factor. Is there a man living who can tell us how to handicap a helmsman?" Especially so, one may add, when the handicapper does not know who will be at the helm in any particular race. I have tried to make out a case for handicaps and I hope I have succeeded but, for my own part, I find them far less interesting than "class" racing or the deep water races under the R.O.R.C. rating rule and time scale.

There can be no doubt, however, that there is a definite demand for handicap racing in British waters. The man who owns a poorly designed and ill-equipped vessel but who enjoys "racing," quite naturally thinks that he ought, at least, to be in the running for a prize now and then and, as long as he does not change his helmsman and, by so doing, upset calculations of the handicapper, he has the right to expect one! Seriously, though, handicap racing when sailed in the right spirit — even by my friend Alf Loomis's Lee Rail Vikings — can be quite good fun and there is no call to bait the handicapper. Like the pianist one is requested not to shoot, he is doing his best, often under most difficult and trying circumstances.

M. HECKSTALL-SMITH

Chesapeake Bay Activity

By TED HOSTER

ONCE started, the urge for Six-Metres has gathered such momentum that there are now six owned at Gibson Island all of which have been purchased since the close of the season last fall. Since the first five have been mentioned before in this column, it will not only serve as general information but as a warning to the other owners to reveal that Miller Sherwood, of Baltimore and G. I., has recently purchased the "Six" *Indian Scout* which, in the past two years, has not only done handsomely in this country but went abroad to capture the International Gold Cup which is the outstanding trophy for this class. If the other prospects interested in "Sixes" come through with purchases, it will mean one of the largest fleets of these boats racing in the country. It would be gratifying to see a representative from these waters with a native crew taking a crack at some of the trophies so coveted by the northern shellbacks.

\+ + +

Midwinter launchings being on the unusual side, reports of them seem to bring spring a bit closer. A 45-foot motor-sailer under construction for K. C. Atwood, of New York, recently slid down the ways at the yard of Ralph Wiley, in Oxford. Mr. Wiley expects to start work on another boat of about the same size as soon as this one is nearly completed.

\+ + +

With the sale of the Eight-Metre *Conewago*, this class is pretty well broken up hereabouts, there being only two "Eights" left on the Bay. Johnson Grymes, her former owner, has sold her to Dan Brown, of Olean, New York, who will sail her out of Olcott so that once more *Conewago's* fine hull will feel the fresh waters of Lake Ontario slipping by her bottom.

\+ + +

On January 14th the Miles River Yacht Club gave a testimonial dinner at St. Michaels to Commodore William Mills who retires this winter, to be succeeded in office by B. Frank Sherman.

\+ + +

Work has finally begun on the Gibson Island Yacht Squadron house, damaged by fire late in the summer. The building will be ready for the formal opening of the club early in May.

\+ + +

William Labrot, of the Annapolis Yacht Club, is planning to ship his cutter to Norway in the spring by steamer and then to meet her there and cruise in that region for a month.

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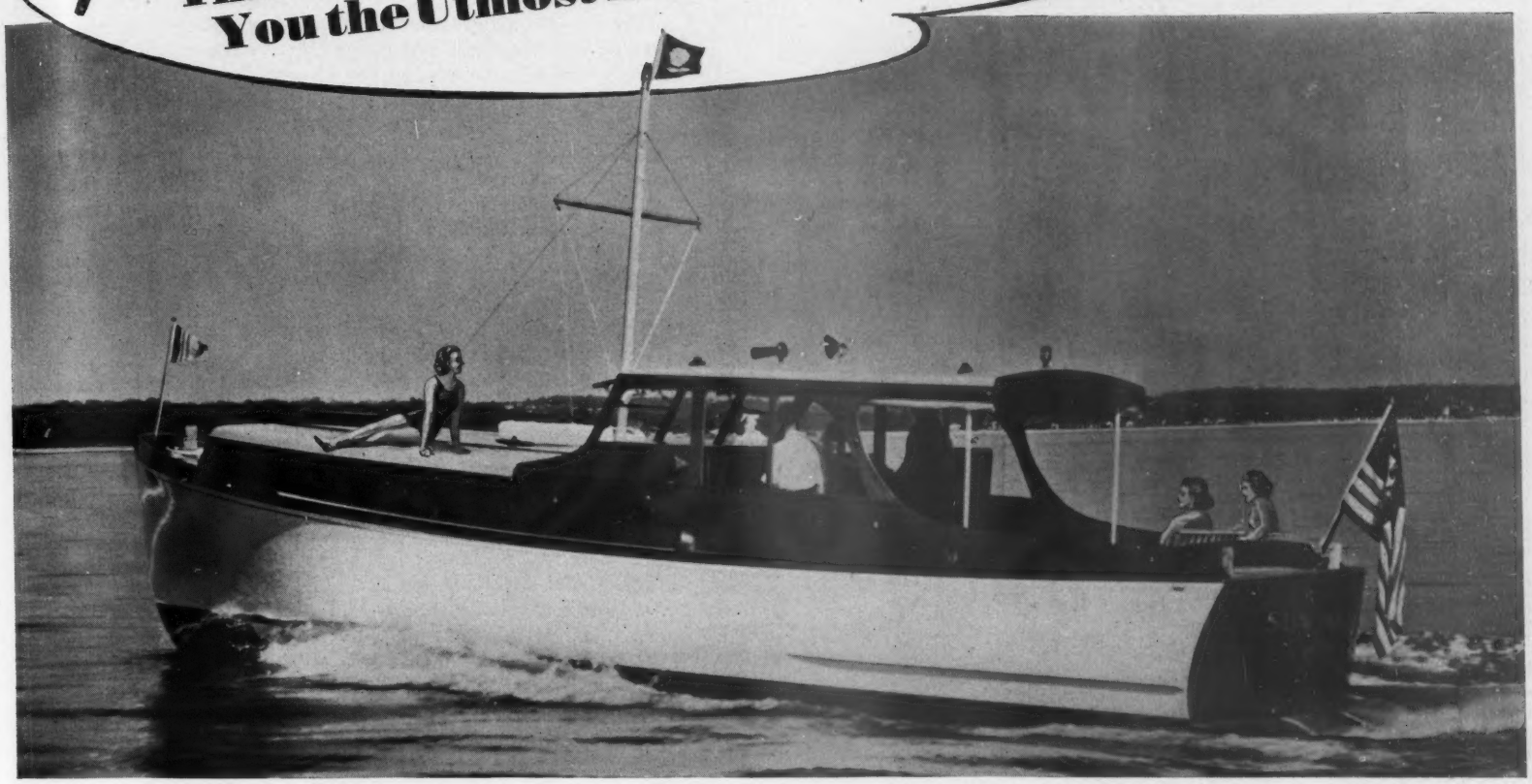

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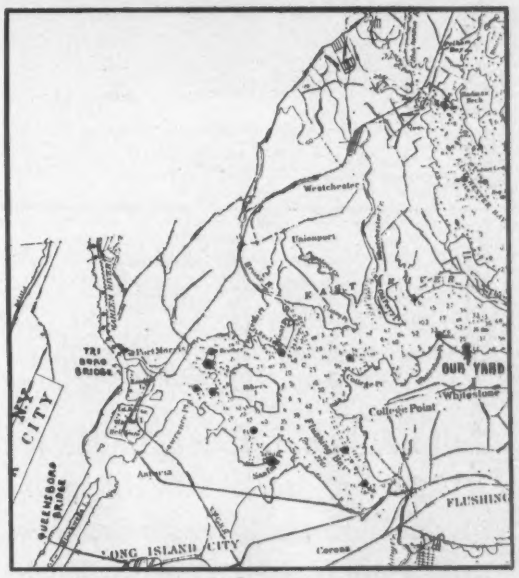

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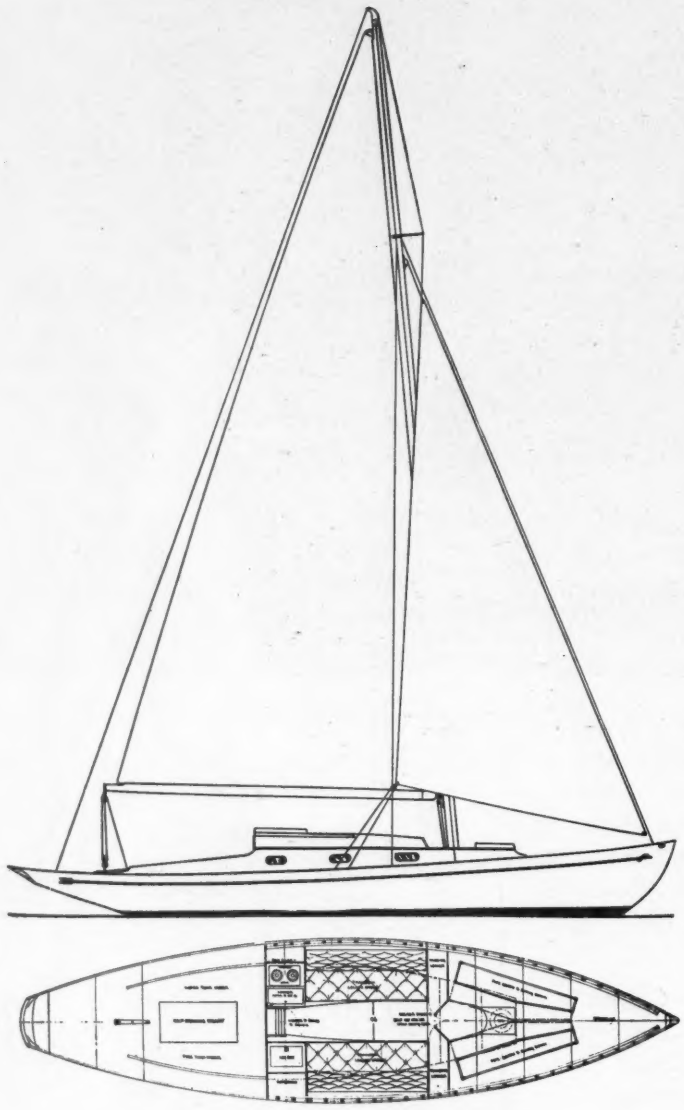

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NEWS FROM YACHTING CENTERS

Florida Trade Winds

By VIVYAN HALL

WITH the opening of the road down the keys there is increasing interest in Key West and increasing activity thereabouts. Douglas Osborn's *Judy*, Owen L. Coon's *Sea Bee*, George F. Getz's *Virago*, and Commodore Arthur Curtiss James' *Lanai* have been enjoying the comfortable yacht basin. The record sailfish for the early season was a catch of 7 feet 8 inches, made by Joseph Schreiber of Detroit. And the United States army, not the navy, with Major James D. McMullen commanding, is heading up a movement to establish a yacht club which will replace the Biscayne Bay organization as the club farthest south. Meanwhile, S. C. Singleton is forming a model yacht club among the younger sailors.

+ + +

Craig's Harbor, just below Lower Matecumbe, has been having a steady run of visitors. Clifford D. Mallory's *Bonnie Dundee*, Worrell Clarkson's *Framalin*, A. C. Kittel's *Ambassadress*, and J. V. Lindsley's *Yola* stopped recently. This port, with its fuel, water, and ice services as well as telephone and telegraph, makes a useful stop on the Miami-Key West stretch.

+ + +

Fort Lauderdale is having a gala winter, enough boats to jam the New River and more moored near the mouth, and a chatty news column about the boats done by Martha Prewitt Breckinridge. The fleet has included H. B. Hale's *Elah II*, F. L. Kennedy's *Saunterer*, Frank Page's *Hunky Dory III*, Harold Bowen's *Caroline*, C. D. Hawkins' *Miome*, H. D. Gates' *Elfranga*, J. F. Dowd's *Manana*, E. R. Newland's *Whisper*, Sumner Gifford's *Mars*, Curtis Erne's *Cormoran*, Gilbert Sayward's *Starlight*, Leslie E. Downs' *Wickapogue IV*, R. B. Randall's *Wind-in-The-Face III*, Dr. T. M. Davis' *Timsun*, Harry E. Stahl's *Friar Tuck*, James Howe, Jr.'s, *Falcon*, Dr. F. F. Reid's *Catherine C*, and more coming all the time.

+ + +

Yacht clubs throughout the state are busy. The Tampa Yacht and Country Club staged a 36-mile handicap race covering all of Tampa Bay. Fletcher Cawthon was chairman of the committee which assembled thirteen starters in two classes, handicapped on past performance. A good breeze brought the leaders through in seven hours. The Cawthons' 26-foot cutter *Sun Beau* won on corrected time in the larger class after an exciting finish astern of Isbon Linebaugh's *Suzanne*, while Bob Major's *Pieces of Eight*, from St. Petersburg, took third. In Class B Joe Byars' *Seven Fish* finished ahead of Bob Carleton's *Tom Boy*.

+ + +

The Clearwater Yacht Club has named the following officers for 1938: Taver Bayly, commodore; Eustace L. Adams, vice-commodore; F. C. Picker, rear-commodore; W. F. Rehbaum, III, secretary; K. F. Rehbaum, treasurer; and Theo Kaminsky, fleet captain. The Clearwater sailors, who have the largest Snipe fleet in southern waters, hold individual and team races every Sunday and have scheduled their national winter three-day regatta for the last week in February.

+ + +

The Eau Gallie Yacht Club staged the second regatta in the Florida Sailing Association series, Orlando, Clearwater, Daytona Beach, Rockledge, Melbourne, Fort Pierce, Palm Beach, and Miami participating. Jimmie Van Sant, of that seagoing family which is said to use Moth boats as baby buggies, walloped the other 17 Moths with his *Great Bear*. Commodore Henry Thompson took first honors in the Snipe Class, while his clubmates, Victor Cribb and Don Hoefle, won out in the Cricket and Development (Suicide) Classes, respectively. First place in the Frostbite dinghies went to H. Martyn Baker's *Squid* from Port Washington, L. I. And the day ended with West Palm Beach's Miss Sammy Lyman beating a fast field among the girls.

+ + +

Under the timing of the American Power Boat Association officials, Horace E. Dodge's *Delphine IX* made trial runs during the holidays at Miami Beach for the Gold Cup mile record of 82.2985. Steadily improving her speed from the 76.433 m.p.h. of the first trial, Dodge and Ed McKensie, his mechanic, worked her up to an apparent speed above 90 miles. Near the finish line she hit a wave from a spectator craft, suffering serious engine

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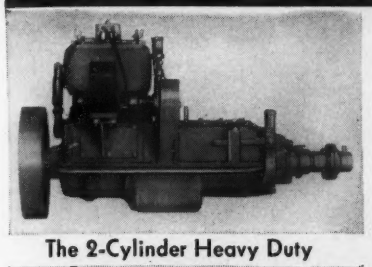

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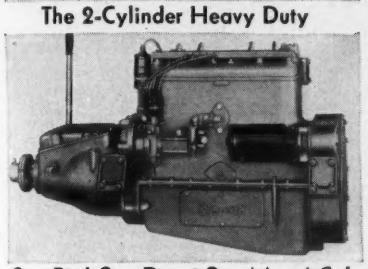
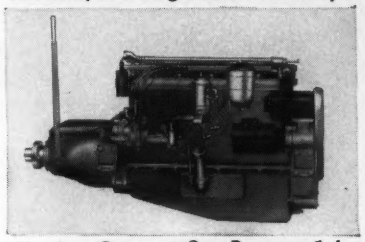
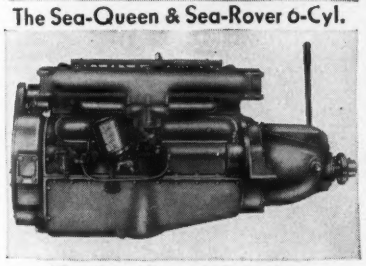


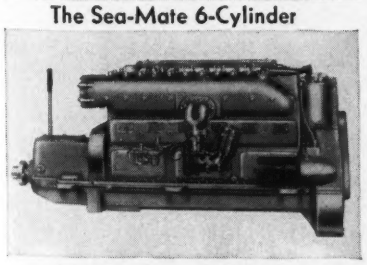
Sea-Bird, Sea-Dog & Sea-Man 4-Cyl.



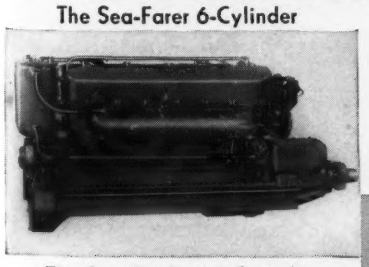
The Sea-Queen & Sea-Rover 6-Cyl.



The Sea-Mate 6-Cylinder



The Sea-Farer 6-Cylinder



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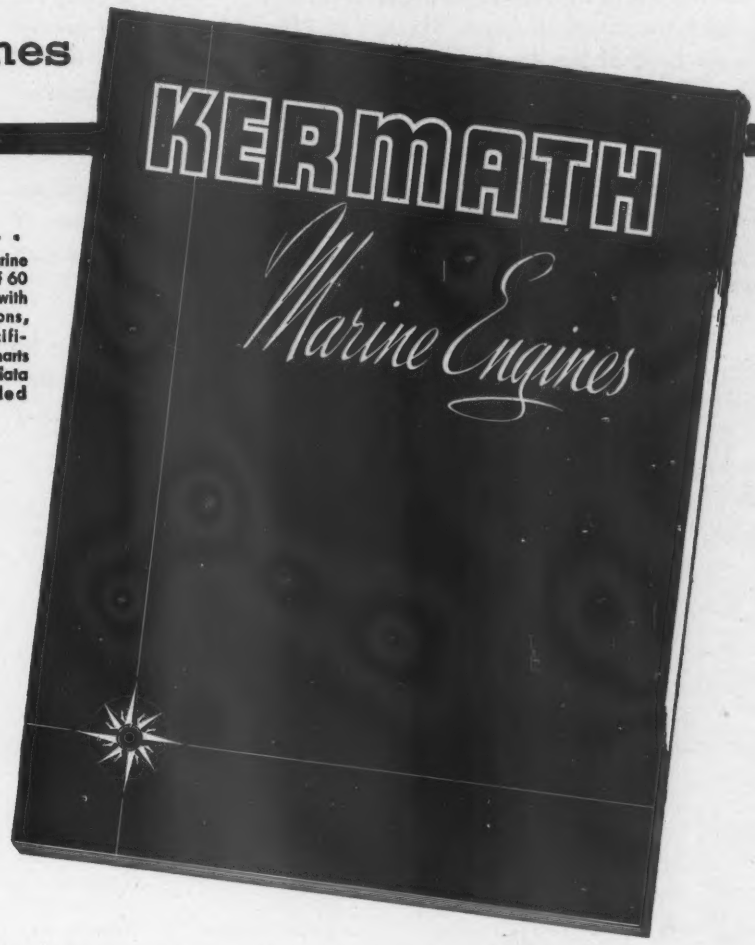

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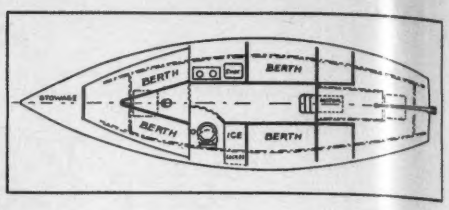


— SPECIFICATIONS —

Sail area, 344 sq. ft.; l.o.a., 25′; l.w.l., 21′ 6″; beam, 7′ 9″; draft, 4′; lead keel, approximately 3,000 pounds cast to form. Oak frames; mahogany planking; Everdur fastenings; trim, including sheerstrake, et cetera, of specially selected Burma teak. Fully equipped with motor, small toilet, ice box, galley sink and ample locker space as well as complete miscellaneous equipment including stove, anchor, dishes, tableware, screens, et cetera.

trouble, and was towed back to the Beach Boat Slips to be shipped to Newport News for repairs against further trials in two months.

+ + +

Francis Taylor's auxiliary schooner-ketch *Aldebaran* was placed in commission in December, after a prolonged lay-up at Jacksonville. After leaving the St. Johns River, she had a collision with a freighter and was compelled to return to the Merrill-Stevens yard for repairs. *Aldebaran*, it will be remembered, was the racing schooner *Meteor*, designed by Cary Smith and built 35 years ago for the German Emperor.

+ + +

Wirth Munroe, Coconut Grove designer, is working on plans for a 65-foot auxiliary schooner to be built in Nassau for Earle Clark, of New York. She will be Diesel powered, with shoal draft of 6 feet 8 inches for West Indian cruising, and have cabin accommodations for five, with a crew of three forward. Commodore Hugh M. Matheson, whose three-masted schooner *Azara* was known the length of the Atlantic Coast, has become a convert to power, at least for big boats. He has turned *Azara* in on the twin Diesel yacht *Paragon*, built by Bath Iron Works in 1929 for the late Charles J. Davol, of Providence. Just so he won't forget the feeling, however, the commodore is hanging on to his racing sloop *Babe*.

+ + +

A curtain raiser for the Sunburn Dinghy Regatta which the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club holds the last week in February was an intercollegiate dinghy series during the holidays. Class X boats, loaned by club members, were changed after each race by the ten crews competing. At the end of the ten races the three leading colleges were only a point apart. The final ranking stood: Florida, Jack Price; Yale, Hugh M. Matheson, Jr.; and Georgetown, Finlay Matheson.

+ + +

The Miami-Nassau Race will include an able group of fresh water sailors down for their first try at Caribbean events. At Detroit, Mason Rumney has recruited a crew of David Sloss, Herman Petzold, and other Mackinac Race skippers who plan to pick up Harlow Dovock's schooner *Abenaki* at Fort Lauderdale. With this experience behind them, they hope to bring one of their own crack boats down for a further attempt another year. This first cruising race of 1938 starts from Miami on February 8th.

News from Maine

By ELIZABETH COOPER

THE Portland Yacht Club held its annual meeting for the election of officers in the middle of January. William H. Clifford, 3rd, was elected commodore; Walter S. Hammonds, vice commodore; Grover C. Richards, rear commodore; Richard K. Gould, secretary; Robert W. DeWolfe, treasurer; Herman Burgi, Jr., measurer, and Herbert Payson, Jr., Vernon F. West and William O. Thompson, Board of Trustees.

The Regatta Committee consists of Herbert Payson, Jr., chairman, Olcott Payson, J. Lawrence Day, Harold D. Moore, Clinton D. Randall, Herman Burgi, Jr., Clinton D. Merrill and Walter DeC. Moore, Jr., on sailing craft; Roger C. Hay, Alfred G. Frost and Henry S. Beverage on power boats. Harold D. Robinson was nominated to the House Committee until 1941. It was voted to hold the annual Monhegan Island Race on the week-end of August 27th and 28th.

+ + +

The Bath Iron Works is building an aluminum tender, designed by W. Starling Burgess, for Dr. Seth M. Milliken of New York and East Bluehill, Maine. Delivery will be in the spring.

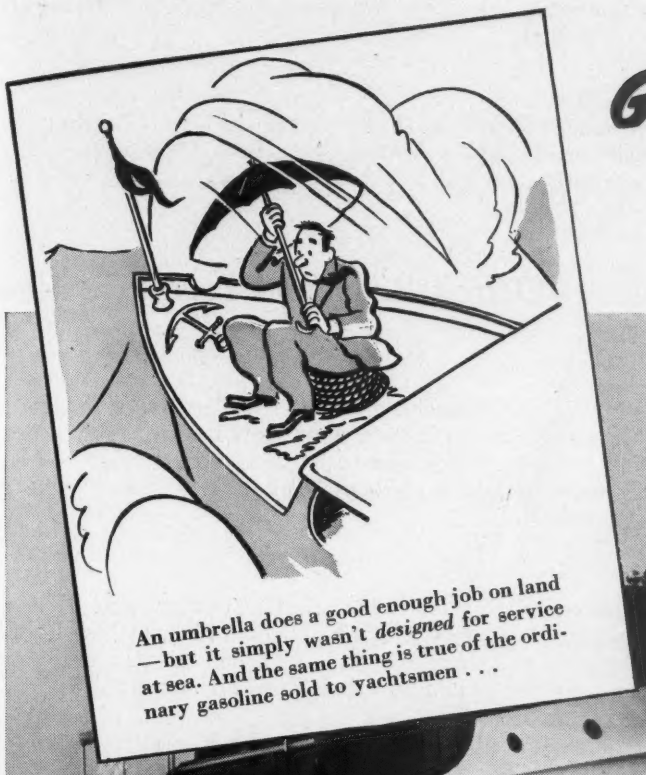
+ + +

Four three-mast schooners have been in Portland Harbor for several weeks waiting for favorable weather conditions to permit them to continue to Boston and New York with cargoes of lumber from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia ports. They are the British schooners *Minas Prince*, *Minas King* and *Irene Myrtle*, and the American three-master *Albert H. Willis*.

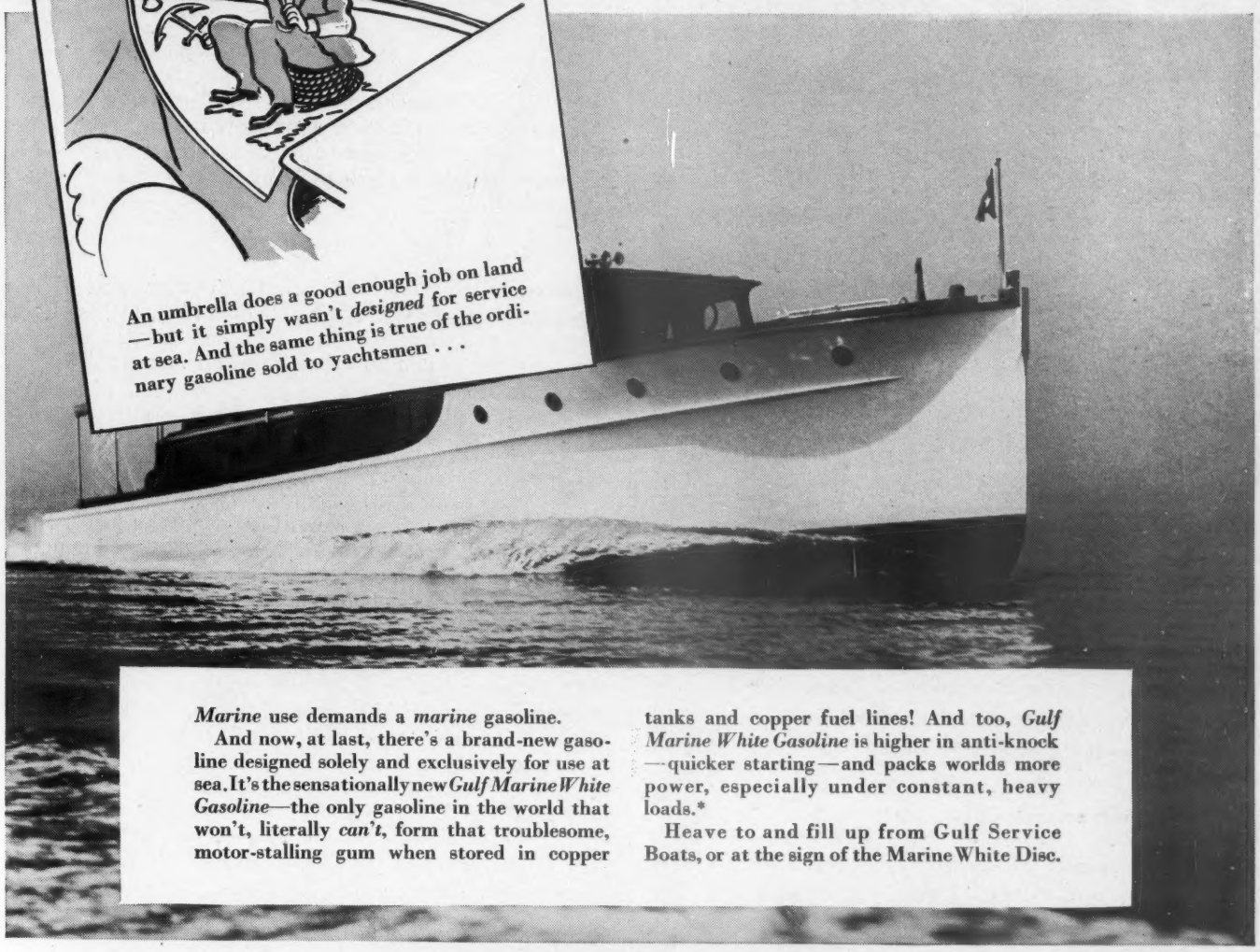
+ + +

Clinton D. Randall, of the Portland Yacht Service, Inc., reports that they are building a motor-sailer for Harold P. Cooley of Portland. Designed by Winthrop L. Warner, of Middletown, Conn., she will be 30 feet over all, 27 feet 2 inches on the water line, with a 10-foot 3-inch beam and a draft of 4 feet. She will carry over 600 feet of sail and will be powered with a 65 hp. Chrysler, giving her a speed of about 9 m.p.h. She will sleep four in the cabin, and the toilet and galley will be forward. They expect to launch her about the middle of May.

GOOD-BY LANDLUBBER GASOLINE!



An umbrella does a good enough job on land —but it simply wasn't *designed* for service at sea. And the same thing is true of the ordinary gasoline sold to yachtsmen . . .

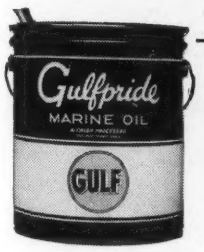


Marine use demands a *marine* gasoline.

And now, at last, there's a brand-new gasoline designed solely and exclusively for use at sea. It's the sensationally new *Gulf Marine White Gasoline*—the only gasoline in the world that won't, literally *can't*, form that troublesome, motor-stalling gum when stored in copper tanks and copper fuel lines! And too, *Gulf Marine White Gasoline* is higher in anti-knock —quicker starting—and packs worlds more power, especially under constant, heavy loads.*

Heave to and fill up from Gulf Service Boats, or at the sign of the Marine White Disc.

*One of these evaporating dishes was filled with ordinary gasoline (A), the other with Gulf Marine White Gasoline (B). A piece of copper wire was placed into each, and the gasolines allowed to evaporate. Note the gummy residue left by the ordinary gasoline . . . and note that Gulf Marine White Gasoline, because it is *absolutely* chemically inert with copper, left not even a trace of foreign matter!



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The Rockport Annual Regatta will be held this summer on August 4th, 5th and 6th, according to present plans. The notice comes from Everett F. Greaton, Secretary of the State Association of Maine Yacht Clubs, which organization is trying to bring some order out of the chaos of overlapping racing dates.

\+ + +

Henry Hinckley, of the Manset Boat Yards in Southwest Harbor, is at work on several boats. Among them are a 35-foot open motor boat to his own design, and a 35-foot sloop to the design of Sparkman & Stephens, Inc.

Detroit River and Lake Erie News

By WALTER X. BRENNAN

CLEVELAND continues to add to its Class R fleet and probably now has the largest fleet in the country, with ten in the class. The recent addition is *Gypsy*, which had been purchased by Liberty Ware from Neil Lynch, of Detroit. *Gypsy*, one of the best on the Lakes, was formerly owned at Chicago.

\+ + +

Power Squadron interests on the Great Lakes induced a large number of local yachtsmen to visit the Motor Boat Show at New York last month. The group had a rendezvous room at the Lexington for the last three days of the Show and a number were induced to show up who had never attended a National Boat Show.

\+ + +

Commodore Wilbur Wright, of the Inter-Lake Yachting Association, has set the date for the start of the annual regatta at Put-In-Bay for August 15th. The meeting in November approved a longer regatta than has been held in the past but the final decision has not been made. In recent years, racing has been confined to three days but the majority voiced the opinion that there should be a day or two added to the schedule to allow for rest days.

\+ + +

Clem Socie, of the King Ice Yacht Club, Toledo, successfully defended the Pouliot Trophy for the club on January 8th, handily trimming the Detroit challengers. The trophy, which is for 15-square-metre craft, was won for the club last season by Ted Kuhn, at Cass Lake.

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John L. Hacker has just completed plans for a 65-foot power cruiser for E. P. Hammond, of Detroit. The boat will be built at Benton Harbor, Michigan.

\+ + +

Grosse Ile yachtsmen are trying to get the Lower Detroit River cleaned up both for better yachting and for sanitary reasons. Government dredging has resulted in dumping rocks in the area used for racing by the G.I.Y.C. The problem of getting government help is a big one as the area isn't a harbor or through waterway.

\+ + +

The Orchard Lake Yacht Club has ordered a dozen 20-foot sloops for racing and day sailing and the committee which worked out the plans and has promoted the boat in the club expects to increase the order before spring. Fred Bingham, of Detroit, is building the boats.

\+ + +

Work on the harbor and grounds improvement at the Detroit Boat Club is nearing completion. Dredging will give deeper water in the club harbor and the spoil will increase the area of the grounds. More docks will be added when the weather breaks.

\+ + +

E. C. Balch, Detroit River champion Class C skipper last season, has bought the yawl *Royono II*, from J. B. Ford, Jr. *Royono II* won in the cruiser division of the Mackinac Race last year and Skipper Balch will be on the spot when he starts her in this year's event.

GOOD materials go into these new one design cruising yachts. Conspicuous in the specifications is the item "Everdur Fastenings". For Herreshoff—builder of 7 America's Cup defenders—knows what it takes to make boats stay together.

Everdur Metal might have been designed especially for service at sea. Nearly all copper, it is skilfully alloyed to give steel-like strength. Just the metal to trust in those important, hidden-away places where you need reliable fastenings to hold your planking and timbers.

When *Seafarers* are equipped with engines, Tobin Bronze Shafts will be installed. "Tobin" is a mighty good metal, at a fair price, for one of the toughest jobs afloat. Over half a century of experience has proven that fact to boating men.

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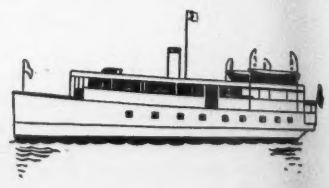

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West Coast Bubbles

By WALDO DRAKE

LIGHT weather again attended the third annual Christmas regatta at Newport-Balboa, in which clean sweeps of the three-race series were made by five boats: Russell Simmons' Six-Metre *Ay-Ay-Ay;* Commodore William A. Bartholomae, Jr's., Eight-Metre *Yucca;* William Baxter's Star *Stormy;* Peggy Slater's Pacific Inter-Club sloop *Seventh Heaven;* and Don Shawver's Sunray *Mystery.*

The program was held this season on successive Sundays, following Christmas and New Year's Day, and the courses were all tricky layouts inside the confines of Balboa Bay. The results:

SIX-METRES. *Ay-Ay-Ay* (Simmons), 12¾ points; *Synnove* (Rogers), 8; *Ripples* (Swigart), 6; *Caprice* (Hunt), 3.

EIGHT-METRES. *Yucca* (Bartholomae), 4½; *Prelude* (Paige), 2.

STAR CLASS. *Stormy* (Baxter), 39¾; *Nina* (Teitge), 32; *Scout* (Lehmann), 28; *Skipper II* (Wright), 24; *Marstar* (Trumbull), 25; *By C* (William Slater), 22; *Jala* (Harvey), 17; *Spooks* (Lyon), 17; *Lulu* (Cowie), 16; *Pollux II* (MacKenzie), 16; *Procyon* (Harvey), 14; *Maia* (Spangler), 9; *Estrellita* (Brokaw), 3.

PACIFIC INTER-CLUBS. *Seventh Heaven* (Peggy Slater), 12¾; *Sans Gene* (Varalyay), 9; *Zephyr* (Staaf), 6; *Atalanta* (Pier), 3.

Winners in the small sloop classes were:

SNIPES. *Quien Sabe,* (Bourgeois), 15¼. SNOWBIRDS. *Dipper* (Green), 16½. SKIMMERS. *Inez* (Recknor), 11½. SUNRAYS. *Mystery* (Shawver), 12¾. INTER-CLUB DINGHIES. *Peg* (Long), 22½.

\+ + +

Captain G. Allan Hancock left San Pedro in January with his 193-foot Diesel cruiser *Velero III* on his seventh scientific cruise of the tropical Pacific.

On this voyage *Velero III* will be gone sixty days on a 10,000-mile cruise south to Chile. The fourteen scientists aboard will seek new biological specimens and data from the coasts and islands, the surface, the sea bottom and intervening depths of the coastal Pacific.

Shirley Meserve, a pioneer in the development of the Newport Harbor Yacht Club, has been elected commodore of that live organization for 1938. He succeeds William A. Bartholomae, Jr.

Other 1938 officers of South Coast clubs are:

Southern California Tuna Club: Jonah Jones, Jr., president; Robert V. Staats, vice president; George H. Clark, secretary; George E. Pillsbury, Jr., treasurer; Fred Hershorn, assistant secretary.

Long Beach Yacht Club: Wesley D. Smith, commodore; Van Hickman, vice commodore; C. S. Smith, rear commodore; George E. Buzza, fleet captain; Herbert Adams, port captain; George C. Heinrich, secretary; George L. Merrill, treasurer; Douglas MacKenzie, Star Fleet captain; directors: George E. Buzza, Phil Swaffield, King Brugman, Ben S. McGlashen, Frank Davenport, Art Bobrick, Vernon Walker, Charles Pansing.

\+ + +

Bubbles. . . . Major Max Fleischmann and Mrs. Fleischmann sailed from San Pedro in mid-January aboard their 218-foot Diesel cruiser *Haida* on a three-months' fishing cruise across the Equator. They plan to visit a dozen fishing haunts along the Mexican Coast, Central America, Panama, Ecuador and the Galapagos group and Cocos Island. . . . Tommy Ingalls drove his *Lil-Doc* to a spectacular victory over Wally Francisco's *Packard Bell Special* in the Class A hydroplane division of the outboard and inboard motor boat races which opened Lake Sherwood as a new sports center last month. The program, sponsored by the Lake Sherwood Yacht Club and the Los Angeles Speedboat Association, brought out the following other winners: Class B hydroplanes, *Midge II* (Layton Murray); Class C hydroplanes, *If* (Bill Schuyler); Class C service runabouts, *Whiz Bang* (Joe Moore); Class C racing runabouts, *Miss Lompoc* (Bill Schuyler); 225-inch displacement inboards, *Firecracker* (Paul Berry); Star inboards, *Blue Nose* (Ernest Ford). . . . The South Coast's fleet of big schooners has just been joined by the husky three-masted auxiliary *Sanwan,* bought from Frank G. Moran, of Seattle, by Harry M. Jackson and George Gernert, Los Angeles. She is fitting out at Long Beach . . . Commodore H. W. Rohl and Mrs. Rohl are taking the longest way home to bring to San Pedro their 134-foot steel schooner *Vega,* bought from Adolph M. Dick, of New York, last fall. From Miami, *Vega* went direct from Panama to Hawaii, whence she is expected in California waters late in March.

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Sound Waves

By LEE SCUPPERS

THE NEW International Class is preparing to celebrate its first birthday by living up to its name in the matter of competition this year. The fun will begin in April at Bermuda with a five-boat team race between the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club fleet and a delegation from Long Island Sound. Then, come June, there will be a three-cornered match at Hanko, Norway, involving American, British and Norwegian representatives.

These facts were brought out at the recent annual meeting of the Long Island Sound division of the class, which thrust the job of chairman into Corny Shields's lap again and then hailed the anonymous gift of an international trophy in the form of a beautifully executed scale model, fully rigged, of one of the new knockabouts.

The donor is a member of the class who prefers to remain under cover. He has suggested that a deed of gift be drawn up to cover details such as who will race for it, when and where, and how many times it must be won for permanent possession. It is not to become one of those perpetual trophies that outlive the class itself.

There will be at least one Long Island entry in the Norwegian series beginning June 26. Egbert Moxham, retired commodore of the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, is going over with *Jester* and he is trying to persuade one or two other members of the class to accompany him. Norway will match, from its rapidly growing fleet, any number of visiting boats and Moxham feels that England, which is beginning to show active interest in the class, will scare up two or three.

No definite date has been set for the Bermuda match but in all likelihood it will be part of the island's annual yachting fortnight in which the Six-Metres have their battle for the Prince of Wales Trophy. Walter Wadson, the amiable motor cruiser owner who delights in entertaining American visitors to the R.B.Y.C., was up here during the motor boat show and said that the Bermuda International one-designs had begun regular racing and were beginning to shake down into good trim.

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The Western Long Island Sound fleet of the Star Class got all excited about the so-called German flexible rig at its annual meeting and waves of oratory engulfed the yachtsmen before an effort by the boys from Eastchester Bay to get the fleet to bar the rig in its regular events was voted down.

Apparently the rubber masts and bedslat booms are here to stay, even though a number of old-timers like the brethren Atkin profess to see nothing startlingly new about them. Another of the old Star Class heroes, Ben Linkfield, who used to own *Number One*, is having a new boat built and she will have an adaptation of *Pimm's* rig. He will do his racing out of Glen Cove. Young Durbin Hunter, who used to pump and bail *Number Three* around the Sound, is coming back into the class with a new boat of his own construction. The Great Neck youngster has been spending his summers crewing in Atlantics and Internationals since he sold his old hooker. He is going for the new rig, too.

\+ + +

The Victory Class, preparing for its nineteenth season with undiminished enthusiasm, is going to experiment with a private rule modifying the penalty for fouling marks of the course. Instead of immediate disqualifications, a boat hitting a turning buoy will be required to re-round the mark properly without interfering with other craft in the process.

The Victories had a lot of fun at their annual dinner at the Brevoort, distributed a mess of silverware and re-elected Bob Fraser chairman of the class. Al Weiman, who composes and reads modernized versions of the scriptures and psalms, has life membership as chaplain.

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The largest motor yacht built in these parts in many a year has been ordered from Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation by Anthony Fokker, the Dutch aeroplane designer. She will be a 110-footer with three engines, one a 425 horse power Sterling Viking and the others marine conversions of high speed aeroplane motors.

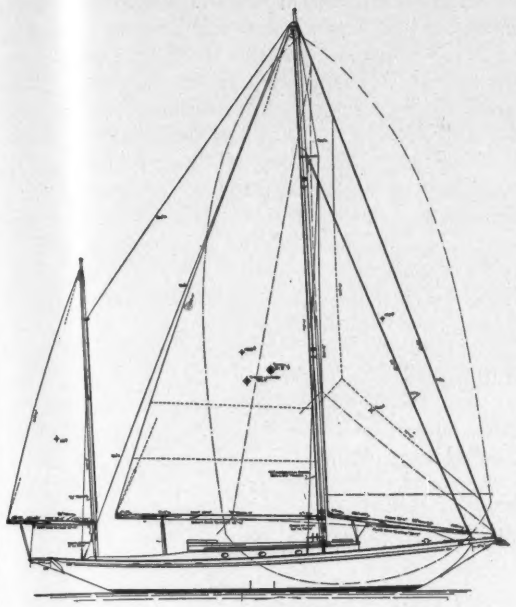
Fokker laid out the design himself and it has several unusual and interesting features. Launches and work boats, instead of swinging from davits, will be housed in sunken wells under hatches which, when opened, will bob up with davits, launch and all.

Consolidated recently delivered for Florida winter service the 80-foot Diesel cruiser *Nawaja* which the Morris Heights plant built for S. H. Witherbee, of Greenwich.

\+ + +

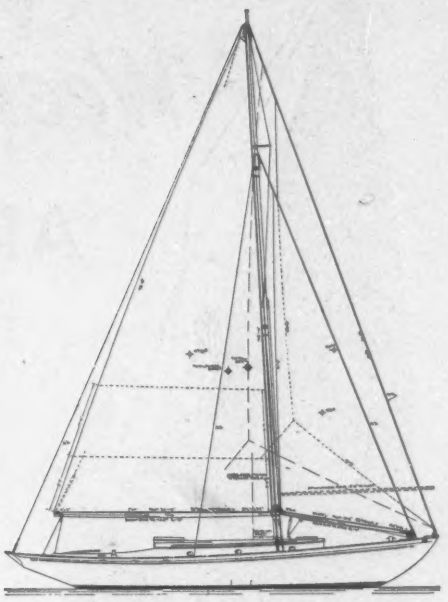
Rope Yarns: This department mixed up the new officers of the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club in the last issue and now hastens to straighten out the matter. Robert W. Fraser has been elevated to commodore, Dan M. Rugg is vice commodore, O. H. Chalkley rear commodore, Julien Davies secretary and Fred A. Dewey, treasurer. Former Commodore Egbert

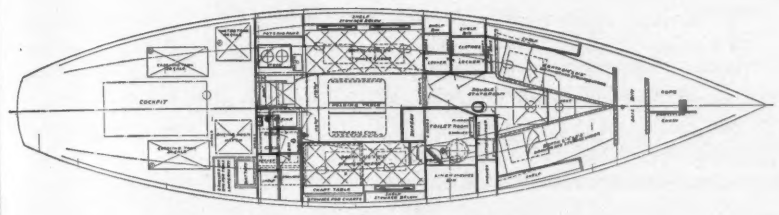
ALDEN OFF SOUNDINGS CRUISER



The experience gained in more than 35 years of designing, building and sailing yachts of all types is reflected in the Alden Off Soundings Cruiser for 1938. Developed from the successful Alden 1937 stock cruiser, this new craft is certain to satisfy the highest expectations of experienced yachtsmen who demand smart, "yachty" appearance, coupled with peak performance under sail and power, blow high or blow low.

The dimensions of the Off Soundings Cruiser are: l.o.a. 41′ 8″; l.w.l. 28′ 5″; beam, 10′ 6″; draft, 5′ 5″. Cutter or yawl rig optional. Cousens & Pratt sails. Alden Special Model Gray 4–40 motor, direct drive, gives splendid performance under power. The speed of this model under sail is well evidenced by the winning, in 1937, of the Detroit-Mackinac Race, Cruising Division, by the yawl, ROYONO.





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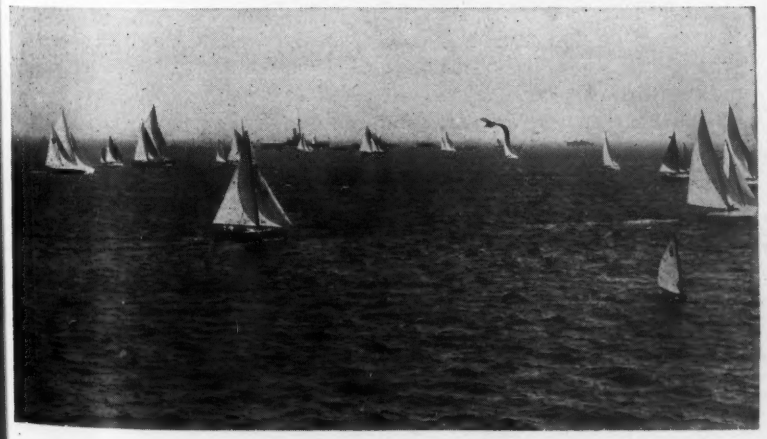

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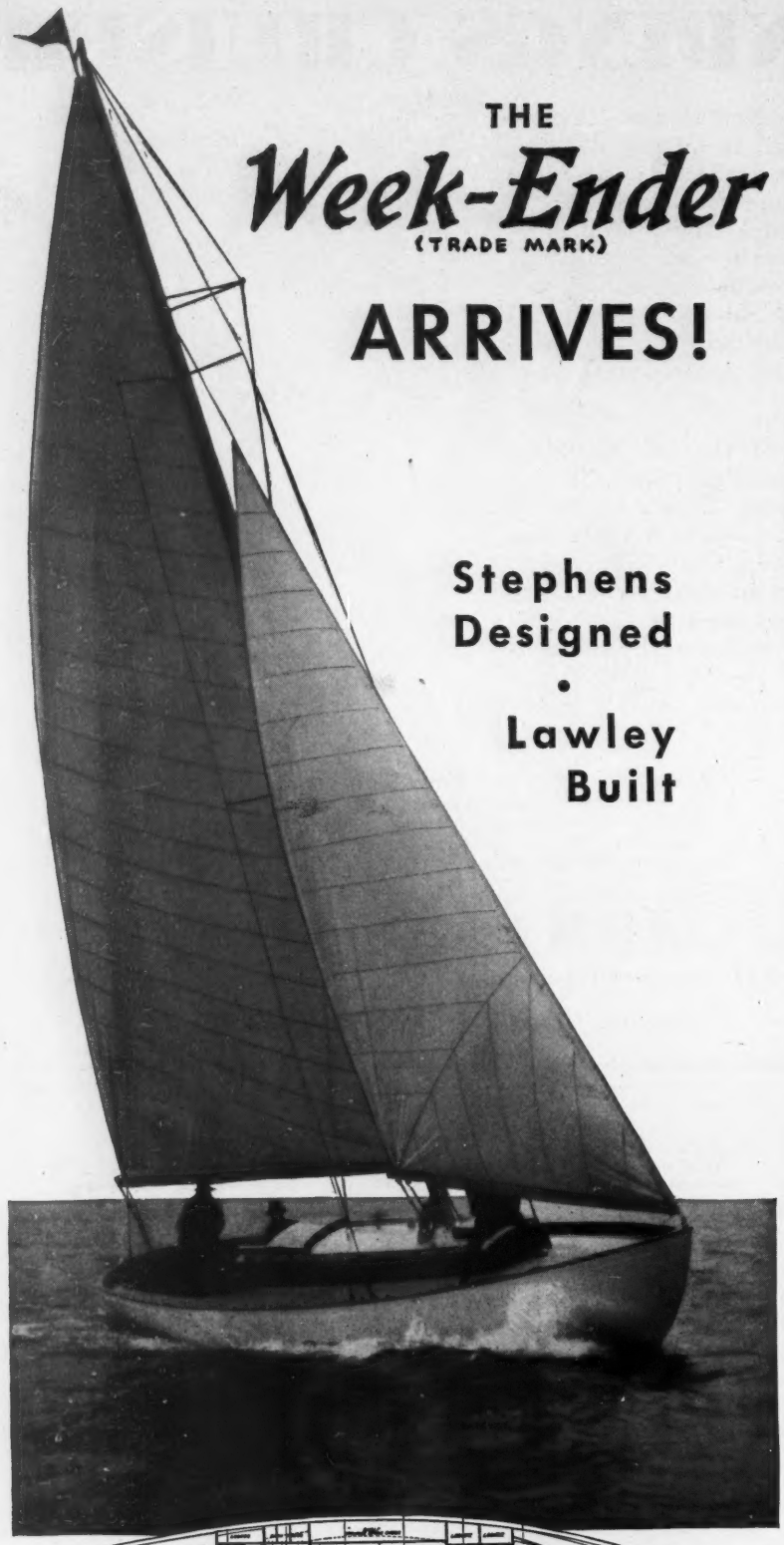

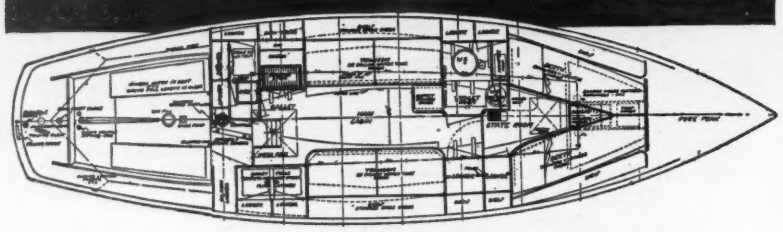

A SAMPLE WEEK-ENDER IS AT CITY ISLAND!
The first Week-Ender was launched in December and brought to City Island for show week. So enthusiastically was she received that I have decided to keep her there for inspection throughout February and March. For appointment, phone MUrray Hill 9-7838 or write me.

Donald B. Abbott
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Moxham and retiring rear commodore William E. Lundgren have been placed on the board of trustees with Fred W. Wright, the race committee chairman. . . . Charles E. Furnans, of Fairhaven, has designed a 59-foot ketch-rigged motor sailer for Dr. Austin Fox Riggs, of New York and Stockbridge. She is being built at Casey's and will be seen around the Sound this summer. . . . The North American Dinghy Association is coming back to life long enough to coöperate with the Larchmont Yacht Club in running a national dinghy sailing championship at Larchmont the week-end of March 26th and 27th. . . . That new boat Phil Rhodes has turned out for Henry G. Fownes, of Stamford, will be a 73-foot over all, 53-foot water line centerboard ocean racing yawl, an adaptation of the Rhodes successful centerboarders *Ayesha* and *Alondra*. Luders is building this Bermuda race prospect. . . . The Atlantic Coast championships of the Star Class will be held at the Western end of the Sound, August 22nd-27th. . . . The Six-Metre *Indian Scout*, champion of all Europe in 1936 under Herman Whiton, has been sold down the river. She has gone to J. Sherwood Miller at Gibson Island, Md. . . . The New York 32-footer *Biquette* has been bought by W. H. Hooker, of Port Washington, and "Bubbles" Havemeyer has chartered *Apache*, through Sparkman & Stephens, to Wolcott Blair, of Jericho. *Canvasback*, the International one-design which Bill Cox sailed so brilliantly for Robert McC. Shields last summer, has been sold to Robert C. Stanley, Jr. . . . The first Bermuda Race entry is the new Class B yawl that Henry M. Devereux is building at Kyle's, City Island, from his own designs.

Gulf Gossip

By ELIZABETH MILLER

THE usual nasty weather for the New Orleans Mid Winter Sports Association (Sugar Bowl) Regatta was replaced by a delightful, light, warm breeze. Unfortunately, it was so shifty that the races all finished as merry-go-rounds, with no windward work. The line was placed for a beat on the first leg but, just after the "prep" gun, it was found that the north stake could not be made without tacking. But even with a merry-go-round course, it was a regatta well enjoyed by participants and spectators both.

The "Race of Champions" was an interclub affair in the Fish Class, the season's champion from each club participating. Robert Brodie, Biloxi Yacht Club, was the winner by thirteen seconds over Joseph Marques of the Pensacola Yacht Club. Third across the line was Gus Alphonso, Gulfport Yacht Club, with Southern Yacht Club's Earl Blouin in fourth place. Pass Christian Y.C., sailed by Donald Sutter, was followed by Lieutenant Joe Sailer, Naval Air Station Y.C., Pensacola, Fla. Buccaneer Y.C. (Mobile), represented by Dr. H. S. J. Walker, withdrew because of a foul at the starting line.

The Star Class was won by Edward Jahncke and his *Tempe*, closely pressed for second place by Victor Romagna, from Port Washington, Long Island, sailing *Sans Peur*, owned by your correspondent; Sporl's *Sans Souci* was third, followed by Morris Newman's *Chuckle*. Newman's brother, Robert, in *Whistler*, beat Elizabeth Miller in *Zoa*, for fifth place, followed by Bob Rice's *Yankee*, Majeau's *Rex*, and Tommy Kemp's *Rebel*.

Other winners were Stewart Maunsell's cutter *Siren II*, Garner Tullis' schooner *Windjammer*, Bill Hardie's Marconi rigged 21-footer *Sorceress*, the 21-foot gaff rigs having been defeated by Avegno's *Robin Hood*. *Fairwind*, Buchanan's Gulf One-Design, won her first race; Truman Woodward's *Eaglet* and Brooke Duncan's *Folly* took the knockabout classes, with the auxiliary sloops being defeated by Walter Sauer's *Edith*, and *Triton*, owned by Alfred Tharp, winning in the yawl class.

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Succeeding George D. Stannus, Jr., Earl W. Sadler, better known as "Pat" to his innumerable friends, was elected commodore of the Biloxi Yacht Club. Stannus, after his term as commodore, automatically becomes a member of the governing board for the year 1938. Dr. Eldon Bolton was elected vice commodore and Dan Keller was re-elected rear commodore. Wallace is to serve again as secretary, with Leo Billings as treasurer.

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Biloxi reports a new weather station to be opened at the Biloxi Air Field. This will mean a great deal to cruising boats on the Coast for, as at present the flag system, augmented by radio announcements, is used for predicting bad weather. Reports will be sent from Biloxi to all stations on the unit, as this station will be on the Washington-New Orleans teletype circuit.

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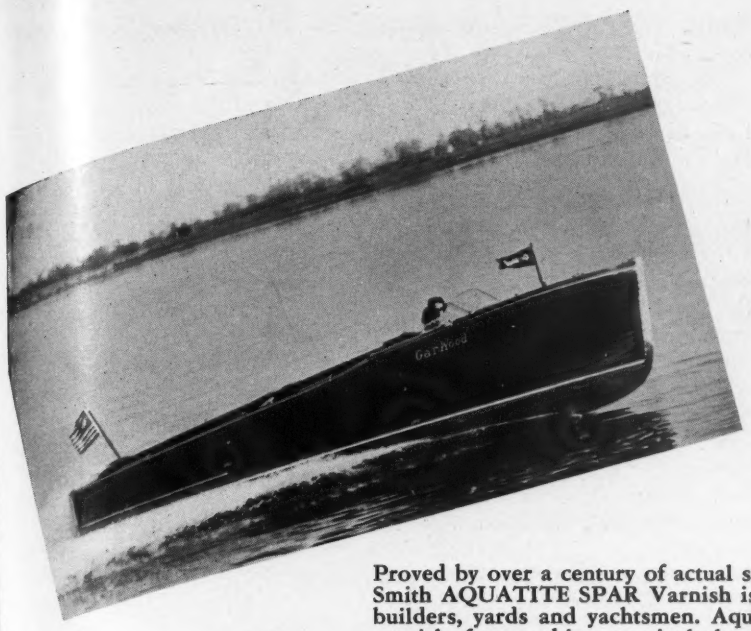
The officers for 1938 have been installed at the Buccaneer Yacht Club, and our Mobile correspondent, N. P. Oliver, sends word of the following elections; J. G. Myers, commodore; N. P. Oliver, vice commodore; Capt. E. I. Newbury, rear commodore; Joe Lynch, fleet captain; Bert Harmer, treasurer; J. O. Deleplaine, secretary; Walter Laubenthal, chairman of the Board of Directors, which is composed of Tom Trawick, Jr., Cleo Sheffield,



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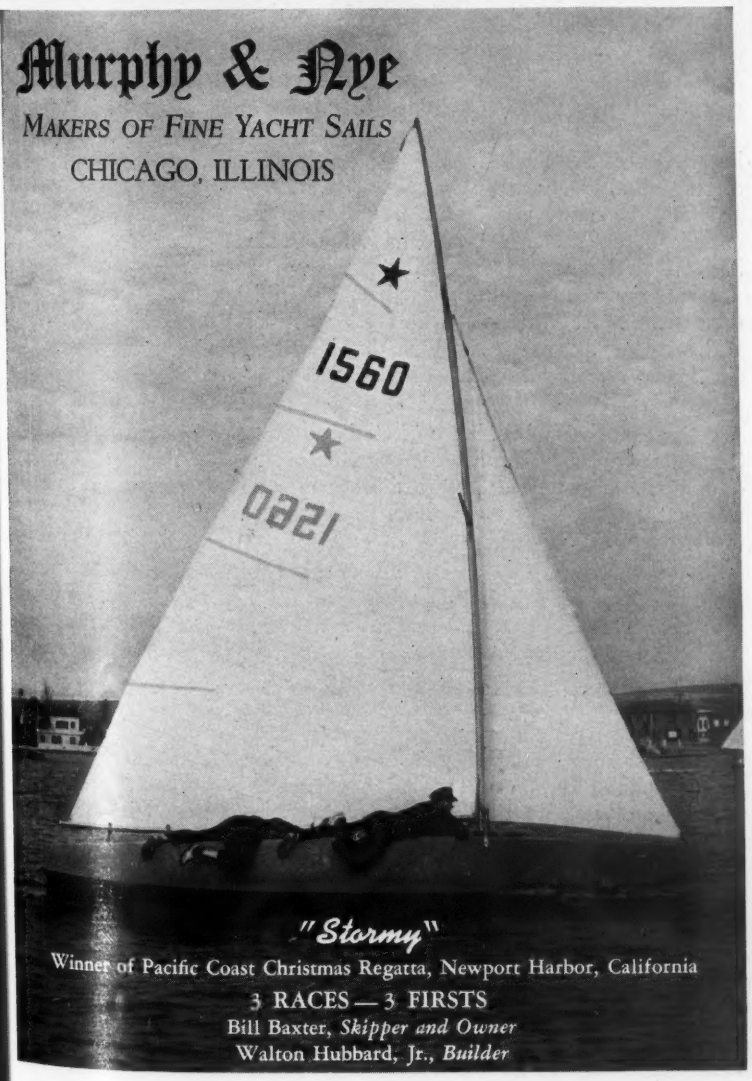

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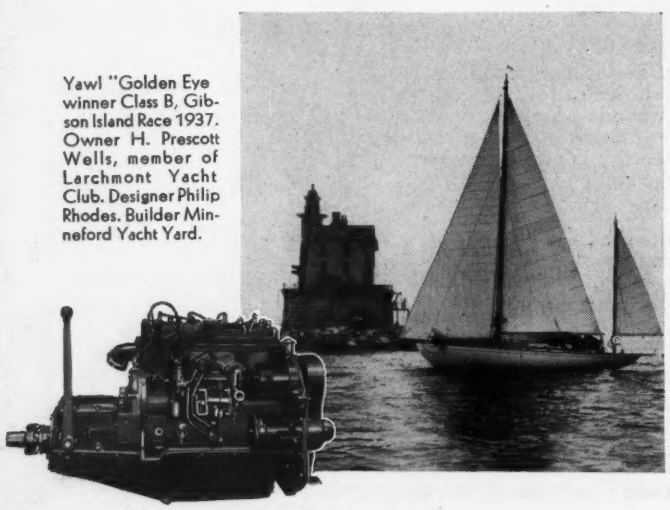

Yawl "Golden Eye winner Class B, Gibson Island Race 1937. Owner H. Prescott Wells, member of Larchmont Yacht Club. Designer Philip Rhodes. Builder Mineford Yacht Yard.

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Foster Pfleger, P. J. Meyersand, and C. A. Strain. Dr. H. S. J. Walker will serve as fleet surgeon.

The Buccaneer Yacht Club now has six club Fish boats, and is the headquarters for the Mobile Bay Star Fleet, which, although it numbers only three Stars at present, has been very active and shows promise of new boats and members.

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Gulf Currents: The *Salabar*, Sylvester W. Labrot's cutter, has returned to Southern waters for the winter from Labrot's estate near Norfolk, Va. She is having a thorough cleanup, from truck to keel, and a complete new set of sails from Pres Wilson are waiting to be bent. The desertion of the usual white in Gulf waters started by *Sans Peur*, for which a French grey, red water line with white keel was adopted, was not followed by other Stars, but Gus Lorber's *Lady Lou* came out in vivid blue topsides, with red water line and red tip on her main. Buck Buchanan and Connie Berdon were not far behind with French grey topsides, green below, on the *Fairwind*. Colors are back to stay, we hope. Tommy Kemp, the resourceful "genius" of the Star Class, is busy tinkering with "gadgets *a la Pimm*" for the Stars. Dr. Capo's *Salt Wind* made her debut on Ponchartrain at the Sugar Bowl Regatta, not under sail, but dressed out with all flags — a fitting appearance for a knockout little schooner. The Star Fleet boasts the following new members: Beauregard Avegno, Vic Romagna, Gus Lorber, Hartwig Moss, and several others.

Lake Ontario Notes

By CHARLES F. COLE

UNWILLING to wait for the warm winds of spring to restore sailing to its place in the sun, members of yacht clubs in the Lake Ontario and Finger Lakes region have been improving the dour winter hours.

A membership drive by the Rochester Yacht Club dinghy division has brought in five recruits, all of whom will add new International dinghies, of the English, sloop rig design, to the R.Y.C. fleet. At the division's recent annual meeting, at Rochester, the new members were announced as follows: Bob Cummings, who is having his ship built by Herreshoff; Lou Howard, of Buffalo, who will commute the 75 miles to Rochester for weekend and international races, and whose boat is being built by the Englert firm, of Syracuse; Bob Coates, Harold Saalwacher and Bill Meng, all of whom have ordered craft from Englert's.

Gil Barber, for the last two years an "R" sloop sailor, has rejoined the dinghy ranks with the purchase of *Ha-Ha*, a former R.Y.C. boat, from Lou Howard. Boats in the Rochester dinghy fleet now number 16, and it is expected that there will be 20 by the time the season opens.

Elsewhere, the new International Dinghy Class is growing also, according to George Ford, who introduced the class in this country and was one of the founders of the International Dinghy Racing Association. Clark Lake, Mich., now has a fleet of 11; Chicago Y.C., 4; Watertown, 2; Annapolis, 6; Sheepshead Bay, 3; Chautauqua Lake, 3; Canandaigua, 4, with indications that there will be three more by next summer; Detroit, 5.

Joe Parks was elected chairman of the division for the coming year, succeeding Mort Anstice, Jr. Bill Little was chosen treasurer, and Dwight Hill, secretary. Harold L. Field made his first official appearance since his election as commodore at the dinghy dinner.

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Payne Beach Yacht Club reëlected Judson Scott as its commodore at its first annual meeting, held at the Rochester Club. Ranton Wedel was elected vice-commodore; Blancard Dawson, rear-commodore; A. Norman Clement, treasurer, and Jack Baumer, secretary.

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The newly-organized Conesus Lake Yacht Club which now has 30 members, has obtained a lease on property on the east side of the lake, near Lakeville. There are spacious grounds, a three-story clubhouse and a good-sized pier and mooring space.

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Stern Lines: A new addition to the Rochester Yacht Club's roster is Adolph Stuber, vice president of Eastman Kodak Company. Mr. Stuber has ordered a new Matthews "46," named *Dolph III*, to be delivered to his winter home in Florida, and to be brought north to Rochester for the summer season. . . . Six energetic members of the Payne Beach Y.C. are making good use of their winter spare time by building a fleet of Comets to provide a new class for the coming season. Application for membership in the Comet Class Yacht Racing Association will be made. The youngsters are building their boats in night school classes of the Benjamin Franklin High School, under the instruction of A. Norman Clement, club member. . . . Rod Stephens, a member of the afterguard of the last America's Cup defender, will be a guest of the R.Y.C. at its midwinter meeting at the Rochester Club. . . . He will show pictures of *Ranger's* races with T. O. M. Sopwith's *Endeavour*.

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Narragansett Bay Gossip

By JEFF DAVIS

THERE promises to be a big boom in small class racing at the Edgewood Yacht Club next summer, as a whole lot of new stuff, most of it for junior newcomers in the club, is either being built or has been ordered. The Beetle catboats, of which there were four at the club last year, will be increased by eleven more if the builder can get them together; at least two new Snipe owners have joined the club, and there will be at least five, and possibly seven, of the National one-design knockabouts as the start of a new class. The club plans to race the three classes two evenings each week.

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The Edgewood Yacht Club will, for the fourth or fifth time, sponsor the overnight race around Prudence Island, the first of the season for the allowance ("handicap" in other places) class boats, starting at eight on the "night before the Fourth" and finishing no one knows when as there's usually a head tide and no wind when the boats get around the Island and headed homeward.

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The East Greenwich Yacht Club has picked September 3rd as the date of its annual regatta, and the Wickford Yacht Club will probably put in a claim for Labor Day, as it has for the two years it has been organized.

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The Wickford Yacht Club has given up the old stone house on Cornelius Island and leased a building on the main street of the town, one with the front door opening on the street and the back door overhanging the water. The old stone house, 150 years or more old, was cozy as well as picturesque, but the members had to ferry across the harbor to it, which wasn't so bad in the daytime but was tough on a dark, cold, stormy night coming back.

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Herreshoff, at Bristol, is at work on a 48-foot over all cruising cutter for a Western yachtsman whose name has been kept sub rosa. She is one of John Alden's designs, 48′ 1″ by 34′ 3″ by 11′ and will draw an even 7′. They are also working on a flock of 40 of the Herreshoff 12½-foot water line knockabouts, about half of them on order. For several years the company has built a lot of 12½-footers during the winter to keep the men employed, but never has had any of them left when the summer season starts. Herreshoff is also building an International 14-Foot Dinghy for H. T. Cummings of Rochester, and it is anticipated that orders for ten more will be received from that locality.

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Over on the Poppasquash shore of Bristol Harbor, where the Frostbiters cavort unless it is iced over, Sam Wardwell has H. Stanley Wood's power cruiser *Nipantuck* in the shop lengthening her out about nine feet in the middle instead of on the ends. Sawed her right through from cabin top to keel and moved the after section back and is now filling in the hole which once was boat.

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Gordon Colwell, who sailed *Hope* in the 1937 world championship series of the Stars, was elected fleet captain of the Narragansett Bay Fleet at the annual meeting; Frank Slingluff, 3rd, fleet lieutenant; and Jack Tiplady, who declined another year as fleet captain, fleet secretary. It is reported that there will be two more Stars at Jamestown this season.

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The Frostbiters finished their series January 2nd. In Class B, Sid Herreshoff's *Glory B* had everything her own way (53 of a possible 57 points), beaten only by John Alden's Class X *Cold Wave* on the only day *Cold Wave* raced. Fourteen boats had sailed in Class D but only half of them had sailed enough races to qualify. Bill Dyer's *Flying Dutchman* topped the seven in the percentage table.

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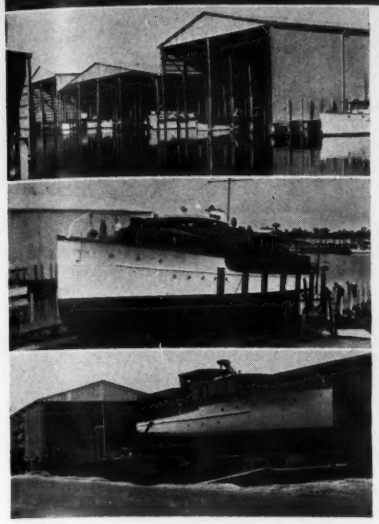
Over at Fairhaven, the Mariners' Club held its annual meeting December 6th and when Capt. David Ryder, skipper of the nominating committee with Capt. E. W. Bartow, Capt. Cliff Kilburn, Capt. Nathaniel Ellis and Capt. Asa T. Thomson (everybody at the Mariners' Club is "captain" whether he is or not, even me) to aid and abet him, announced that they had picked Capt. William Hawes for president, Capt. Fred W. Phillips for treasurer, Capt. Irwin C. Hall for secretary, Rev. Charles Thurber for chaplain, Capt. Arthur Small for artist, Capts. Hawes, Phil-

A few boats at our private park dock in our outer protected harbor



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lips, Hall, David Bosworth and Charles Connor for the executive committee, Capts. Hall, Phillips and Hawes for the entertainment committee, and Capts. Cliff Sherman, Oscar Nyman, Charles Connor, Manuel George and William Hawes as the chowder committee. There wasn't a sign of insubordination and they were elected in less than half a minute.

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Seriously, the membership includes all the skippers, engineers and men whose yachts are laid up at Peirce and Kilburn's; a lot of old timers who live at and near Fairhaven and New Bedford, and several others who have laid up at the yard in the past. Ages range from the youngsters of twenty to other youngsters who are still able to navigate even if they are close on to ninety. If you ever get an invitation, don't say no.

Massachusetts Bay Flashes

By ED EARLE

COMMODORE Chandler Hovey heads the Eastern Y. C. for his second term. Vice Commodore B. Devereux Barker, Rear Commodore Malcolm W. Greenough and Treasurer Stephen W. Sleeper were re-elected at the first general meeting. Capt. Morgan H. Harris succeeds Henry A. Morss, Jr., as secretary with the latter becoming a member of the Council at large. Commodore Walter R. Bell was elected again to the helm of the Corinthian Yacht Club with his flag officers Vice Commodore Daniel E. Watson and Rear Commodore Harry N. Bloomfield. The veteran Secretary John P. Squire continues in office with William A. Skelton elected treasurer.

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The annual election of officers in the Boston Yacht Club, the senior organization of New England, was marked by a new commodore for the first time in four years. Thomas M. Elcock was elected to succeed the popular Commodore Adrian Sawyer. The other 1938 officers include Vice Commodore Donald W. Gardner, Rear Commodore A. Devereaux Chesterton, Secretary Blake H. Cooley, and Treasurer Schuyler Dillon. The Boston Yacht Club's Dog Watch series of lectures got under way at the Rowe's Wharf Station. This fifteenth annual series is one of the most popular yachting fixtures and the speakers on the slate this winter include Prof. Frank H. Conant, Jack Woods, Herbert L. Stone, Capt. Warwick Tompkins, George Stobie, William Clifford and Egerton Sawtelle.

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The Wollaston Yacht Club, which has staged a great comeback in the sailing game in the past two seasons, has elevated former Vice Commodore Edward P. Shaw to succeed Commodore Arthur Leavitt at the helm of the club. John P. Oliver is hoisted from rear to vice commodore. The other officers are Rear Commodore Fred Haas, Treasurer Mark A. Hanna, and Secretary John H. Carleton, successor to William R. Atkinson, who heads the race committee.

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Ed Bicknell of the North Weymouth Yacht Club has been elected for the third consecutive year as president of the Massachusetts Bay Indian Marconi Association. The class voted to race on the outside courses at Marblehead next Race Week and the Class I courses at Winthrop. Other business at the meeting makes it illegal to carry the spinnaker outside of the headstay. The leeward end must be trimmed inside the jib. The noted 21-foot over all lapstrake centerboards completed one of the best seasons in the class log. Walter Hallett's *Ace*, from the South Boston Yacht Club, nosed out Horatio "Dutch" Holland's *Navahoe* by two points for the championship of the Bay.

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The Thirty-Square Meter Association, which is very much in the sun this year, held an enthusiastic dinner at the Harvard Club and outlined defense plans for the international team races against the challenge of the Island Sailing Club of Cowes, which was sent overseas by Uffa Fox, English designer.

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The members of the Eighteen Foot Knockabout Association are rather amused at rumors drifting around that Class I is all washed up. The outlook for this class is brighter than it has been for some years. Challenges have been sent to the Savin Hill Yacht Club for the Quincy Challenge Cup, won last year by Hosea D. White's *Oriental*.

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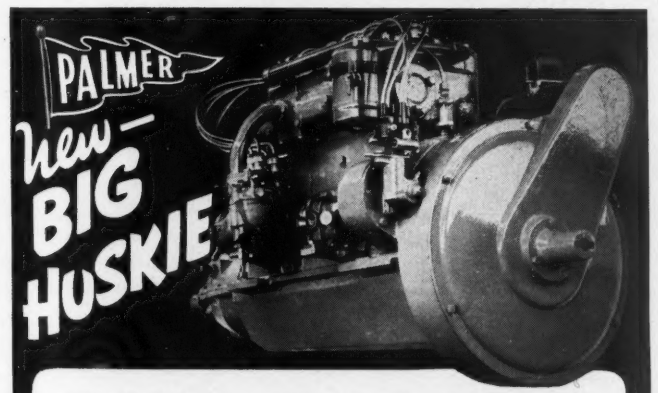

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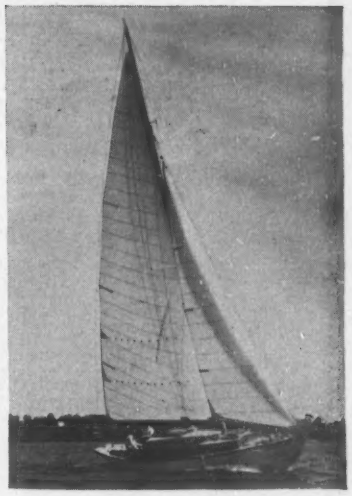

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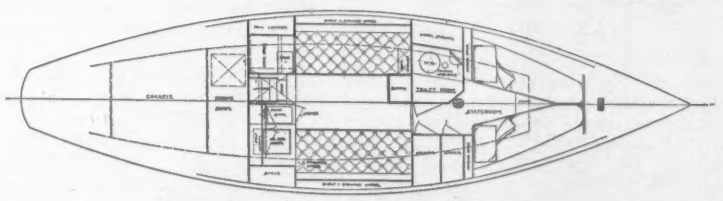

Remarkable accommodations, with double stateroom, two berths in main cabin, fine toilet room and galley. Separate engine compartment. Ratsey sails. Wide floor space, 6 feet headroom, full length clothes lockers. Alden Special Model Gray 4-22 Motor, direct drive, powerful and efficient. Get full particulars from

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" 9	IROQUOIS	Clyde Mallory Line	13 "	125.00
" 10	LAFAYETTE	French Line	10 "	130.00
" 11	EMP. OF AUSTRALIA	Canadian Pacific	9 "	110.00
" 11	SANTA ROSA	Grace Line	17 "	285.00
" 12	CARINTHIA	Cunard White Star	6 "	75.00
" 12	PILSUDSKI	Gdynia America	9 "	100.00
" 18	SANTA PAULA	Grace Line	17 "	285.00
" 19	MUNARGO	Munson Line	12 "	80.00*
" 19	CARINTHIA	Cunard White Star	6 "	75.00
" 19	PARIS	French Line	16 "	222.50
" 22	EMP. OF AUSTRALIA	Canadian Pacific	9 "	110.00
" 23	IROQUOIS	Clyde Mallory Line	13 "	125.00
" 24	LAFAYETTE	French Line	11 "	142.50
" 25	TRANSYLVANIA	Anchor Line	8 "	82.50
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" 26	CARINTHIA	Cunard White Star	6 "	75.00
" 26	NEW YORK	Hamburg American	8 "	100.00
Apr. 2	BRITANNIC	Cunard White Star	8 "	105.00
" 2	MUNARGO	Munson Line	12 "	80.00*
" 2	EMP. OF AUSTRALIA	Canadian Pacific	12 "	142.50
" 6	TRANSYLVANIA	Anchor Line	8 "	82.50
" 7	LAFAYETTE	French Line	10 "	130.00
" 15	TRANSYLVANIA	Anchor Line	8 "	82.50
" 15	ILE DE FRANCE	French Line	10 "	142.50
" 16	MUNARGO	Munson Line	12 "	80.00*
" 29	MUNARGO	Munson Line	12 "	80.00*
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INFORMATION BUREAU

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or Nassau Development Board, Nassau, Bahamas

The first of the new 15-foot Double-Enders designed by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., had her trial trip out of Simms' Dorchester yard just before Christmas. Designer K. Aage Neilsen, of the Boston office, developed this fascinating little boat from the Danish Jolle. Hasket Derby and Neilsen have given this boat an intensive workout. According to them, the performance of this newcomer is so "hot" that they do not mind the cold breezes whiffing over Dorchester Bay.

\+ + +

Eldredge-McInnis, Inc., reports the sale of the 36-foot auxiliary yawl *Fiesta* from Eben C. Sprague, of Buffalo, to Augustus P. Loring, Jr., of Boston. Her home port will be Beverly, Mass. The 34-foot Lawley sloop *Southwind* has been sold from Rev. Frederick E. Heath, of Belmont, to Everett P. Sawyer, of Sterling Junction.

\+ + +

Andrew Hepburn, now associated with the office of E. Arthur Shuman, Inc., is in charge of the plans of the new Eight-Metre building for Miss Nancy Leiter at Britt Brothers Yard. Miss Leiter's former "Eight" *Venture* has been acquired by Thomas Nelson Perkins and will be raced again next summer at Marblehead.

\+ + +

Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., has sold the 50-foot cutter *Hersilia* from Dexter Lewis, of Providence, to Stephen Etnier, of Gilbert Head, Maine. Mr. Lewis will have a new 40-foot ocean racing sloop, from the designs of this office, built by Henry R. Hinckley, Inc., of Southwest Harbor, Maine. At this yard is a 38-foot sloop building for Karl Crook of Abington. A dozen Herreshoff 12½-Footers have been sold by Sparkman & Stephens to start a new class at North Haven, Maine. Through this office, the 36-foot yawl *Jarumaha* has changed hands from J. M. Mathis to Marshall Abbott, of Boston.

\+ + +

George Upton, of Marblehead, has ordered a rugged 61-foot Diesel-powered cruiser from the designs of John G. Alden. Construction is now under way at George Gulliford's Yard, Saugus. While her home port will be Marblehead, her owner will use her for extended cruising on Chesapeake Bay.

\+ + +

A 50-foot power boat of the fast cruiser type is rapidly nearing completion at Reid's Yard, Winthrop. She is from the board of John G. Alden, and is building for Geoffrey G. Whitney, of Boston, who will keep her at Wood's Hole. A pair of Chrysler Majestic motors, operating through reduction gears, will give her a cruising speed of 15 knots or better. The engine room is heavily insulated against noise.

\+ + +

John Alden has sold his yawl *Malabar XI*, latest of a long line of famous *Malabars*, to Robert T. Wheeler, of Chicago, who intends getting her in shape early in the 1938 season so that she will be thoroughly tuned up in time to take part in the Chicago-Mackinac Race.

\+ + +

Among the numerous sales reported recently by John G. Alden is the three-masted 136-foot schooner *Sachem* to Bruce and Sheridan Fahnestock, who returned recently from the South Seas and China after a two-year cruise in the schooner *Director*. *Sachem* has been laid up in Gloucester for the past two years. Early in the spring, the Fahnestocks will sail her to Essex, Conn., there to fit out for another expedition to far off waters.

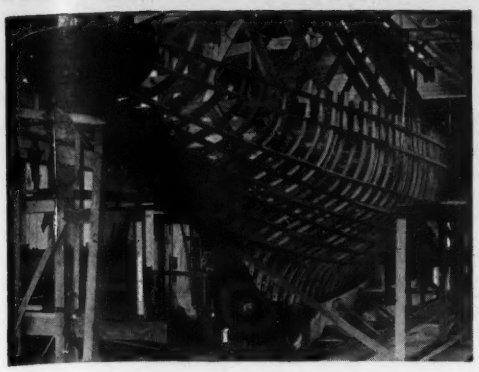
\+ + +

The new stock blue water boats from local boards are particularly attractive and well named. The first of the new Alden Coastwise Cruisers is already in frame at Graves' Marblehead yard. This sturdy 36-foot over all cruiser has an easy sheer, graceful ends and an efficient inboard cutter rig. She is powered by an Alden Special Model Gray 4-22, installed in a separate compartment. Then there is the 42-foot over all Alden Off Soundings Cutter, with Casey, of Fairhaven, the builder. This same hull, built for cruising comfort, will also be yawl rigged if desired. The first of the Sparkman & Stephens designed Week-Enders was launched at the yard of George Lawley & Son Corporation, Neponset. An especially attractive new stock cruising class from the economical point of view is the new Single-Hander, a 34-foot sloop rigged auxiliary from the office of E. Arthur Shuman, Jr., Inc.

\+ + +

The office of E. Arthur Shuman, Inc., reports the following sales: The 50-foot motor-sailer *Walrus* from Charles A. Welch to Rockwell Tenney, to be used in Vineyard Sound this coming summer; the Class R sloop *Stranger* from Vice Commodore Daniel E. Watson, of the Corinthian Yacht Club, to Henry Taggard of Marblehead. She will sail from the Eastern Yacht Club this summer. The Triangle sloop *Sirius*, from Miss Edith Graves, of Marblehead, to William R. Christopherson, of Burlington, Vt., to be sailed on Lake Champlain.

Mystic Yacht Service



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If you figure it's been too blooming long, then maybe your mirror can tell you the reason.

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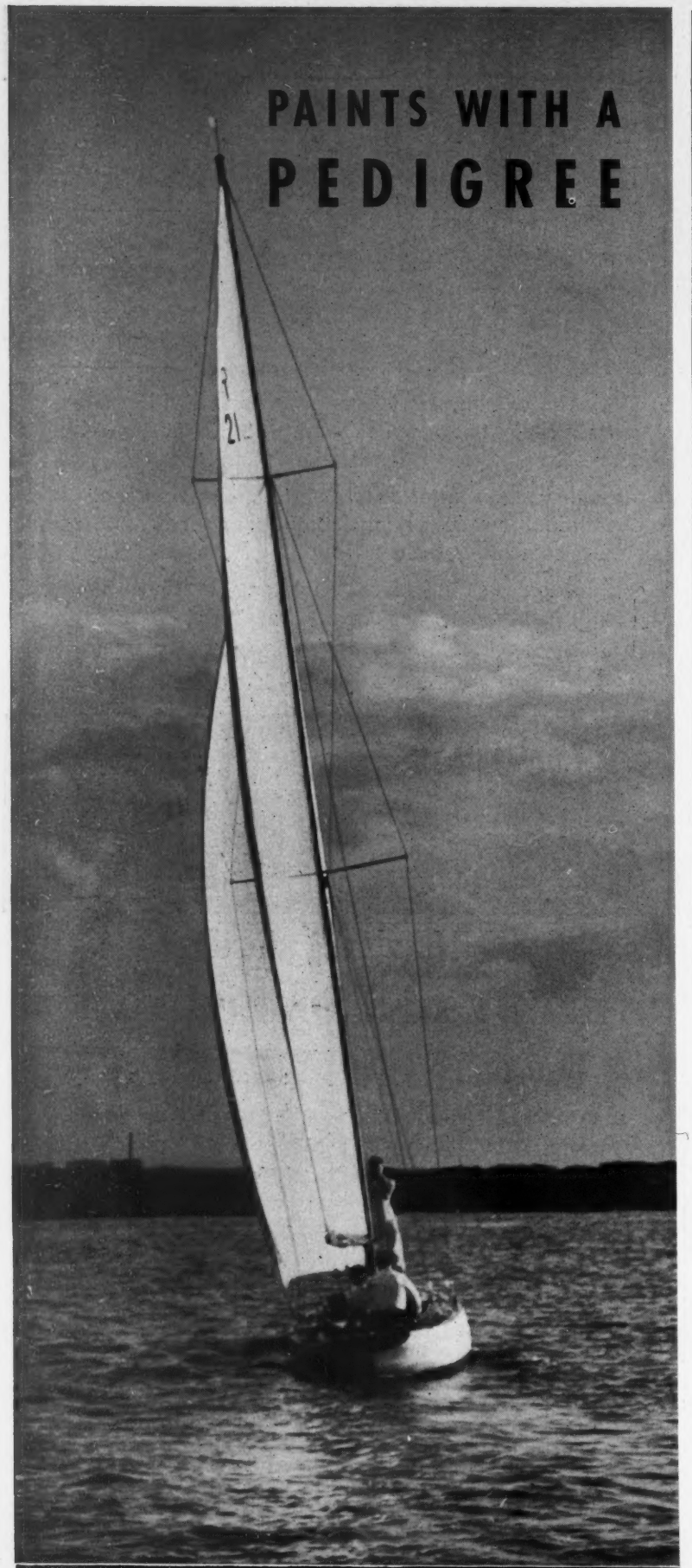

U.S.S. "Vamarie"—May She? Can She?

(Continued from page 52)

make many landings alongside tenders, tankers, docks, and the like and frankly it appeared to me that there were an inexcusable number of broken stanchions, dented sides, and bashed in torpedo tubes. Not because due care and caution were not exercised nor because of a reckless use of speed, but because a little quirk of the current or a weird wind puff temporarily took charge — effects that the small-boat man has learned to expect and regarding which he would be on his guard.

"Knowledge of these things ahead of time, before we are placed in charge of a maneuver, will save the government many dollars, give us added confidence, cut down boards of investigation, damaged records and gray hair.

"When we stop to consider that a large percentage of entrants at the Naval Academy are lads from inland homes far removed from water and, therefore, without experience in matters afloat, it appears that a method of instruction as simple and cheap as small-boat sailing should be given much more prominence in the service, with the Naval Academy to teach the rudiments and the finishing touches put on later in the seagoing ships."

Thus in a naval man's own words we have the extremely impressive reasons why such a boat as *Vamarie* should be crewed and entered in this year's Bermuda Race.

If football had only just been thought of and was not included on the athletic schedule of any college, I'll bet you five dollars that I'd have a hard time persuading the Navy Department that it was a fit pastime for a midshipman.

"What!" I can almost hear the department exclaim, "permit our future naval officers to kick and toss a leather-covered oval ball around a field when they should be employed in mastering the rudiments of the most highly trained profession in the world?"

I can imagine myself protesting, feebly, and as if I still had sailing in the back of my mind, "But think of the good it will do them in learning to think, act and obey quickly, and the knowledge of handling men that they will acquire. Doesn't all that amount to something in the making of a sailor?"

Whereupon the Navy Department would probably say, "Your suggestion is preposterous. A navy man can learn nothing of importance to his profession when he is lying on a muddy field under five or ten other men. Take your suggestion to the Army, where brute strength is all a good officer requires."

Come to think of it, the British army has its entry in every ocean race of importance that takes place in English waters. But she, the *Ilex*, is not an official entry. It just happens that the Royal Engineers like sailing, and so keep the old cutter at it week after week, summer after summer. Probably that's because they're so far removed from the joys of Washington and Baltimore.

Another thought of some relevance occurs to me. I happened to read in the paper the other day that the Pan American Airways has bought and reconditioned the four-masted schooner *Trade Wind* for use in conveying supplies to its island stations in the Pacific and for the training of its pilots. Now at first blush I'd say that a reconditioned old schooner and an up-to-date Pacific Clipper are about as antipodal as the poles. If I were a propagandist for trading schooners instead of an ardent spokesman for ocean racing, I'd never have thought of suggesting to an air line that it break in its future pilots before the mast of an ancient windjammer.

But the newspaper article which gives the information says that Pan-American recognizes the many points in common between the old sailing ships and the new flying ships and believes that by training its pilots in sail they will be better equipped to maneuver an air clipper. And on thinking it over I can well believe it, as private companies which are in business for profit have to keep close track of the relationship between cause and effect. They don't have an indulgent Uncle Sam to repair broken stanchions and dented sides when a skipper misjudges landing conditions.

However, this is all a little beside the point, which is that *Vamarie* is at least a potential entry in this year's Bermuda Race. Makaroff, her former owner, tells me that she is now in finer condition than she ever was when he had her and, while I have heard from reliable sources that she has not yet been sailed as an experienced yachtsman would sail her, I have every expectation that if entered she will make a passable showing.

It is too much to expect that a group of navy men (or army, or merchant marine, or what else have you?) could straightway defeat a flock of indoctrinated amateur yachtsmen in the Bermuda Race, but I'd dearly love to see again that old familiar headline:

"VAMARIE FINISHES FIRST."

International Motor Boat Racing in 1938

(Continued from page 53)

to capture this greatest record of them all. I have had long conversations with Mr. Railton, and you may take it from me that Sir Malcolm has his eye on the Harmsworth Trophy and Railton has discussed it at length with Gar Wood, George Crouch, Arno Apel, Harry Greening and others who know about such things. You may be sure that any Harmsworth boat brought over here by Sir Malcolm will have more than a hint of the design of *Juno*, the sensational Apel boat with which Jack Rutherfurd made a mile record of 84.60 in Washington last September and won the first heat of the President's Cup race. In fact, there may be, one of these days, a really astounding international development in the design of a Harmsworth boat. But, regardless of that, Sir Malcolm will experiment with one-mile record boats for a year or two before tackling the world's hardest race.

To get back to the outboards, there are tentative plans afoot for four or five of our best outboard drivers to go abroad this year. They should have no trouble winning many trophies in Classes C and X in the international regattas at Herblay, France, and perhaps at Vienna, Budapest, and Lake Garda. When they get to Stockholm, however, they will have stern competition. Kurt Oldenburg, Sweden's leading outboard racer who did a fine job over here with a poor outfit four years ago in George Townsend's Florida regattas, says there is more outboard racing in Stockholm than in most of the rest of Europe combined. He says the Class C races have at least sixteen good Swedish drivers, three or four of whom are equal to our best. He promises the boys a grand time if they will go to Stockholm. It is also our hope that three or four of our drivers will take Class B outfits abroad and will enter the two-hour Daily Mirror Trophy Race at Oulton Broad, England, promoted by the energetic Edward and George Treglown and the former's American wife.

Jean Dupuy has won permanent possession of the Spreckels Trophy offered by his wife, the former Dorothy Spreckels. So Madam Dupuy is putting up another Spreckels Trophy with the idea of starting the new competition for it on July 2nd, in Paris. There is considerable agitation over the rules of the new contest which are being drawn up by Jean Dupuy, especially that clause which says that the representatives of any one country must win it three times in succession to possess it as well as the 150,000 francs prize money. Although we seem to have faster boats than the Europeans, our craft are too light and our drivers do not prepare adequately for such a two-hour rough and tumble affair as the Spreckels Race. Paul Sawyer, however, declares after his experience last year that he is going over again to win it and, if the rules are changed, we hope he and several other outstanding drivers will try it.

One of the most important and interesting European events in 1938 will be the revived Duke of York Trophy Race at Torquay, England. The rules for this contest have been completely revised and are now on a fuel economy basis. From the interest already evinced in the race, it is likely that we can send a team of three 225-cubic-inch hydroplanes to make a try for this important prize. We understand that Canada intends to send three boats. It is high time some of our better drivers give up their chase of speed alone and enter some of the longer and more difficult races abroad. American drivers now hold all of the one-mile outboard and 225-cubic-inch (4-litre) world's records except in the Midget Class. They do not, however, hold any of the time or distance records which count just as much (or almost) as do the speed marks.

If the plans fomented by Count Rossi mature, the Gold Cup Class will have its most interesting and active season. He is busy on the details of a three- or four-race series for the 12-litre championship of the world. It is his idea, and a good one, that the first race take place in Italy late in June, the second in France early in July, the third in the Gold Cup Race at Detroit and, perhaps, a fourth in the President's Cup Race at Washington. The A. P. B. A. point system, without bonuses, will be used and the high point man after the last race becomes world champion. Whether this ambitious idea "jells" or not, it seems that the Gold Cup Race itself should be extraordinarily intriguing. In France, Emile Piquerez is having two new boats built for him and Maurice Vasseur to drive, and Jean Dintilhac, I hear, is preparing another. Count Rossi and Guido Cattaneo are also busy on two new boats, using their last year's engines, and they may bring a third to be driven by Aldo Dacco.

All the foregoing events are in the process of active preparation. There may be plans for a lot of others which have so far reached only the conversational stage. International affairs in motor boat racing are on a splendid basis which should this year reach the happiest results yet obtained.

Isn't it too bad other matters between nations are not being administered as amiably? They could be, you know.

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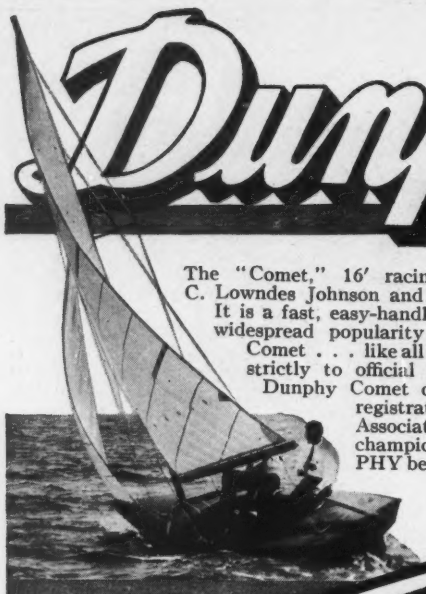

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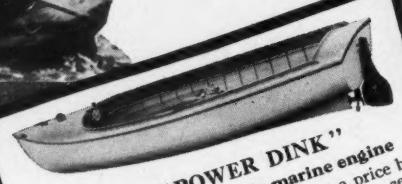

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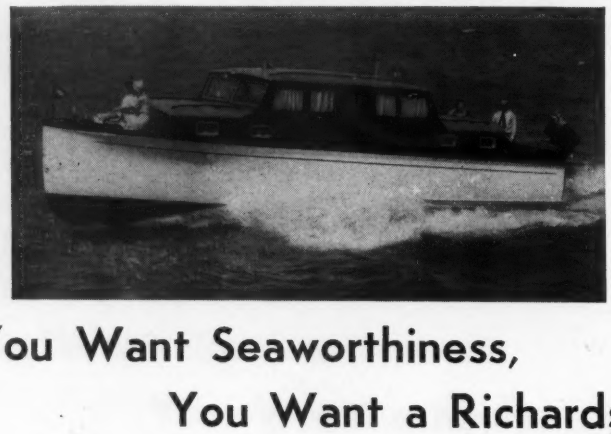

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LITTLE GIANTS • JUNIORS

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The Month in Yachting

(Continued from page 70)

continue the series on an inequitable basis, they would concede these points. This was done with the stipulation that the English delete the now cumbersome keel requirements of their rule. With these obstacles out of the way, it was felt that the outright adoption of the international dinghy rule, which was the better known of the two, was the obvious and final step. This step was taken in November, 1937, by the sailors of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and the I.Y.R.U. rule, the salient points of which are set out below, was adopted by them.

INTERNATIONAL 14-FOOT DINGHY RULES

L.O.A., maximum, 14 feet.

Beam, minimum, to outside of skin, 4 feet 8 inches.

Breadth of floor, minimum beam at 8 inches above the under side of keel at mid-length, 4 feet.

Tumble home of topsides may not exceed one twenty-fourth of greatest beam.

Depth of hull inside skin, amidships, minimum 1 foot 9 inches, taken from a line horizontal to the top of the gunwale to the planking 6 inches from center of the boat.

Sail Area, maximum, 125 square feet measured by I.Y.R.U. Rules, *i.e.*, mainsail plus 85 per cent of fore triangle. Headstick to mainsail must not exceed 4 inches in width taken at right angles to the mast. No bowsprit or bumpkin or outside channels or outriggers allowed. Permanently bent masts, rotating masts, double luffed sails, booms that will not pass through a 4-inch diameter circle and other similar contrivances are not allowed. Battens in mainsails, maximum number, four, spaced as by I.Y.R.U. Rules.

Height of sail plan. Sail plan shall not exceed 22½ feet in height above the gunwale line.

No inside ballast whatever may be carried.

Construction may be either carvel or clinker. Planking is to be of uniform thickness throughout.

Boats are to be entirely open, *i.e.*, undecked. (It has been agreed that the gunwale may be 3 inches wide inside the frames.)

Centerboard. Maximum thickness 7/8″. Maximum weight of a built-up centerboard shall be 60 pounds.

Crew to consist of two persons.

There is no doubt that the adoption of an international rule for 14-foot dinghies for both America and Europe will give a tremendous impetus to dinghy competition, inasmuch as the cost of building one of these international dinghies is not prohibitive.

An international regatta is being arranged by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto, to coincide with the visit of the English team.

The Return of the Pinky

(Continued from page 37)

receive the drain water; this was fitted with a faucet and is also removable for cleaning. Drinking water is carried on deck in two casks, each holding 15 gallons.

The galley range is a White-Warner "Household Marine," burning coal; the heater is a Shipmate. The berths are fitted with inner-spring mattresses; their extra length and width make them comfortable in cold weather. Unless the occupant is extremely tall, there is room for his sea bag at the foot of his berth. I have rarely seen any place, in yachts, that is suitable for stowing sea bags where they are dry and easily reached.

Following the practice of the period in which pinkies were used, wooden latches were employed on all doors below deck. These proved to be practical as they operate easily and do not rattle.

Light and ventilation have been mentioned as being of particular importance; in these matters, the cabin is excellent. The musty odor so common in yachts of this size is wholly lacking in the pinky. In spite of a damp and foggy summer, there was no evidence of dampness in the cabin.

Much of the summer was spent in experimenting with trim and balance. At first, the quantity of ballast was fixed at a low figure, then gradually increased to the designed amount. The fore and aft trim was changed by shifting ballast to find out whether or not the designed trim was the most satisfactory one. The rake of the masts was also altered for the same reason. It was soon found that the trim and rake of the masts shown in the pictures gave the best results.

Another experiment was the use of a loose-footed or lug foresail. Though the deck arrangement was not designed for the use of such a sail, it was found that this rig would be most satisfactory if the position of certain deck fittings could have been altered. It was obvious, I believe, that the loose-footed foresail was superior if the deck arrangement had been designed for the rig. However, it was plain that the present deck arrangement was not suited to the rig so the foresail was recut and given a

boom; in doing this, some peak was lost and the appearance of the sail damaged. This season the pinky will have the boomed foresail as originally designed.

The trials given the boat, during the summer and fall, have been fairly complete, except that there has been no trial in a gale of wind. She has been out in a heavy sea, however, and in weather ranging from flat calms to strong winds. A great deal of beating to windward was done, some reaching was also possible, but there was comparatively little running. This was due to the fact that most of the trials were in the Penobscot and on the cruise to the westward in the prevailing sou'westers of a Maine summer.

Speed was naturally a matter of some interest. While the boat was not intended to be a racer-cruiser, nevertheless no sensible man wants to own a slug. It can be truthfully said, I think, that the pinky is surprisingly fast for a boat of her displacement and sail area. I know that it is easy for an owner to overestimate the speed of his boat, particularly when there is no competitor of the same class at hand. Therefore I am not going to boast too much about speed. The pinky did outsail two Friendship sloops going to windward in a fresh breeze and a small slop but she was beaten by a modern yawl in light airs. While beating up, in a moderate sou'wester, to Cape Elizabeth from Monhegan there was one hour in which she did five knots; two in which she averaged a little over four and two in which she made over three. All of this was done close-hauled. She has not been logged running and has had but one opportunity to be logged reaching in anything but light airs; this one chance was in a fairly fresh sou'wester and a choppy sea; she did six and one quarter knots. From the appearance of her wake at this speed, it was evident that she had not reached the maximum speed at which her hull is capable of being driven. Her wake was flat and unbroken and there was no evidence of a quarter wave. A plume of spray was formed at her cutwater and there was a rather small surge abreast her lee fore rigging. There was also a slight trough formed on the weather side a little forward of amidships. At low speeds, there is almost no disturbance; this has twice been the excuse of watch keepers for having overrun their distances in light or moderate winds.

Stability is another matter of importance. It is not easy to make fair comparisons but I would say that the pinky is somewhat stiffer than most small cruising schooners, though, of course, her sail area is smaller than that of many cruisers. Like most small schooners, she goes down to her bearings easily; she hangs with her lee plankshеer some seven or eight inches out of water. With her designed quantity of ballast, it was impossible to get her rail under in a fresh breeze.

Under all conditions of sea and weather yet met with the boat is dry and her motion, both rolling and pitching, is easy and slow. There is no trace of that whip-snap that makes some boats so uncomfortable and no "hobbyhorse" motion, either. The spray tossed up by her bow seems to be thrown out horizontally rather than upward, as a rule, so that little comes aboard. The reputed ease of motion of the pinky type is fully substantiated in this boat.

The boat is quite sensitive to longitudinal trim — more than I supposed she would be. When by the head, she is somewhat slow and uncertain in stays, particularly when her masts are given little rake. Apparently she handles best when there is a little reverse lead (that is, when the center of effort is abaft the center of lateral plane). When on her designed load water line, and with the proper rake to her masts, she comes around quickly and certainly, carries a small weather helm, and steers easily. She can be made to steer herself close-hauled and reaching when in trim. As she has not been run under full sail before a heavy sea and breeze of wind, it is impossible, at this point, to say whether or not she will require relieving tackles on her tiller.

Under short sail, in fresh to strong winds, she works well; tacking, reaching or running under foresail alone, jib and mainsail, or under fore and main. No occasion has arisen for reefing but from experience with short sail it seems reasonable to have no doubts as to her ability under reefed canvas. The bonnet on the jib has been experimented with, however, and it was found that the bonnet permitted sail to be reduced much more quickly than with reef points, but that it took longer to lace on the bonnet than it does to shake out reef points.

Though power was not to be installed in the *Glad Tidings*, provision for future installation was made. It was originally planned to place a small engine under the deck between the after trunk and the cockpit, with the shaft and wheel off center. At present, however, I am thinking of trying an outboard installation, using a bracket. This may serve my purpose as I need but little power.

Now I have a boat that sails well, that will go to sea and stay there for a reasonable time in comfort, that can be lived on and that accommodates my family. Even though her appearance is as old-fashioned as your, or your friend's, "distinctive" house, is she really an obsolete type?

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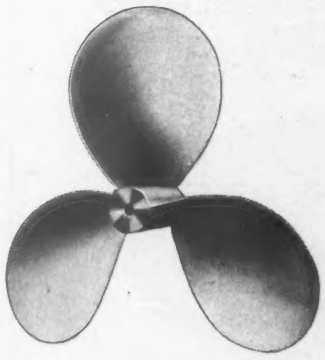

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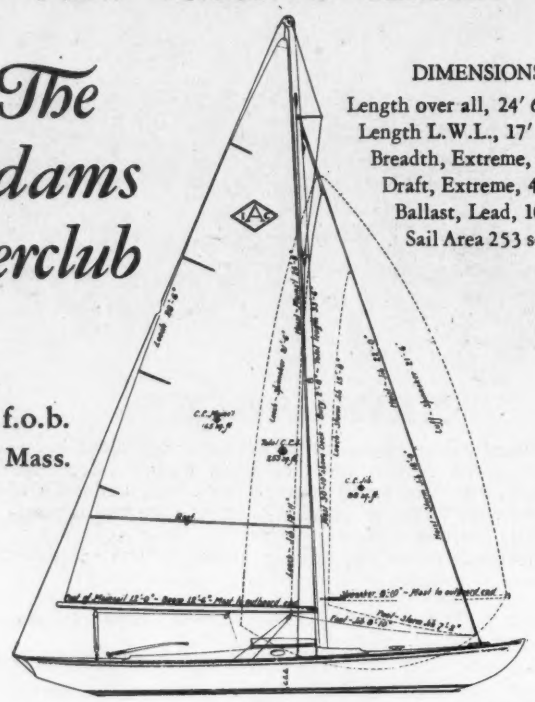

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Cruising Around New Zealand

(Continued from page 44)

same as when Cook and Vancouver first visited it. From the Milford Hotel to Puysegur Light, in over 400 miles of cruising, we saw not a single person and only twice were there visible evidences of previous human visitation. If you want the primitive, here it is. The anchorages are bad, the sand flies are worse, and the winds are of gale force or better at least 20 per cent of the time, but I think it must be one of the grandest cruises in the world.

Forveaux Strait and Cook Strait are the two worst weather spots in the Dominion, for the configuration of the land is such as to cause winds, which are but strong elsewhere, to funnel through these two unfortunate guts with gale force. When a racing tide in shallow Forveaux Strait bucks a howling westerly gale, it puts what the seamen there call "verandas" on the seas and it is a fine time to stay in port. *Igdrasil* behaves very well in heavy seas in the open ocean, but shallow water is something quite different. I had no desire to experience that "front porch effect" so we left Preservation Inlet right on the tail of a depression when a couple days of reasonable weather could be expected.

Our weather prognostications proved correct, the wind was moderate and from a favorable direction, but it was a "lazy wind," one that would rather go through you than around you! In these latitudes, night passages are cold at the end of March, but this one was worse than expected. Even with heavy woolens, boots, wool socks, oilskin trousers, flannel shirt, sweater, parka and mitts, I still shivered at the wheel. So, for the first time in the voyage, I broke out the life jackets and strapped the thickly padded kapok around me to add a little more needed insulation.

We managed to miss the worst of the rain squalls off Puysegur Point but, in deference to the seas, which were uncomfortable, I kept a reef in. The wind was fluky and about midnight *Igdrasil* took the first flying jibe in 12,000 miles. When she took a second one within half an hour, I began to think my slight reputation as a seaman was slipping fast! Unfortunately, *Igdrasil* is not fitted with any of those nice expensive rubber shock absorbers, her main sheet merely ending in a solid eyebolt. Such a jibe nearly shakes your teeth out but, as there are no backstays, it does no other harm!

The next morning found us at Oban on Halfmoon Bay, Stewart Island, where we received a most surprising reception. The anchor was scarcely down when the members of the County Council came off in a dory to welcome what they said was the first American vessel to visit Stewart Island since the whaling days. Stewart Island is beautiful, but it was too late in the year for pleasure cruising in 47° south latitude, so we took advantage of the second day of fine weather to run across the Strait to Bluff.

Among seamen, Bluff is famous for its winds and because it is said to possess the most southerly "pub" in the British Empire! I am no authority on pubs, but I can vouch for the winds; also the tides. I had timed our arrival for slack water and missed it by only a little, so was able to go right in. Though our first visit to the port, we were among friends, for the *Matai* was in, with the *Tamatea* just ahead, while Captain Hamilton was down on the wharf to greet us and Captain Haszard, the Harbormaster, flagged our berth in person.

What had been intended as a one-day stop lengthened when the barometer went to 29.00 inches and a hard gale developed. In such weather, Bluff Harbor is not smooth and the rattle of hail on the cabin deck was not pleasant so we preferred to spend our days ashore. *Igdrasil* was safe enough, though an argument with the pier chewed a little off the rail and a barge ahead parting some lines caused us some concern at one time. In the middle of the night, when it was blowing hardest, we were startled by a loud rattle and roar close aboard. At the Harbormaster's order, the 9000-ton Jap freighter *Keifuku Maru*, that occupied the offshore berth of our pier, had just dropped both anchors to bring up with in case her dock lines parted!

We are used to having yachtsmen express a desire to make a voyage similar to ours, and in New Zealand many ship's officers expressed the same desire, but Captain Honda of the *Keifuku Maru* surprised us. Coming aboard for tea one afternoon, he looked *Igdrasil* over carefully and said that, in spite of a wife and six children back in Japan, he would like nothing better than to go with us!

The morning after the wind eased there was a great stir in the harbor. The pilot tug was fussing around while three vessels left and one came into port. It is necessary to work fast at Bluff, for the tidal currents in the narrow entrance permit ship movements for only a short time on each tide. Even a full powered steamer is glad to leave Forveaux Strait behind and so were we.

The run up the coast to Dunedin proved slow and uninteresting, the principal feature being that in the whole stretch, except for two light-

"Igdrasil's" track from Milford Sound through Forveaux Strait

houses, nothing appeared upon the coast to indicate any previous human visitation. No fields, no houses, not even any smoke to prove it was inhabited. The sea was better populated for several steamers were sighted.

Rounding the head into Otago Harbor, we were, as usual, ignored by the signal station, so we proceeded up the channel unannounced, the last half of the thirteen miles being in darkness. Arriving at Dunedin, we found Captain MacLean, the Harbormaster, anxiously awaiting us on the dock. It seems the local fishermen have a habit of hitting the lighted pile beacons to the detriment of the lights and Captain MacLean was worried as to what a stranger would do without a pilot! The fact that we left all his lights in good order proved a good introduction to the Harbormaster and the Harbor Board.

At Dunedin we encountered the usual Scotch hospitality. We had no introductions and none are needed in a city where strangers come down to the dock, introduce themselves, and invite visitors to dinner or for a Sunday drive in the hills. The Harbor Board offered us the facilities of their shops for the slight repairs we required, while the harbor officials were always looking for ways to be of assistance.

Long stretches of inhospitable coast isolate Dunedin from a cruising standpoint, while the great area of shallow water in its harbor encourages a light draft racer. I have never raced, so had little in common with the local yachtsmen.

Working up the coast with light winds, we were about to enter the harbor of Timaru in the night when a long hoped for southerly breeze sprang up. The temptation was too great, we waved a regretful good bye to Timaru and swung off for the Banks Peninsula. Similarly, we passed by Akaroa, for winter was close upon us and we had to hurry.

Entering strange ports at night is getting to be a habit with us so we were not concerned when we poked up the spacious inlet to Lyttleton and dropped the hook just outside the breakwater at 2:00 a.m. In the morning, the signal station hoisted MKE. We looked around for shipping in motion, but there was none. Scarcely believing it was for us, we hoisted a reply, asking to be assigned a berth. It was the first time a signal station had ever deigned to recognize our existence.

The geography of the Banks Peninsula is such as to encourage the construction of cruising boats rather than racers, so we found a large group of yachtsmen actively interested in our craft. Besides the many boats in commission, a 36-foot ocean traveler was nearly completed and the lead keel of a 65-footer had just been cast. More than once, on driving to a yachtsman's home, we saw a row of lead pigs in his garage, being saved up for the new cruiser. Before we left, the Cruising Club, coöperating with a local shipwright, tendered us the services of the patent slip and *Igdrasil* was hauled out in approved style for the first time in two years. Usually we just beach her for cleaning.

Coming off the slip, we put to sea immediately in the hopes of working the end of a southerly blow. We were a bit late, however, and so had light airs and calms all the

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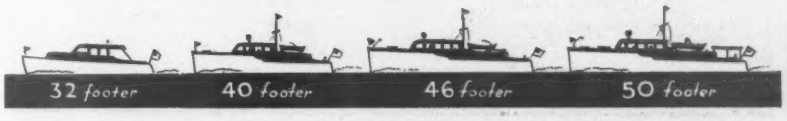

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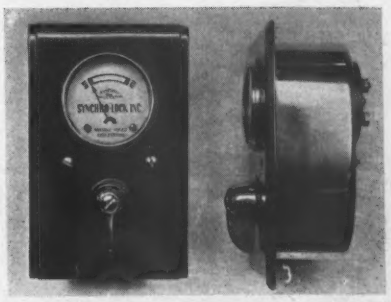

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Would make a fine commuter or cruiser. Owner now owns a larger boat.

For further particulars, price, etc., apply to Ralph Van Buren — 53rd Floor — 405 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

way to Wellington. The radio weather report told of an interesting depression over Tasmania, so we kept the engine going and reached Wellington two days ahead of a real storm, the barometer going to 28.64 inches, a 60-year record. Without the radio, we might have waited for a breeze and caught the storm at sea. The boat would have lived through it all right, as she has previous blows, but it would have been annoying, to say the least. The radio has paid for itself many times.

Port Nicholson, the port of Wellington, though a fine haven for large shipping, is so big that small craft rather rattle around in it. But the Harbormaster assigned us a snug little corner at the tug wharf, where we were exceptionally well protected and at the same time conveniently close to the business district.

The yachting season was nearly over when we reached Wellington but both clubs wanted lectures and we had many interesting experiences. One day a chap, who would have gladdened the heart of any football coach, came aboard and announced that he was going to give us the benefit of his experience on the voyage to Australia! When I told him there wasn't a chance in the world of his going, he was, I think, more insulted that his valuable assistance should be declined than he was disappointed at losing the trip!

Another day a dentist, who had just sold his practice, came aboard and asked me to set a price on the boat, for he wanted to buy her. He meant business and had the money in his pocket, but we were far from home and had to get back somehow, so *Igdrasil* did not change hands.

We left Wellington on the 12th of May in the middle of an extensive anticyclone and so had light airs through Cook Strait. A second extensive high followed closely after the first and we were becalmed for five days within sight of Mount Egmont! Calms are not normal in these parts, so we were not surprised when the radio warned of a cyclone in the north Tasman Sea. We were destined to have plenty of wind on our way over to Australia.

(To be Continued)

Fishing on Hawaii's Kona Coast

(Continued from page 40)

easy reach of Pike, the beaming bartender who, in spite of his white coat, could easily seem to move his craft into better fishing waters — if there were any! It was with my elbow on the coaming of the canoe, and faced by a tall glass, that I tried to correlate what had happened that day. To begin with, both fish were small for the fight they had made. It seemed as though these fish had more fight per pound. They were more highly colored than other black marlin. I was not worried about the marlin being small. The first one weighed 150 pounds and the other 160. Small black marlin always seem to be followed by larger ones. I liked the activity of these fish after they were hooked but I did not relish the casual way they took the bait. This seemed to be the regular thing, and I was told that many fish leave the bait after following it for as much as fifteen or twenty minutes. This is not as it should be. Fish are not always the fools we think them. A marlin would be foolish indeed if it mistook a dead fish, carrying a large hook and being pulled by a heavy leader, for a tasty self-propelled morsel. It is confused action that leads to the dropping of caution, the fatal display of temper — and of the hook. But certainly the way we were trolling the baits could not create confusion. I felt sure that a change would have to be made in handling the bait, but decided to try the local method one more day. This I did with the result that two marlin followed and refused my bait and a third took it only after much deliberation on the part of the fish and worry on ours. I needed bait with action, but it would be like trying to substitute the fat girl at the circus for the ballet dancer to make one of these corpulent bonito step fast enough to excite a marlin.

Next morning, I put up a single outrigger on the starboard side of the boat and took the rest of the day to visit Honoaunau, the ancient City of Refuge. Near there, I saw some of the Hawaiian boys spearing fish in some rough water where the surf pounded against the rocky black lava shore. They would dive from outrigger canoes and follow small fish right into breakers that would dash ordinary swimmers to bits. They were equipped with one-pronged spears made of about quarter-inch steel, four feet long, which they could hurl under the water with deadly accuracy.

When I tried the outrigger on the boat next morning, I found that bonito were too stiff to skip well. Next I tried cut bait, but George's statement that marlin did not like the deep red color of the bonito flesh seemed true. Then I tried taking out the backbone, cutting away flesh from the inside — in fact, I went clear through the list of cutting and sewing operations that have proved successful with most bait. Then I tried reaching through the

back of the fish with a narrow knife and cutting the backbone in four places. When this bait was tried, it looked much better and the marlin seemed satisfied with it as well. Within a few minutes, there was a streak through the air as a marlin all but left the water in striking. In fact, he was in such a rush that he did not get the bait well in his mouth, and the single hook missed him. Fair enough. I had missed him, but for the first time there was a real rush at the bait. It was a simple matter to replace the single hook with a tandem rig, and after that every marlin that showed near my bait rushed it in approved marlin style.

My effort to excite the marlin nearly brought about my undoing a few days later, when a marlin struck the bait so hard that the line was thrown over the clothes-pin that held it to the outrigger. He hooked himself and, as he streaked across the ocean, took the outrigger with him. Only some fast slashing of outrigger lines by one of the crew saved the day, but the argument was not over for three hours and twenty-five minutes. He weighed only 173 pounds. I took smaller marlin while at Kona, and several larger ones, but I never saw one so full of dynamite.

Kailua is actually a combination of three fishing grounds. Each is at its best at different seasons and under different conditions. Not only is it in the lee of normal trade winds, but the predominating currents also strike the island at its opposite shore. These currents must travel around the island to reach Kona and any slight variation in their direction causes a reversal in current direction along the entire Kona Coast.

As in the case of most waters, each of the three fishing grounds enjoys its best sport under certain conditions. The Makalawena grounds are at their best when the current flows *kohala*, from the south. The Kailua and Keauhau grounds produce their best fishing when the flow is *kau*, from the north. Again, the Makalawena is best from March through September. The season of Kailua grounds is during the four months from November through February, and Keauhau in September, October and November. As a result of this rare combination, a change in conditions which might make good catches improbable in one location would create activity in another. In the same way, the overlapping seasons of the three places virtually produce year 'round fishing.

It was regretfully that I left these happy fishing grounds. I had made friends I shall always remember with pleasure. I had found marlin that were the ultimate in gameness. In addition, the tuna group, led by the long yellow-finned Allison, had created new respect for the entire family. The ulua had been swift as lightning and the enormous wahoo had leaped fully ten feet in the air when taking my bait.

I had found *malia aukaka*.

Smoke Gets in His Eyes?

(Continued from page 45)

mathematical feet were still on the ground and he wondered what the results might have been had an actual race been sailed under a sail area measurement rule, without regard to hull dimensions, and a flat allowance of certain minutes per foot of rating.

The only official race data near at hand were in the record book of the St. Petersburg-Habana Races, which our dizzy friend borrowed from the committee. In recent years, these races have been handicapped under a simplified hull-and-sail measurement rule with the N.A.Y.R.U. table of allowances applied.

Using the sail areas and rig factors shown on the record sheets for the 1936 and 1937 races, he worked the formula:

$\sqrt{SA} \times$ Rig Factor = Racing Length

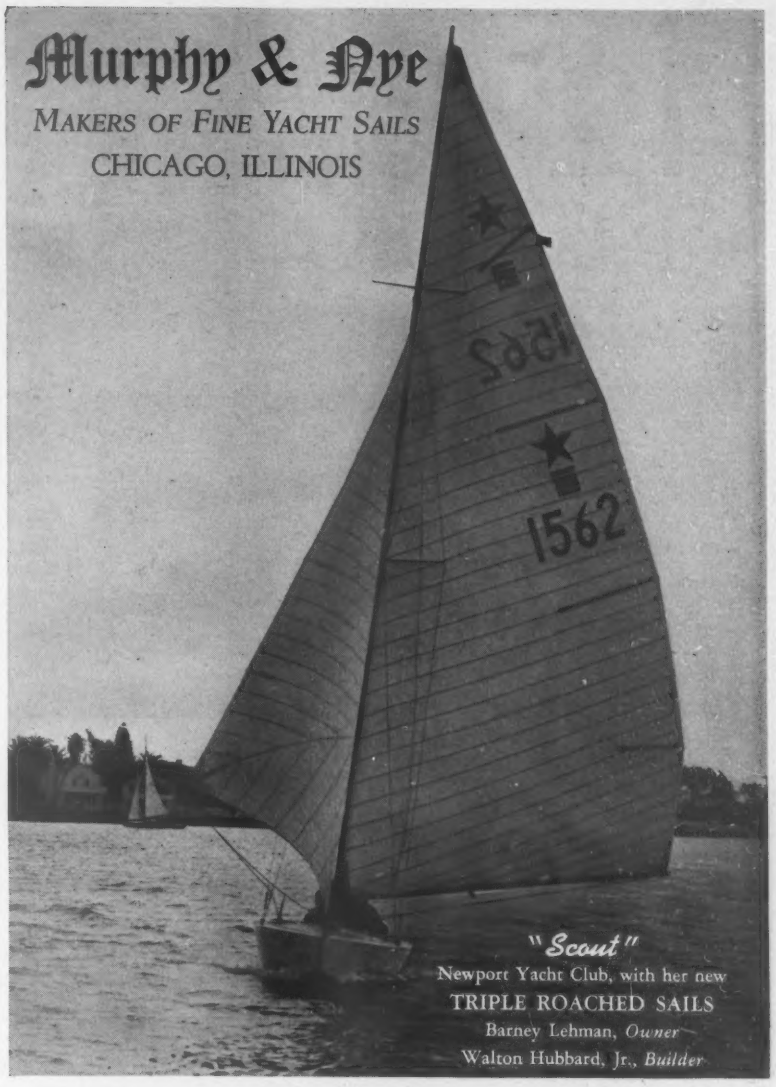
To ratings obtained, he applied a flat allowance of 20 minutes per foot and developed handicaps so closely resembling those of the record that theoretical race results, obtained by use of this simple formula and allowance, showed an order of corrected time finish identical with the records with one exception, the same yacht in both races (a craft with greater sail area to hull length ratio than others of both fleets).

Gleefully he chortled: "*Quod Erat Demonstrandum*," or words to that effect. So far so good, thought he, but would the results of such an experiment made upon the records of the Bermuda, Gibson Island, Mackinac Races produce the same answer?

If his logic *is* sound, would not simplified and corrected measurement rules eliminate the confusion, mystery and slide rule smoke?

"Or, am *I* wrong?" asks he. "But *why?*"

So, not knowing what to do with this egg who *was* a jolly good fellow before he fell into the muddy waters, we ask the dear reader for advice. Please request some big-hearted committeeman to test the sail area formula upon the records of his committee, that we may know whether it's worth while to rescue our friend or knock him on the head and shove him under!



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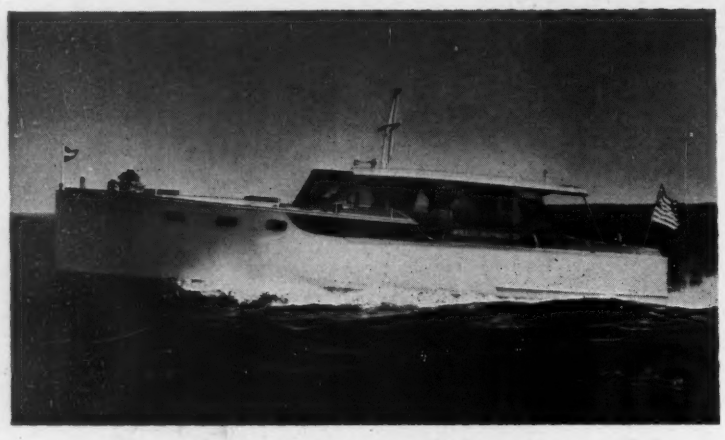

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Under the Lee of the Longboat

(Continued from page 66)

eaters that the Government is contemplating the elimination of subversive influences. I hope it doesn't mean that Fort Lewis is the department of the More Abundant Life that handles the assembly of lamp posts and hemp halters. If it is I'm afraid I'm the one that will wind up with a pain in the neck.

If you missed George W. Elder's announcement in the January number of the Star Class Association's attitude toward the so-called German rig it will be worth your while to look it up. The Star Class is the largest as well as one of the oldest aggregations of racing sailors. In its point of view it is also one of the youngest, for it is always open to new ideas. In some other classes havoc might have been created by the introduction of flexible masts and booms. But the Star Class welcomes the innovation with open arms. No wonder its popularity is perennial.

It Was All "Ranger"

(Continued from page 61)

definite all around superiority over the first *Endeavour*, *Rainbow* and *Yankee*. The latter three, as their past records bear testimony, continued to be closely matched. *Endeavour* and *Rainbow*, particularly the former, were somewhat at a disadvantage through lack of the lavish sail equipment of the other three. At the start of the season, it being generally conceded that neither would probably be the eventual challenger and defender, their owners were naturally conservative. Not that they did not have many new sails and, in general, proper gear to handle them, but the incentive to go "all out" was lacking.

Some peculiar changes in form in the older boats were quite noticeable. *Yankee*, in the early summer, with a radical change in sail plan, was distinctly not improved and even later, when she returned to more nearly her 1934 and 1935 rig, I doubt if she sailed as fast as before. She continued, however, to be very fast running with a huge parachute spinnaker, probably due to Frank Paine's uncanny knack of handling these huge kites. To windward, she did not seem to go as well as previously in the many races she has sailed against *Endeavour* and *Rainbow*. In 1934, in *Rainbow*, I always shuddered when *Endeavour* set her excellent parachute, much superior to anything we then had; but in 1937, in *Endeavour*, with that very same sail, we never could even hold *Rainbow* or *Yankee* with their larger and more modern type of spinnakers. It is quite true, however, that the crews on both *Endeavours* had not learned the new technique requisite to the proper handling and trimming of the 1937 type of parachute and much of the time it was quite pathetic to see their huge kites collapsing frequently while those on the American yachts were hard full and pulling with all their tremendous power.

I found *Endeavour* the same well balanced and sweet boat to sail as I had found her to be when I occasionally sailed her in England in 1935. Her officers and crew were smart and willing at first but, towards the end of the season, inclined to get discouraged easily. Granted that we were handicapped with only one mainsail. It was an excellent one but too heavy for our normal summer conditions and, in the last few races, we never dared to tack it down hard since the luff rope showed acute signs of distress. Our equipment of headsails and light sails was decidedly restricted and frequently the size and weight of the type of sail most suitable for the condition encountered would be all wrong. I found on her, also, a decided lack of the mechanical equipment I had become accustomed to in *Enterprise* and *Rainbow* and, to a certain extent, to what I had observed on her in Sopwith's and "Frankie" Murdock's regime. It was pretty much a question of the old fashioned type of yacht racing we were all brought up on before the scientists and brain trusters made it more complicated but more accurate for us.

I was immensely pleased to be asked to sail in, and much of the time to steer, her; my host and hostess were most charming, possessed of sportsmanship to a high degree under discouraging circumstances; my old friend Ted Heard was the same thoroughly efficient sailing master that I have always found him; the mates were excellent and the crew thoroughly good, well drilled and a quiet working lot. On the whole, I had a wonderfully enjoyable experience and wish to confess my disappointment at not having been able to do better with her.

All hail to *Ranger!* She was enough to take the heart out of any opponent and to rob the competition of the real thrill normally incident to racing in a crack class.

Advertisement

Water Under the Bridge

WE'D like to nominate for all-time champion fire fighter, one Captain Ross F. Eaton, who recently extinguished a blazing power-boat while he himself was sitting squarely on top of 10,000 gallons of gasoline.

Captain Eaton, skipper of the Gulf Oil Corporation's service boat *Pelham Gulf* that cruises Long Island Sound with supplies for power craft, and which was carrying almost a full load of gas at the time, sighted the burning craft about a mile S. W. by W. off Execution Light.

With full knowledge of the risks, should his own boat catch fire, Captain Eaton went immediately to the rescue of the distressed cruiser.

The latter, from stem to stern, was a roaring mass of gasoline-fed flames—literally a floating blow-torch that threatened almost certain destruction to the hundreds of other craft that hovered about her, should they try to approach within fire-fighting distance.

In spite of this, Captain Eaton and his crew drew alongside in a boat whose cargo was one of the most powerful fuels made, and went into action. They manned their fire-fighting apparatus as coolly and efficiently as though it were a routine fire drill, and soon had the flames under complete control.

And when the last spark was extinguished, the Gulf boat made a line fast to the now deserted cruiser, headed about, and towed her back to Gulf's own berth at City Island where they turned her over to the authorities.

This hazardous rescue on the part of Captain Eaton and his crew was made possible only because the Gulf service boats, recently constructed, are all steel boats of the most modern fire-proof design — a fact that in no way detracts from the courage shown by Captain Eaton and his crew.

Nor are their actions in any way minimized by the Gulf Oil Corporation's standing orders that their craft at all times assist others in difficulty, to the extent of towing them to safe harbors when necessary.

For the fact remains, that 10,000 gallons of gasoline are 10,000 gallons of gasoline — an amount considerably too large to sit on comfortably when fighting another gasoline fire!

Advertisement

"Te Rapunga's" skipper and his crew

Casting Off the Moorings

(Continued from page 60)

Next day the *Te Rapunga* sailed, and all my imagination went with her. I have never felt so miserable as I was in the week that followed for I knew that all my life I would regret that lost opportunity.

Now I could think, realize my own smallness — that would forego something I wanted with all my heart to do rather than have appearances against me. I found, now that there was time to sort out my sense of values, that the trip was far more important to me than the opinions of people who judged merely by surface evidence. The thought of opposition troubled me less; I did not intend to be told what to do all my life, so I felt near enough to twenty-one to assert my independence, uncomfortable though the process might be.

No, it was the unknown, the uncertainty of how I would react to criticism, that had held me back. I decided now that if ever such a chance came my way again I would take it — leap into the unknown and see what happened. After all, we learn only by experience; there is not much use in living if one is afraid of life. So I told myself valiantly, as one often does, and again, as one often does, deep in my heart I doubted my courage when it actually came to the point.

\+ + +

The *Te Rapunga* won the Trans-Tasman race and the Melbourne to Hobart race from the *Ngataki*. On her way up the New Zealand coast, she put in again at Napier. I went down to see the skipper and his blond square-shouldered mate, who had sailed with him from Germany, and who was now deserting for matrimony and a Tasmanian farm.

"Coming this time?" I was asked, with a twinkle. "We sail for Gisborne at noon."

I swallowed twice, and went.

\+ + +

"I am now going to tell you a time-worn truth. Landlubbers please attend," said the skipper.

The crew, thus addressed, looked up. We had been sitting round the cabin table, theoretically intent upon lists of stores and fittings, but actually in a state of pleasant stupor. The running of many errands, and a hard job of work on the rigging, had made it an exhausting day, and the big kerosene lamp filled the cabin with a sleepy warmth.

"What I am going to say, when you are all three listening," the skipper went on, "is true of all small boats. If you don't pick a sailing date and stick to it, you never get away. If we want to get to Rarotonga this year, and to Tahiti and Honolulu by the year after, we had better fix on the day we leave here and now."

"I was talking to an old yachtsman today," I interjected. "He thinks you're crazy."

"People always do," said the skipper. "But in what particular way this time?"

"Taking as your crew three people who have never been on boats before."

"Well, perhaps I like trying new experiments. Besides, you'll learn. Temperamentally, I think we should all get on well together, and that's the most important thing in a boat this size."

"It will feel funny to you at first not having to rush through a story to catch the next edition," I remarked to Roy. "After eleven years of it."

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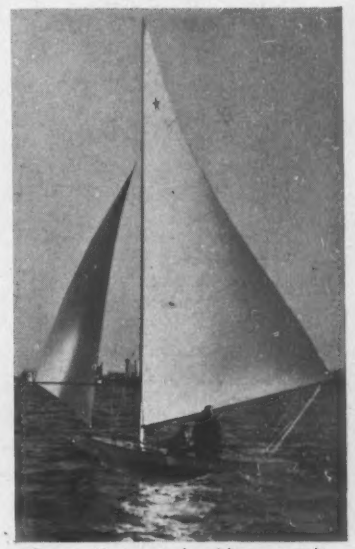

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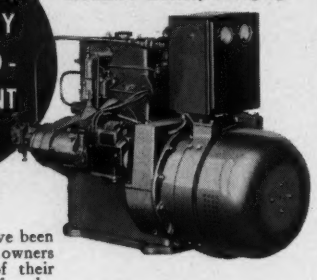

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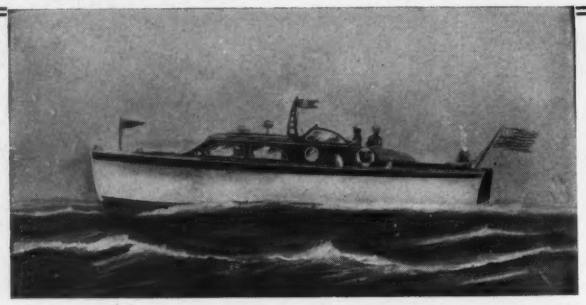

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"Hearing the sound of the sea in his ears instead of the music of the typewriter," said Maurice. "And I," he continued blissfully, "won't have to write out any more agricultural reports."

Roy turned to me. "But you've been leading a life of laziness and ease. Now you've lost your reputation by going to sea with us, and you're going to have to work harder than ever before. And yet you look quite cheerful about it. Some people puzzle me."

"You try living at home and going to bridge in the afternoons and to the movies at night as a steady diet," I returned. "With the prospect of going on doing it for the rest of your life. I've wanted to go to sea and to travel ever since I can remember, and I still can't quite grasp the fact that I am going to go round the world."

"You'll grasp it when you're cooking in the galley in a storm," said Maurice, "if all I hear is correct. How are we going to divide up the cooking, by the way?"

"If you're all content with the watches I've given you," the skipper answered, "the best way would be for Maurice to take breakfast, Eileen dinner, and Roy supper. The watches go in rotation, three hours on and nine off; I take three to six, Eileen six to nine, Maurice nine to twelve, and Roy takes twelve to three. I don't cook, a statement which I make firmly. After all, no one will notice I'm skipper if I don't have some privileges." His eyes twinkled as he looked down at the paper in his hand. "Now let's get back to this sailing date. First of all, we'll run through what we still have to do. Here's my list. Let's see. Try out our new sails; see the French consul about visas; re-sew sea anchor; hurricane lamp glass; canvas dressing, films, hooks, torch batteries, slides. . . . Then, of course, there's still a good deal more to be done to the rigging. Let's hear your items, Maurice."

"I've got down all the tinned stuff," said Maurice, rummaging under a pile of papers. "Here it is . . . fruit, jam, soup, fish, meat, vegetables, butter, milk. And then other groceries. Sugar and flour; can't make much with flour without an oven. . . ."

Roy snorted. "Doughnuts, biscuits. You've got no imagination."

"All right, I'll double the flour order . . . rice, macaroni; then dates and prunes, and the drinks, coffee, tea, cocoa. Tin of cookies, small tin of sweets, chocolate." He looked up. "We seem to have an awful lot of sauces and spices."

"We'll need 'em," replied the skipper. "After the first week, when there are no more fresh vegetables except potatoes and onions, and no fresh bread or butter, what one begins to crave is variety of taste in what's left."

"Then what about porridge: that was an uncertain point. No? Who likes marmite, then? Three 'yeses' win. I'll put that down. What's left is a large round of cheese — good suggestion, that — and a side of bacon. That finishes my lot."

"Your turn, Eileen."

"I've got down soap and alcohol and kerosene for the two primus stoves, matches, dish mop, 'Flit,' and half a dozen teaspoons." I turned my list over. "Today I ordered the small case of apples and the loaves of bread sliced and dried in the oven. And I'm taking care of the fresh stuff. Though heaven alone knows where all this is going to be stowed. I don't."

The skipper laughed. "Good. Roy, make sure you've got all you want of navigation instruments. Oh, and remind me to get that extra little tank put in. That'll bring our water supply up to about 180 gallons. Well, anyone got any more suggestions? This much shouldn't take us more than a week; what do you say?"

Maurice and Roy and I looked at each other, and agreed doubtfully.

"All right. The day five years ago that my old mate and I began the trip from Germany, August the 18th!"

And, by the time we sailed, after a week thick with desperate pleas for longer time, we had learned another of life's truths: That when the skipper said August 18th in that tone of voice, he meant no other day of the year. He meant August 18th.

Fortunately, we had three weeks at the Great Barrier Island, out of Auckland, uninterrupted by friends or reporters, to recuperate, to stow stores properly, and to finish off the hundred and one small jobs that make getting away from port such a wearisome business. The Great Barrier is beautiful, and a yachtsman's paradise, but at last we had to go. The boat was as trim as we could make her and we three landlubbers knew by now a smattering of the ways of the sea.

We sailed at night in full moonlight, the skipper at the tiller and the other three members of the crew sitting on deck, watching in silence the still, beautiful bays and headlands falling astern. Ahead lay the South Seas, and that glorious uncertainty which is pure adventure.

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Belvedere to Inverness—and Fog

(Continued from page 58)

to Drake's Bay? Finally, we decided that we would take one more chance: we would assume we had actually seen Bird Rock and lay our course accordingly.

Our next quest was the whistling buoy that marks the entrance to Tamales Bay. Anyone who has been at sea in a fog, and especially after seventeen hours on deck, will realize that if he starts to listen for a whistle he will hear it on all quarters. Luckily, we made out the bluff and, turning southerly, we crept cautiously along, listening for the bell buoy which lay just outside the bar. Slowly the sea died down and we felt the surge of the flood tide which we knew would be at the full at six o'clock, and on which we had counted to aid us in crossing the bar. Suddenly we heard the welcome clangor of the bell buoy itself. For a moment, to starboard, the gray curtain lifted; it was just about six o'clock and the Chief Passenger recognized a familiar beach. Down into the cabin went the Sailor, now become steward, and presently he reappeared, with hot coffee, fried bacon and potatoes and various other edibles, all of which were joyfully stowed away.

The wind had dropped, but with the help of the flood tide and the engine going full speed we slid down the bay and at half past eight in the evening picked up our mooring, in a fog which completely obliterated the shore, scarcely 200 yards away. We had been on deck over twenty hours and were a bit blown.

But the *Little Bear* had come home.

Around the Carolina Capes

(Continued from page 47)

to port, and swung the boat hard to starboard, intending to reverse her course for twenty minutes, and then go farther westward before returning toward land. Unfortunately, the bilge required immediate pumping, and after the operation it was more than three minutes before the engine would take sea water. During these minutes we drifted with the wind and current, and when we finally did start on the reversed course, we found ourselves heading into another line of breakers. What had happened was obvious: We had turned landward too soon, or drifted too far northward when filling the gasoline tank. Then we had accidentally run through some deep areas amid the shoals, and, due to further drifting during our second stop, had become trapped in a labyrinth. The flashes from the lighthouse could always be seen, but they were not of much assistance. Shortly thereafter, we got our first glimpse of the red flashes of the shoal buoy and, though we frequently lost them again, they were of some help.

We tried to find a way out into deep water, first toward the south, then toward the west, then toward the east. The proximity of breakers necessitated very slow running, and the currents therefore had great effect on us. Several times we came upon surf we must have seen before, and which we thought we had left well to one side or the other. Once the engine stopped just as we sighted a breaker line, and we broached in steep seas. Once we were at the very edge of breakers before we realized it. One broke over our bow. The pilot windows were open for better visibility, my mouth was open to shout a warning, and it seemed that most of this sea found its final resting place inside my body. It was necessary to swing the boat immediately, despite the fact that this put the breakers dead on her beam for a moment. We took one vicious roll, but I was too busy to be frightened now.

The wind was letting up by 3:00 a.m. and, while the water did not become much smoother, the fact that spray was no longer being blown in volume into our faces lessened our discomfort, improved visibility, and gave me a feeling of greater security. Had it not been for the danger of the engine's stopping when a current was pushing us toward breakers, we might have been clear of the shoals by this time; but as things were, the primary effort had been to keep in a spot from which we would have room to drift. It was not until 5:00 a.m. that we found a way out to sea, to the east.

Once off the shoals, we ran seaward for almost an hour. Then we steered westward for about three miles, passing well beyond the shoal buoy, and then turned toward land. The dawn broke, showing a heavily overcast sky, and although the wind was now light — and easterly — the waves were large, and they were steep off the end of the shoal. One raised our bow high into the air, and then slipped sharply astern. I felt the boat rise; I heard my husband call out "Here she comes!" The next instant the fore part of *Catherine S* crashed down into the sea

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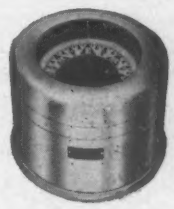

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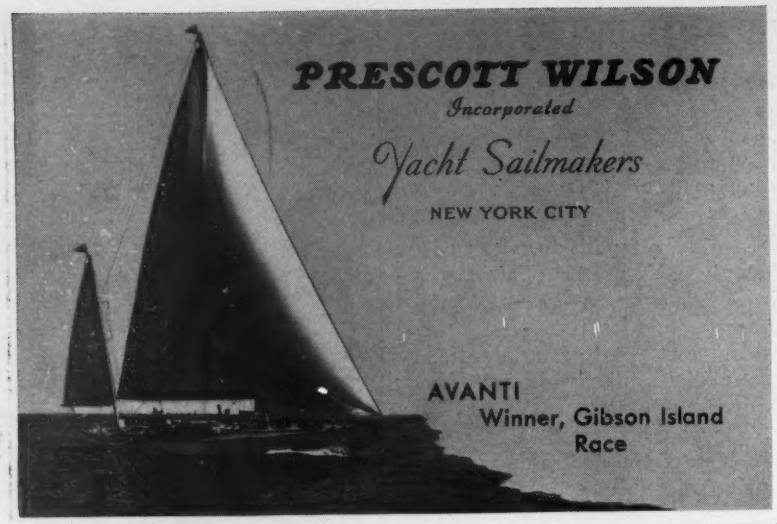

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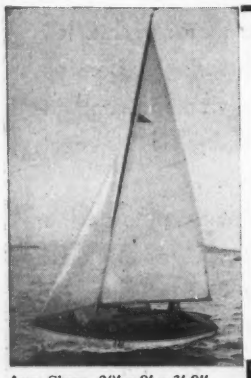

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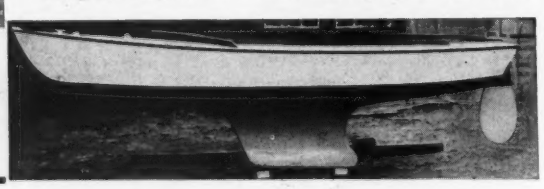

trough with a pound that shook every bone, and that I felt certain must have sprung half a dozen seams at the very least. But nothing happened.

The run in was tedious, but the seas were dying down. Around half past eight a fine rain set in, making visibility poor for the next three-quarters of an hour. At 9:30 the oil pressure gauge stuck at high, and it seemed best to enter Cape Lookout Bight to investigate. However, the engine did not overheat, and just as we were getting to the bight entrance buoy the gauge behaved normally again; so we altered our course to make for Beaufort Harbor.

As we turned, we noticed a Coast Guard cutter anchored within the bight, apparently about to get under way. She did not, however, leave her position. When we were well inside Beaufort Harbor entrance, a Coast Guard "75" raced up alongside, threw her engines into reverse, and bawled to us to stop, while one of her crew leaped down upon our deck, and the petty officer in charge shouted belligerently from the pilot house: "What in hell do you mean running off from a Coast Guard boat!" It seemed that the cutter in the bight (the *Dione*, a 160-footer, capable of about 17 knots) had been about to stop the *Catherine S* as a suspicious looking character, but, when we turned away, had instead radioed in to the Morehead City base to have us met. We explained our situation as soon as we grasped what it was all about, and then followed the "75" to Morehead City. There, at 11:30 a.m., we tied up near the Coast Guard docks, after having been under way for 27 hours 10 minutes.

The cabin was in a mess. Some food and clothing had been poorly packed, and had been thrown all over the floor; and a good deal of water had gotten in through drain holes beneath the port lights. Among the articles of food thrown onto the floor was a package of self-rising pancake flour, and when it had gotten wet it had swelled into a pudding, from which neckties, packages of cigarettes, cards of paper matches, and pieces of tissue paper stuck out as if placed there for decoration.

We stayed at Morehead City for two days, during which time the weather became bitterly cold. The leaking section of the exhaust line was replaced, and the starter switch mended. The electric bilge pump, it was found, could not be repaired there.

On January 25th we ran from Morehead City to Bogue Inlet, a distance of about 25 miles. The day was very cold, the wind fresh NW, and spray froze on our railings and anchors. The skies were clear and blue, but, until the sun had time to warm the air, a heavy mist steamed from the ocean surface. We crossed the Bogue Inlet bar, bumping bottom once, soon after 11:00 a.m., and then ran aground many times, finally signaling the Coast Guard station at the inlet mouth to come out and guide us to their dock. This they did, and there we spent the afternoon and night. Each time we had been on bottom, the water pump had sucked up a great deal of sand.

At eight o'clock next morning we rounded the Bogue Inlet buoy, bound for Southport, N. C., a distance of about 94 miles. The wind was moderate W by S, the sun bright, the skies clear, and the air becoming warmer. At 8:15 we pumped the bilge through the engine, after which it was more than five minutes before we could regain sea water; and at 10:35, following a slight pound into a head trough, the pump again stopped working. Realizing that the sand sucked up on the previous day might have clogged the system, we removed the thermometer bulb (which partially obstructed the outflow), held a bucket beneath the opening, and raced the engine. Much sand came out.

Cape Fear Lighthouse was sighted at ten minutes past three, and we were near it at 4:20. Close to Cape Fear point is a slue which looked navigable, but at Morehead City we had been advised to use "Four Mile Slue," which is five miles out from the point. We later learned that the slue near the cape was quite safe in reasonable weather, while "Four Mile Slue" had filled in, its buoys had been removed, and the route abandoned.

From near the lighthouse we ran a SSE. course along the edge of Frying Pan Shoals, with the sea almost directly on our starboard beam. Shortly after 1:00 p.m. the wind had moderated, and had become almost due S.; but at 2:10 it had become fresh SW., and had kicked up a choppy sea. Once beyond the protection of the cape, the wind was appreciably stronger, and the waves were larger, and steep because of the currents. Very soon, after a deep roll, the pump once more failed and would not work until the thermometer bulb had been taken out and the engine raced. Twenty minutes later there was a second failure, and the third followed in ten minutes; then a fourth in five minutes, and a fifth within ten minutes. These pump failures all followed heavy rolls or pounds, and each time it was necessary to remove the thermometer bulb.

The time arrived when we knew we must be opposite "Four Mile Slue," but no buoys were seen. Ordinarily, we should have run out all the way around the shoals when we failed to find the buoys; but with the hull leaking badly, and the water pump failing, we felt that this would entail even greater risk than crossing the shoal by dead

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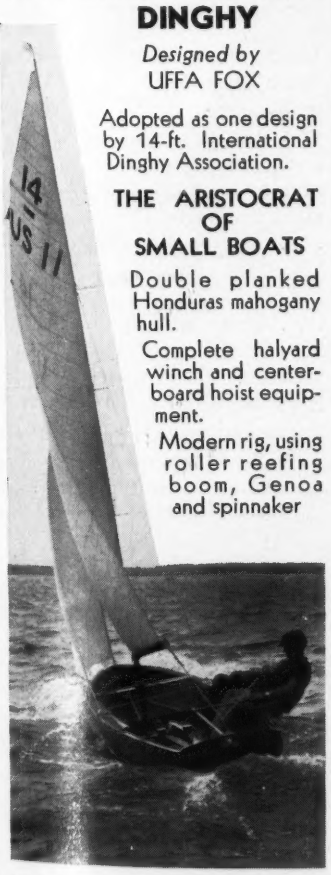

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reckoning, especially in that the strength of the wind was steadily rising. It was near sunset, but there was still light enough to enable us to pick our way, and we turned westward.

It had become dark during the last fifteen minutes of our westward running, and Dr. Reid had steered by a star, picked out when the compass was momentarily steady. Soon after turning landward, the light of the Cape Fear River entrance buoy was seen, and used as a guide.

We were obliged to pump the bilge soon after turning landward, and this was followed by the usual water trouble, remedied in the usual way. For a short time things went fairly well, and then, abruptly, a little before 7:30, the pump began to fail every 60 or 90 seconds. Each time this necessitated the removal of the bulb. We were none too far from Frying Pan Shoals, and we knew that there were other shoals on either side of the channel beyond the entrance buoy. The clouds were spreading fast — no stars were now visible — and we were beginning to feel the effect of the strong ebb from the mouth of the Cape Fear River. Again the bilge was filling rapidly (obviously the leaking exhaust pipe had not been the only reason for the water in it during our run to Morehead City), and it might become necessary for both of us to man the big hand pump. Therefore, at 7:45 p.m., having sounded and found 37 feet of water, we dropped anchor.

The sloshing in the bilge was unpleasantly conspicuous now that attention was not concentrated upon navigation and the engine, and we at once got out the hand pump with which, because of its size, we were quickly able to reduce the water level to normal. At anchor, the hull was not leaking quite so much, and it was soon evident that pumping once every hour would be sufficient. The anchor was holding well, as determined by repeated soundings, and we had another, heavier anchor in reserve. But the wind was mounting, and the seas were running higher and higher, and every now and then would slop ominously against our side. That we could last the night seemed certain, but what we could do the next morning with our crippled engine, should a real storm develop, was doubtful in the extreme. Therefore, soon after eight o'clock, we burned a kerosene soaked rag attached to a mop handle, hoping to attract the attention of the Coast Guard, who have two stations in this vicinity.

At nine o'clock we pumped the bilge again, and burned another flare. This time we used rags and kerosene in a dish pan, placed within a wash tub, the latter with water in it, on the cockpit roof. Dr. Reid had to go out upon the after deck to rig up this arrangement, and when the boat broached and rolled, seas sweeping across would wash him half way to his knees.

Once we thought we heard the report of a gun, but we saw no flash nor rocket, and when, at ten, there had been no sign of Coast Guard assistance, we concluded that our fires had not been noticed. So we pumped the bilge once more, and decided to divide the night into hour watches.

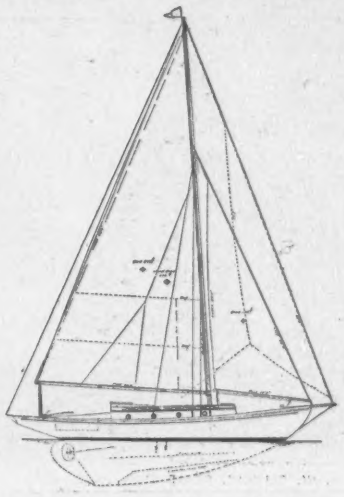
I had hardly relaxed upon my bunk when I thought I heard a low, purring sound coming through the noise of the wind and sea. I called to Dr. Reid, and we listened intently. It died away, then came back, louder and louder — unmistakably the sound of an engine. A few minutes later a red light wavered through the darkness, and then the form of a Coast Guard 36-foot motor life boat hove into view.

A few words were exchanged with the crew, and then they maneuvered into position to throw us a line, for the seas were running too high to risk coming close alongside. Having made this fast to our samson post, we had them tow the *Catherine S* in a direction suitable for breaking and hauling up anchor. At 10:35 we were under way. The line lessened our motion a great deal, and in less than an hour we were within the protection of the harbor mouth. We were taken through a narrow, winding channel, marked by brush stakes, to the Oak Island Coast Guard Station, on the south side of Cape Fear River. We tied up at 12:40 a.m.

Next morning it was snowing hard, and was very cold. The wind had shifted to the NE and had reached gale force, and I was indeed thankful that help had reached us when it did. It seems that our first flare had been seen by the Cape Fear station lookout, who had telephoned to Oak Island, where the boats are kept. Our second flare had been seen by both stations, and by the Oak Island beach patrol. He had fired his rocket pistol to let us know we had been noticed. The rocket did not burst, but the gun shot we had thought we heard was probably the pistol report. Our second, long burning flare, though unnecessary in obtaining assistance, had helped in locating us, and had identified a small light (our anchor light) seen from the lookout tower as being on the vessel in distress. The life boat which came out to us had a radio receiving set, the Oak Island station a sending set; from the lookout tower the station had watched our light, and the after light on the life boat, and had thus been able to direct the latter in its efforts to reach us.

We remained at Oak Island for five days. The station crew was most hospitable, and when off duty helped us with our engine work, and in caulking the garboard strakes from inside. On the last of January we left to continue our voyage down the coast.

Casey 36' Auxiliary



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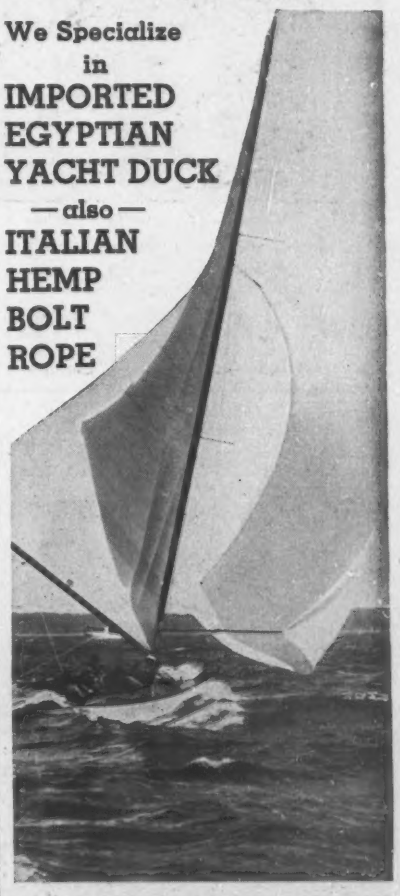

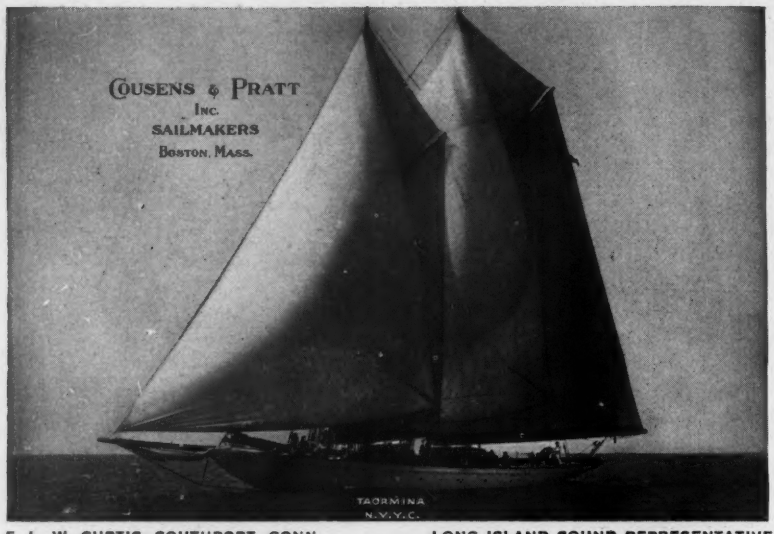

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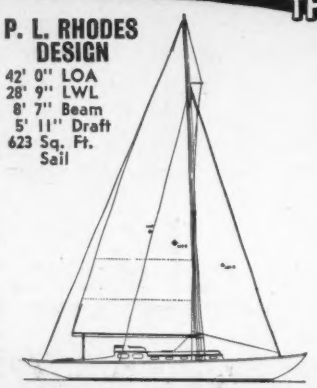

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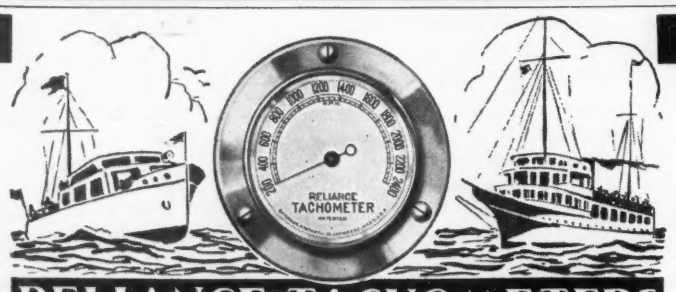

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"Director" Follows the "Bounty's" Longboat

(Continued from page 63)

colorful traffic of the East. From Singapore to Selaru go the small traders once or twice a year. Dhows of Maccassar come south from the Celebes with all manner of glittering ware to fleece the gullible hill boys of the Indies. At little places with colorful names such as Dawleur, Babar, Sermata, Ternate, and Luang one may occasionally meet a wandering junk full of trade goods from China, or a Moro *vinta* of over a hundred feet that has wandered south.

Hellish squalls roar short-lived down the Java, Banda, Flores and Timor seas. Tide bores you've never dreamed of will awaken the soundest sleeping watch keeper at night and might load a couple of tons of foam down the companion of a careless skipper. To get from Dilly to Koepang — 100 miles down the Timor Sea — we once beat with full power and as much sail as we dared show for three days without making a nick in the distance. We burned fifty gallons of fuel oil, parted enough lashing lines on boat, spare drums and deck cases to tie down an elephant. A head wind, a three-knot current, and a lousy little sea did the job. In a dead calm once in the Celebes Sea we rolled our decks under for five days with a sea that should ordinarily have had a gale behind it. There were great combers sticking their ugly jaws straight towards the sky. We ripped out the foot of the foresail that time; it had been clapped on and strapped down hard amidships to keep her from rolling the soup out of the skylight. What was left of cheerfulness in the old hooker went overboard in the struggle with that jumbled mess called the "windless sea of the Celebes."

When the southwest season showed signs — blustery gales and awe inspiring displays of lightning — of coming in, we thought it high time to sail away from these leprous isles.

So, instead of trying Gerbault or Robinson tactics and sailing our noses into a 3,000-mile beat to windward, we went sissy and turned north for what we have since learned are the Christmas Tree of the Pacific — the Philippines. They say that there is a lighthouse near Zamboanga that can be seen, on a clear night, from the Empire State building. We can't report one way or the other; the night we passed the light it was out. Without a doubt there are more lighthouses in the Philippines than there are signs on Broadway!

But Christmas had come again. Bruce was under six blankets and calling for more in his bunk — more rum and blankets. We were at anchor off the Dutch settlement of Larantouka on the Island of Flores.

But there was no rum left. We dug down into a locker and brought forth the foolish tinsel things of the Christmas before — the one we had spent so happily at Moorea. Battered now, and water soaked, we draped glass balls and tinsel about the cabin — and they did help a little. Having poured out our last rum the day before for the Dutch port captain, we decided to forgo the hospitality he didn't offer on Christmas Day and the invitation he never sent, and have our own Christmas aboard alone.

We counted our money — every cent between Dennis and Sheridan and the shivering malaria patient. Two guilders, two coppers.

A canoe bumped alongside. Hey Hey slid up through the fore hatch. In a moment the main companion hatch slammed open over our heads and Hey Hey held out a flimsy basket for us to see. In it were five dozen eggs. A wide grin swept across his face. "Eggs!" he cried. At that second the ship lurched and five dozen eggs crashed, dribbled and slopped down the ladder! An excited native, owner of the eggs, dropped into the cabin. Immediately he saw his wares a scrambled mass on the cabin floor he started to wail. We offered him a guilder. He wouldn't take it. When he left at last he had our Christmas dinner in his pocket — two guilders, two coppers!

Hey Hey disappeared without a word and we sat around the cabin listening to the rain drum on the deck. Turkey and scalloped oysters and egg nog — no! not eggs! — and good brandy and red, red wine and a toast all 'round before a right fire and a mob of good guys . . . people calling up about the afternoon frostbite race, others babbling about a good ski hill . . . we were downcast. Then Dennis brought out the store room inventory. "One hundred pounds of rice," he read, "and a dozen cans of tomato juice. Six tins of corned beef. Ten tins of butter. Sixteen cans of spinach." And on and on but nothing for a Christmas dinner.

Hey Hey was walking along the deck. We could hear him making his way aft. Something white and big with wings and making a terrible fuss flopped into the cabin. Hey Hey stuck his face into the room. "Duck!" he announced and we knew he had stolen it. Bruce's fever went from 106 to subnormal in ten seconds!

With his mouth actually drooling, the skipper asked in a severe tone where he had gotten the duck.

"In the port captain's coop!" said Hey Hey, and the incident was forgotten. But we wonder if that cloud of feathers trailing aft a few minutes later didn't tell the port

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captain where his duck met its festive board.

The feast over — with an interlude caused by a bottle of Swedish punch we found behind some books on a shelf — we put the parrot below, made sail, and set a course for Ternate with Buru on the edge of the Banda Sea in between. William Robinson, in *Ten Thousand Leagues Over the Sea*, didn't exaggerate the tidal bores of that part of the sea. They are the worst we've seen and give a man quite a turn when they come up suddenly at night. For no apparent reason — and the suggestion that they are overfalls is ridiculous — a big sea makes up and raises hell with itself for a few minutes. Then it stops as suddenly as it began.

Far at sea we met two Gilolo traders. They were heading up the Molucca Passage for Ternate and in a momentary breeze we passed them close by. It was a rough afternoon yet every available inch on those two little tubs was taken up by human cargo. They had to stand up all the time and it is a mystery how the helmsman was able to wield his great tiller.

At Ternate, where the only town leans back against an incredible cone of a volcano, a great current sweeps by through the Straits and a difficult anchorage can be made in ten fathoms. The most charming aspect of Ternate was the cheapness of fuel oil, while the penuriousness of the Colonial Dutch was the most annoying.

In a blinding rain, accompanied by violent squalls that held us up for five days without sights and only an occasional glimpse of rough land on any or all quarters, we tried to get past Sangi Island and into the Celebes Sea. We had passed through so many different *seas* that rate that title in the East Indies that we were dizzy. A devil of a night forced us to heave to until dawn and a beautiful day saw us creeping by Sangi's south face at eight and a half knots. All around us were *vintas*, some of them miles offshore, fishing like mad in thick schools of something that looked like bonito.

Funny, but the *Joseph Conrad*, which we have never been close to, was blown ashore the day we left New York in 1935. She missed us by several days at Port Mary at Owa Raha. And we are sure that we were becalmed for thirteen days in the exact spot in the Celebes as the little square-rigger, and only a few months after her.

The wind, as usual, left us to a perfect dance floor but a bad ocean — a billiard ball would have rolled for miles with a slight tap to start it. The water was greased and the sky was yellow again, yellow and with no sign that wind had ever hardened its softness. Our old friends the sharks came again to watch like vultures. To watch and wait, but we fooled them. We took our quinine and skipped a turn of fever and mended clothes and wrote about a beautiful cool day in Tahiti. Dennis painted portraits of some yellow-crested cockatoos we had found in Timor. Sheridan plugged away at his ancient journal. Bruce wrote of that gale in the North Atlantic when he was caught without his mittens . . . and then came that sea we mentioned. In twenty minutes there was not a piece of china left in the galley. In thirty minutes every loose article in all her busy 65 feet was adrift. A devil of a sea and not a breath of wind to steady the ark. It seemed to be coming from around the southeast corner of the Philippines where the Pacific trades further north were working — and then it mixed us all up by rolling in from the other direction all night.

After tacking ship fully a hundred times in one night, after thirteen days at sea without sight of even a bottle with a message in it (or even a bottle), we rolled our stately way into the biggest city on earth — popularized by song ("No Tails! No Tails!") and feared by the Filipinos because their greatest of all bugaboos, the Moros, live there. Fair Zamboanga.

The Basilan Strait of Zamboanga is a riot of color, and interesting besides. We mean an interesting scene and a colorful one. We won't say that it is the "best sight in the world" because that is the way a Filipino would describe it, but the Moro *vintas* with their bright striped sails and their splendid carvings are magnificent in a stiff wind.

While we were in Zamboanga, that little settlement became officially, as far as Filipinos were concerned, the largest city in the world. It incorporated itself and all the surrounding islands, districts, etc., into a city of 1800 square miles and took the prize for size from Los Angeles. Paris, London, Chicago, New York would fit within the broad expanse of the marvelous City of Zamboanga.

Bruce walked out of the Overseas Club one afternoon and into the hospital with a nice bout of blackwater fever. Several days had him out again and ready for sea.

It was for Manila now that we sailed, Manila and civilization, taxis, cinemas, busy rushing people, noisy gatherings, hospital again for Bruce and a quinine course for Denny. And Sheridan was to face his worst attack of malaria. Manila, just nine days more. Manila, just nine days away, and no star told us what that accursed town held for *Director*, her tired crew, and an ideal.

The End

NOTE: *Director's* crew found it necessary to part with the ship at Manila and her crew returned to the United States. [Ed.]

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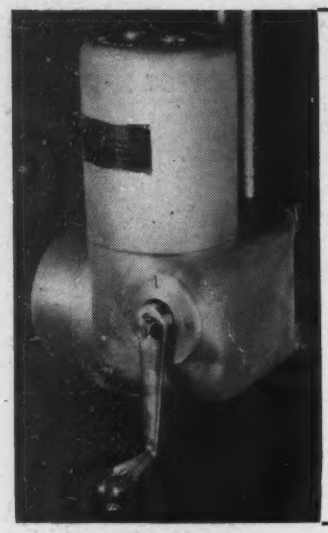

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YACHT TENDERS
ELECTRICALLY

Light Weight — Powerful — Economical
Emergency Hand Operation

Other Models for Hoisting
Anchors; Sails Electrically
6–12–32–110 Volts

Ask Your Dealer or Write

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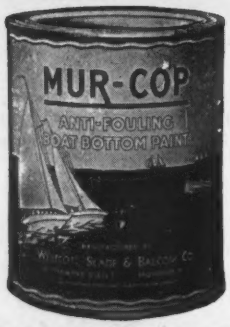
FOR A CLEAN BOTTOM



For Protection
Below the Waterline

NO BARNACLES
NO WORMS
NO GRASS

USE MUR-COP

WESTCOTT, SLADE & BALCOM CO.
PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND

Now Ready! 1938 CATALOG
272 Pages of
BOAT SUPPLIES
Get our 50th ANNIVERSARY BOOK
The most complete ever printed
Illustrating and Pricing
over 10,000 individual items.
Boat Owners please include 25c
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Architects—Boat Builders—and Dealers will
receive our Catalog upon request.

The E.J. WILLIS CO.
EST. 1888
91–93 Chambers St., New York City

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WM FULLER INC. SAILS
CITY ISLAND
NEW YORK CITY

Lux Model Two Extinguisher

A NEW illustrated pamphlet describing the characteristics and uses of the small hand type carbon dioxide extinguisher known as Lux Model Two has just been completed by Walter Kidde & Company of West Street, Bloomfield, N. J.

The unit is designed for use on the smaller power and cruising boats and as a handy portable auxiliary on boats equipped with the larger Lux systems.

\+ + +

Stearns-McKay Issues Warning Against Teredos

THE Stearns-McKay Mfg. Co., of Marblehead, Mass., issues a warning to all boat owners against the marked and increasing invasion of Northern Atlantic and Pacific waters by teredos. These destructive marine borers, long a troublesome scourge in tropical and sub-tropical waters, have in the last two years caused great damage to the underwater planking of many yachts although there has been almost no surface indication of their penetration. Stearns-McKay's Marblehead Anti-Fouling Green Bottom composition is said to be equaled only by copper sheathing as a protection against teredos as well as barnacles and other marine growths. It is available in Emerald and Light Green and in Cream White.

This famous paint is highly recommended by outstanding naval architects. It can be obtained from all first class dealers and yards on the Atlantic Coast, from the Pacific Marine Supply Co., Seattle; Johnson & Joseph Co., San Francisco; the McCaffrey Co. and the Marine Supply & Salvage Co., San Diego; Hopkins Carter Co. and Phillips Hardware Co., Miami; Palm Beach Mercantile Co., West Palm Beach; The Peden Co., Houston; and Alfred Darrell, Hamilton, Bermuda.

\+ + +

Helpful Tips in Book Issued by Sherwin-Williams

THE Sherwin-Williams Company has produced one of the most practical and valuable handbooks ever made available without cost to boat owners. In it, life afloat has been dramatized with an abundance of beautiful marine photographs, and the painting and care of boats is presented in clear, understandable form. Filled with authentic guidance that is useful to the owner of any type of pleasure craft, this manual is entitled "Your Boat — Its Painting . . . And Care."

Many yachtsmen have been far from proficient and economical in the painting of their craft. To meet this situation in pleasure craft circles, Sherwin-Williams prepared the manual which is said to be the best non-technical treatise issued. "Your Boat — Its Painting . . . And Care" is arranged in twenty-five sections, each of which covers a specific topic. Getting the surface ready, painting the bottom, painting the decks; spar work and varnishing; painting interiors, engines, old or new craft, wood or metal — all are treated in detail. In addition, Sea Sayings, Rules of the Road, First Aid Hints, Signals and similar information that should be at the boat owner's finger tips is quickly found in the pages of this convenient pocket size manual.

The manual is being offered free of charge to boat owners, upon request. Application for a copy can be made to any paint distributor who handles the Sherwin-Williams line of pleasure craft finishes, or to the Sherwin-Williams Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

\+ + +

Wee Scot Production Under Way

WM. EDGAR JOHN, President of Wm. Edgar John & Associates, Inc., yacht builders and engineers, whose plant is located at Rye, New York, announces that they are starting quantity production of the famous Wee Scot sail boats. After several conferences with the Wee Scot Racing Association officials, specifications were approved and many new engineering features have been incorporated in the construction of the new boats.

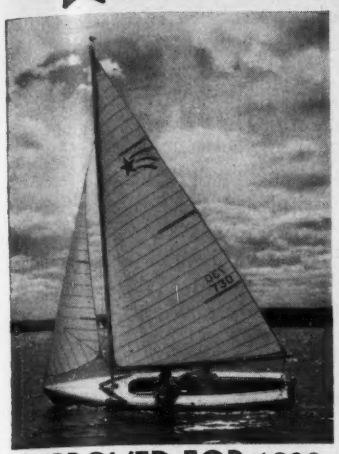
The Wee Scot is known throughout the country as a small sail boat with big boat sailing qualities. To date, 326 of these boats have been constructed and they are a familiar sight in local regattas as well as in championship races. They are recognized as one of the safest small sail boats available, being equipped with flotation tanks which will not permit them to capsize or sink.

\+ + +

Six Elscot Models for 1938

SIX models ranging in size from a 28-foot Sedan to a 46-foot Sport Fisherman are announced for the coming season by the Elscot Boat Company of Brooklyn, N. Y. Lycoming and Chrysler engines in single and twin screw are used for power, providing speeds up to 23 miles per hour.

SKANEATELES COMET



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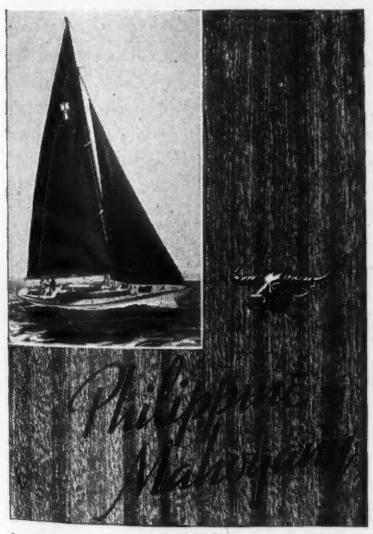
CONSIDER THESE VALUABLE AND EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

- Leak proof double planked bottom
- Light mahogany frames
- Special bronze fittings
- Centerboard winch
- Highfield lever backstays
- Jumper strut and stay
- Topmast shrouds and spreaders
- Special cockpit and spray rail
- Improved rudder
- Lightweight spars and rig

SKANEATELES

BOATS, INC. Box 2

Skaneateles, N. Y. ▪ *Founded 1893*



Its Superlative Figure Enhances the Beauty of Fine Yachts

Probably the first thing about a Philippine Mahogany-built yacht that catches your eye is the marvelous ribbon figure. The grain is straight, and Philippine Mahogany planks match up better than those of any other boat wood. In addition, this wood is noted for its minimum absorption of water; its easy-working qualities, and its long life in water. And, surprisingly, Philippine Mahogany is the *most economical* of the luxurious tropical hardwoods.

Write for literature to the Philippine Mahogany Manufacturers' Import Association, Inc., 111 W. 7th Street, Los Angeles, California.

General Motors Announces New Diesels

GENERAL MOTORS announced on January 19th an entirely new line of Diesel engines. To yachtsmen, the most interesting of these will be the new light weight small series which begins with a one-cylinder 22 hp. model. These are all two-cycle engines and have a cylinder displacement of 71 cubic inches per cylinder. They are being made in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 cylinder models.

The Gray Marine Motor Company of Detroit has been given a franchise for the adaptation and sale of the 71 Series engines for marine purposes and they will be available in a few weeks.

\+ + +

Cape Cod Announces Changes in Personnel

SEVERAL changes have taken place in the personnel of the Cape Cod Ship Building Corporation recently. Harvey L. Williams has resigned as president and director of the corporation. E. C. Mowry, of Providence, has been elected vice-president, treasurer, director and general manager.

Cape Cod, the largest manufacturer of small sailboats in the United States, announces that there is now more actual signed business on its books for spring delivery than ever before in the history of the company and production is well under way. A survey just completed among Cape Cod dealers indicates an increased demand for 1938 of at least 15 per cent over last year.

In keeping with Cape Cod's policy of offering the advice of experienced yachtsmen to yacht clubs and individual owners, H. L. Crawford and Lowry Furst have been placed in charge of the sales department, with headquarters in the Chrysler Building, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Both Mr. Crawford and Mr. Furst have had extensive experience in small boat sailing.

Cape Cod Senior Knockabouts will be seen in force on the western end of Long Island Sound when the racing season opens. Fleets of these boats have been purchased by the Shore Acres and Horse Shoe Harbor Yacht Clubs at Mamaroneck and Larchmont. The boats will be known as the Shamrock Class. A class association has been formed and application has been filed with the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound for a place on its schedule.

Among the new fleets of Cape Cod boats established during 1937, one of the most interesting was a fleet of Senior Knockabouts purchased by the United States Navy for the use of the officers of the air force. These boats are fitted with hoisting rings and are carried on the davits of the airplane carriers. The boats were shipped to the Navy air base at Coco-Solo, Panama Canal Zone.

\+ + +

New Chris-Craft Dealer

THE Chris-Craft Corporation announces the appointment of Wm. Edgar John & Associates, Inc., of Rye, New York, as their dealer in Rye and its vicinity.

At the yard of Wm. Edgar John & Associates, a new showroom is being constructed, facing Milton Road, in which two 1938 Model Cruisers and a Utility Runabout will be placed on display in the near future. A complete stock of Chris-Craft parts will be carried and special repair service for engines and boats will be available to owners.

\+ + +

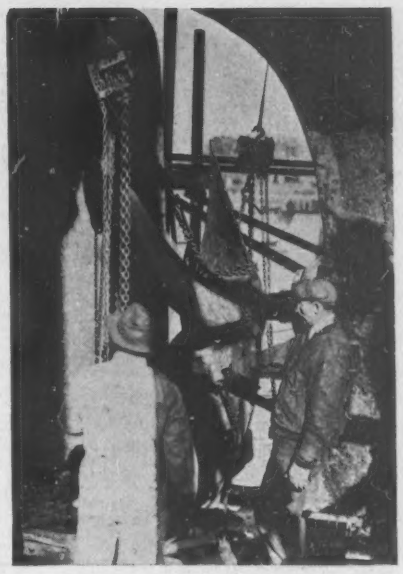
Kermath Promotes Butlin and Schreiner

FRED C. MORGAN, president and general manager of the Kermath Manufacturing Company, has just announced two changes in Kermath personnel.

E. J. Butlin, service manager for the past 15 years, becomes Regional Sales Representative for the Great Lakes area. Mr. Butlin's intimate experience with Kermath motors and knowledge of the trade will enable him to bring valuable service to Kermath users and prospective owners.

Succeeding to Mr. Butlin's duties as service manager in the home office, is Herbert E. Schreiner, who is no stranger to the Kermath trade in the East. Mr. Schreiner first became acquainted with Kermath engines while serving in the United States Coast Guard during the War. Stationed at the Coast Guard Depot, where all the life boats were built, his principal duty was the installation of the many Kermath engines used in this branch of the service.

After the War, he operated a machine shop, building special machinery. In 1923, he joined the staff of Bruns, Kimball & Company, Inc., New York, distributors for Kermath products, later assuming charge of the Philadelphia area. His long and valuable experience with Kermath engines in the field, his intimate knowledge of boats and the problems of the boat builder, ideally fit him for his present duties in the direction of the Kermath service department.



PEIRCE & KILBURN

has the equipment to service commercial vessels as well as yachts

With a well appointed derrick, this 2240 lb. wheel and the tail shaft were easily handled. This tow boat working on the Cape Cod Canal is widening your channel for 1938.

The summer of 1938 may be as hot as 1937. You will be in commission. Early overhauling of the yacht is essential to avoid the last minute rush.

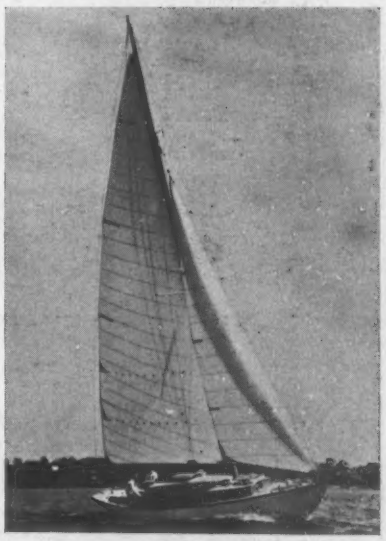
PEIRCE & KILBURN CORP.

Fairhaven, Massachusetts

YACHT SAILS

DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS TO YOUR BOAT

by McCLELLAN



ASSURES YOU OF THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY

Quequechan Egyptian Ducks available for all small one design classes where quality is essential.

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Yacht Sailmakers for the last 45 years

SAVE

Dishwashing, Fresh Water and Laundry with this superior Paperware to order, with Owner's Flags in colors

10½-inch grease-proof plates, without printing, are $12.50 per carton of 250
Immediate delivery

Varnished surface of 10½-inch plates makes them grease-proof and ideal for hot foods. 6-, 8- and 12-oz. waxed cups for all hot or iced drinks. Towels are very absorbent, leave no lint. Napkins, dinner and cocktail size.

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Catalog I—Incandescent
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THE CARLISLE & FINCH COMPANY
249 East Clifton Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

YOU CAN DEPEND ON CHAMPIONS

FOR GREATER DEPENDABILITY

Champion Spark Plugs are the choice of the majority of marine engine builders because of their reliability and dependability. They can't afford to have their engines fail.

For the same reason Champions are the choice of all the leading racing boat drivers because they must have spark plugs that will produce maximum revs at all times and under all circumstances without pre-igniting or fouling.

A new set of Champions will assure you of greater economy, more speed and, above all, greater dependability.

PLASTIC WOOD

It's a Life-Saver FOR BOATS

It's easy for any one to repair boats in no time—replace wood rot, fill old nail and screw holes, cracks around cabins, floor cracks, dented stems, etc.—with PLASTIC WOOD. It handles like putty, and quickly hardens into permanent, waterproof wood.

At ship chandler, paint, hardware and 10¢ stores—in cans or tubes.

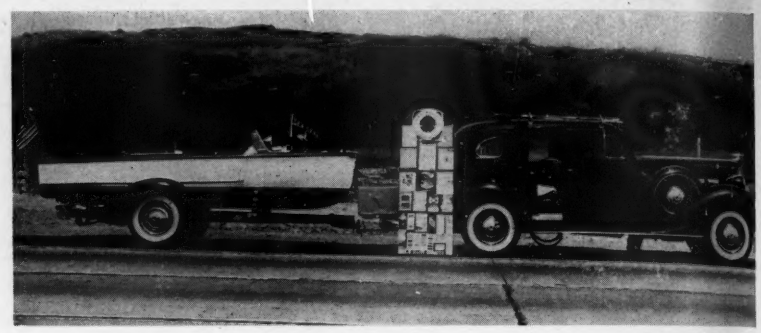
PLASTIC WOOD

Valsparred Test Boat Takes to Wheels for 1500 Mile Trip

PROBABLY one of the most unique and effective demonstration trips ever witnessed in the marine industry has just been completed.

The trip was made by the *Sea Seal*, a handsome 16-foot runabout especially fitted for sales and demonstration purposes, by H. A. B. Sneve, Pacific Coast Sales Representative for Valspar Yacht Finishes. The ground she covered took in every state on the Pacific Coast, where boating is a year'round activity. She started at San Diego and her "land route" covered all the marine supply ports to and including Puget Sound. From there she proceeded on a tour of the vacation lake and river resorts of the inter-mountain states.

Sea Seal made her trip in a specially designed trailer, in tow of Sneve's Packard car, which is Valsparred in a beautiful dark green color. Along the route, at yacht clubs, harbors and other places where boatmen are accustomed to gather, *Sea Seal* was slid into her native element for demonstration purposes as Sneve's part of Valspar's "Test Fleet" Sales Demonstration program. Her success and popularity was evident from the start. But



the fact that *Sea Seal's* popularity exceeded even that of *Sea Dog*, a 55-foot Valsparred "Test Boat" Cruiser, in which Sneve made a similar trip last year, was very puzzling alike to her owner and her sponsors. Credit for the statement that constituted the answer to this question goes to the manager of the Northwest Hardware Company, Bellingham, Washington. He stated, quite simply, that the 16-foot *Sea Seal* admirably represented "everyman's boat" in size, cost and equipment, while comparatively few boating enthusiasts could or would ever own a boat like the *Sea Dog*.

Sea Seal is simply yet expertly designed and built. Her construction material is about equally divided between Siam teak and western soft woods, and considerable stainless steel is used. She can be built inexpensively and well by any good builder. Inquiries received with regard to the building cost are referred to reputable boat builders in the territory from which the inquiry originates. *Sea Seal* is beautifully finished in Valspar Yacht White, with bottom of Valspar Bottom Paint in contrasting color. Her brightwork is in beautifully brilliant and durable Valspar Marine Spar, the varnish made famous by the world-known "boiling water test."

\+ + +

Evinrude Issues Boat and Motor Selector

AMONG the most useful and ingenious objects to be found at the Show was what might be described as an illustrated slide rule called the Boat and Motor Selector. This device, developed by Evinrude Motors, illustrates and describes the nine principal types of boats on which outboard motors are used, shows the motors suitable for use with each type, and indicates the maximum speed and miles per gallon obtainable from each combination of boat and motor. It also shows the maximum certified horse power and the weight of each motor.

\+ + +

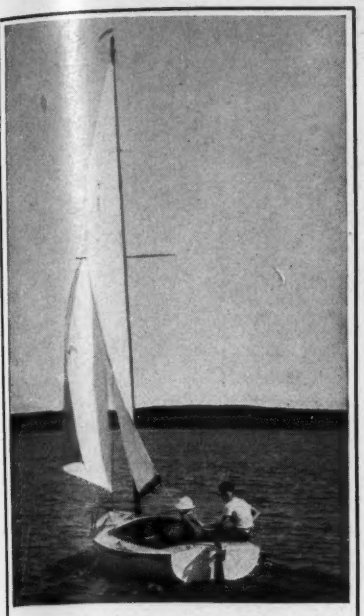
Higson Appointed Wee Scot Dealer

HIGSON Super Service Station, of Danbury, Conn., has been appointed an exclusive Wee Scot dealer in the territory adjacent to Lakes Candlewood, Peach, Mahopac, Zoar and Waramaug. Mr. Higson announced that one of the 1938 model Wee Scots would be placed on display in his showroom shortly.

\+ + +

Sam Wetherill Joins Alden

Sam Wetherill, former associate editor of YACHTING, and a veteran sailor in everything from Frostbite dinghies to ocean racers, is now associated with John G. Alden. His broad experience in the field of yachting makes him well qualified for his new berth in the large Alden organization.

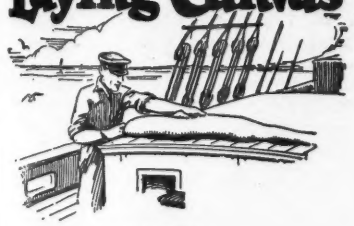


Edgartown ROVER
Built by Palmer Scott & Co.

RACING
AND
CRUISING
YACHT SAILS

C. E. BECKMAN CO.
11-35 Commercial Street
New Bedford, Massachusetts

Laying Canvas



USE FERDICO CANVAS CEMENT

A HEAVY coat of Ferdico Canvas Cement used under canvas that is drawn tightly, smoothed from the center, and tacked down along the edges, will give you a tough waterproof covering that will not check (as canvas laid in linseed oil and white lead will). It is more durable and more economical than varnish, paint or other fillers.

Ferdico Canvas Cement can also be used for attaching cork, felt, rubber, leather, and linoleum to iron, steel and wood.

For DECK SEAMS use Jeffery's No. 1 Marine Yacht Glue

For HULL SEAMS use Ferdico SEAMSEAL

For DOUBLE PLANKING AND BATTEN SEAMS use Ferdico Aviation Liquid Marine Glue

For CANOES use Special Marine Canoe Glue

Write for booklet, "How to Repair Leaks in Your Boat"

L.W. Ferdinand & Co. Inc.
599 Albany Street Boston, Mass.

Du Pont Demonstrates Special Properties of Dulux

THE du Pont Company exhibit at the New York Motor Boat Show demonstrated the special qualities of "Dulux," a synthetic resin finish designed especially for yachts and other pleasure craft when used under severe conditions.

In the demonstration four glass jars were shown. One of these jars contained dirty harbor water, a second ocean salt water, a third ice water kept cold with dry ice, and the fourth boiling water. In these tests it was shown that the scum of dirty harbor water does not adhere as readily to synthetic resin finish. Another test showed that salt water does not "yellow" the synthetic resin finish as readily as it does ordinary finish, and the other two tests indicated that hydrogen sulphide gas or carbon dioxide gas do not seriously affect a synthetic resin finish.

\+ + +

Owens Appoints New York Representative

THE Owens Yacht Company of Dundalk, Baltimore, Md., announces that Mr. S. C. Register and Mr. F. R. Meyers of 231 Park Avenue, New York City, have been appointed as factory representatives. These men and their attractive show room in the New York Central Building are well known to local yachtsmen. They will have on display one of the popular 30-foot Owens "Two-Stateroom" Sedans.

\+ + +

New Goodrich Bearing Catalogue

LUCIAN Q. MOFFITT, INC. of Akron, Ohio, national distributors of Goodrich Cutless Bearings announce the publication of a new 62-page catalogue describing in great detail various phases of the bearing question. The book is profusely illustrated and contains a great deal of valuable engineering data on the theory, use and maintenance of Cutless Bearings for all types of yachts and commercial craft.

\+ + +

Oluf Mikkelsen Appointed Dealer for Cape Cod Boats

OLUF MIKKELSEN, well known distributor of Evinrude and Elto motors, has been appointed exclusive dealer for Cape Cod sail boats in Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond, New York. A representative display of boats will be on the floor at the Mikkelsen show room, 393 Fourth Avenue, after February 1st. A convenient location in NewYork City where those interested in Cape Cod can see the boats on display has long been needed.

\+ + +

500 Enjoy Maneuvers of Seuss Navy

THE Second Annual Maneuvers and Target Practice of the Seuss Navy Admiral which took place in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Commodore, New York, on January 13th, lived up to expectations as the hilarious highlight of Boat Show week. Over 500 yachtsmen attended and relaxed. Dr. Seuss, himself, plumed hat and all, christened the Navy's seal, "Nuzzlepuss." After the luncheon Essomarine's guests were entertained by a most interesting demonstration of sleight-of-hand and mind reading.

\+ + +

Echoes of the New York Motor Boat Show

IN PREVIOUS years, naval architects and yacht brokers have seldom found it profitable to show their wares at the National Motor Boat Show, held annually in New York. This fact is pretty well proven by an investigation which shows that of the dozen or so designers and brokers who had booths at the show in the past decade, only two were represented this year. But this year was different, according to the statement made by John G. Alden right after the Show closed. Not only were boats sold right over the counter, but several designing orders were secured, to say nothing of an excellent list of prospects compiled from day to day.

Here is some of the business reported by Alden:

42-foot Off Soundings yawl, sold to a New Rochelle yachtsman
42-foot Off Soundings yawl, sold to a yachtsman of Southport, Conn.
36-foot auxiliary yawl Briny Breeze, sold to Donaldson Brown
14-foot racing dinghy, with trick rig and many gadgets, sold to F. C. Leedom
64-foot Diesel-powered tugboat for a Gulf Coast Owner
90-foot Diesel-powered fireboat for the Russian Government

Excellent prospects were secured for two flounder draggers, several 36-foot Coastwise Cruisers, a large Diesel-driven pilot boat, and numerous other craft.

Model of Hand Motor Sailer HOCI built for R. Eugene Ashley of New Bedford, Mass.

YOUR OWN BOAT
Modeled to Order

Full hulled, complete in detail as shown, ranging from Interclubs at $100, upwards.

Waterline action models of individual power and sailing craft from $17.50 upwards.

Send us plans and photographs and we will quote on the cost of your model.

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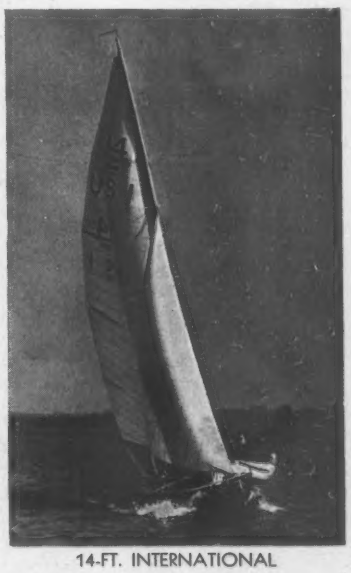
Illustrated catalog of stock scale models of liners, transports, government ships — mailed on request



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SINGLE PLANKED 14-Ft. INTERNATIONALS

Price Complete f.o.b. factory Less Sails..... **$300.**

Write factory for information

OTHER SAILBOATS

15' 3" Standard Kohinoor	$395.00
11' 6" Jolly Boat	$185.00
15' 3" Kohinoor	$495.00
13' 6" Ugly Duckling	$291.50
16' 0" Lark Special	$412.50
11' 6" Tiger Cat	$214.50
11' 6" D. T. Frostbite	$247.50
17' 4" Ariel	$550.00

Custom Building and Designing
Sailing Boats 11 Ft. 6 In. to 24 Ft.

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DUNDEE, NEW YORK
WRIGHT-BUILT means BUILT RIGHT

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Spring

and

"Fitting-Out" Time

will soon be here

YACHTING'S readers will soon start to fit out and launch the greatest fleet of pleasure craft owned by the readers of any boating publication.

Many millions will be spent for replacing all kinds of equipment and installing new and improved machinery and accessories, as well as for new boats.

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